the American Scholar

AUTUMN 1978 PRICE $2.00

Regressive Historians
KENNETH S. LYNN

Herculaneum and Pompeii
G. W. BOWERSOCK

Bentham Versus Blackstone
GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

Sinning in Black and White
ARISTIDES

Paris and Brighton Beach
PAUL ZWEIG

Alfred North Whitehead
JOSEPH GERARD BRENNAN

The Faith to Will
WILLIAM BARRETT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHICAGO

THE GREAT STATUARY OF CHINA
Victor Segalen
Translated by Eleanor Levieux
With 59 photographs and 22 line drawings by the author

"The great poet who wrote *Stèles* here reveals to us, as no one had ever done before and as no once since has done, the spirit of the art he studied. In its field, this book is *irreplaceable.*" — André Malraux

Cloth 192 pages Illus. $20.00
Available

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF GREECE SINCE WORLD WAR II
William H. McNeill

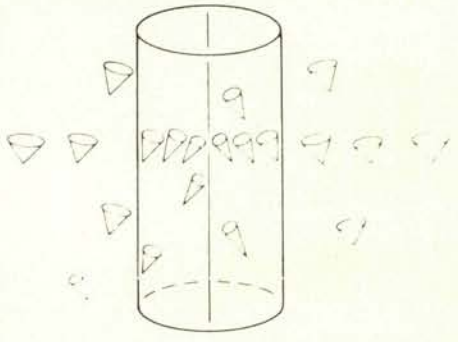
In an exploration of the past and present, McNeill searches out the living core of the Greek tradition and examines its influence on contemporary developments.

Cloth 272 pages $12.95 Available

THE LAST HALF-CENTURY
Societal Change and Politics in America
Morris Janowitz

This systemic analysis of the major trends in American society over the past fifty years probes the weakening of popular party affiliations and the increased inability of elected representatives to rule.

Cloth 608 pages $25.00 October



LIBERAL EDUCATION AND THE MODERN UNIVERSITY
Charles Wegener

Wegener establishes liberal education's place in the modern academic context by reformulating this problem: to organize scholarship so that it will create and nurture individuals as freely functioning participants in the community.

Cloth 176 pages $10.95 October

REVIVALS, AWAKENINGS, AND REFORM
William G. McLoughlin

McLoughlin examines the relationship between America's five great religious awakenings and their influence on our five great movements for social reform.

Chicago History of American Religion series, edited by Martin E. Marty
Cloth 256 pages $12.50 October

GENERAL RELATIVITY FROM A TO B
Robert Geroch

Geroch's tour from A to B provides a thoroughly informative and engaging introduction to Einstein's theory of general relativity.

Cloth 240 pages Illus. $12.50 Available

The University of Chicago Press • Chicago 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jacket painting "Declaration of Independence" by John Trumbull, courtesy of the Yale University Art Gallery

"His most brilliant work...

in conception, in the crystalline clarity of the writing, in causing explosions in the reader's mind ...In an age of specialization, only a handful of historians is capable of crisscrossing time and the centuries as if the world itself was their field...Here is history to be pondered and cherished."—Herbert Mitgang, *New York Times.* "THE EMPIRE OF REASON triumphantly captures an era of great creativity on two continents...encyclopedic learning and luminous prose...his argument brilliantly persuasive."

—Richard B. Morris.

The EMPIRE of REASON

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

Nominated for the 1978 National Book Award in History.

With illustrations, bibliography and index; $10.00; paperbound, $3.95; at all booksellers.

ANCHOR PRESS/DOUBLEDAY

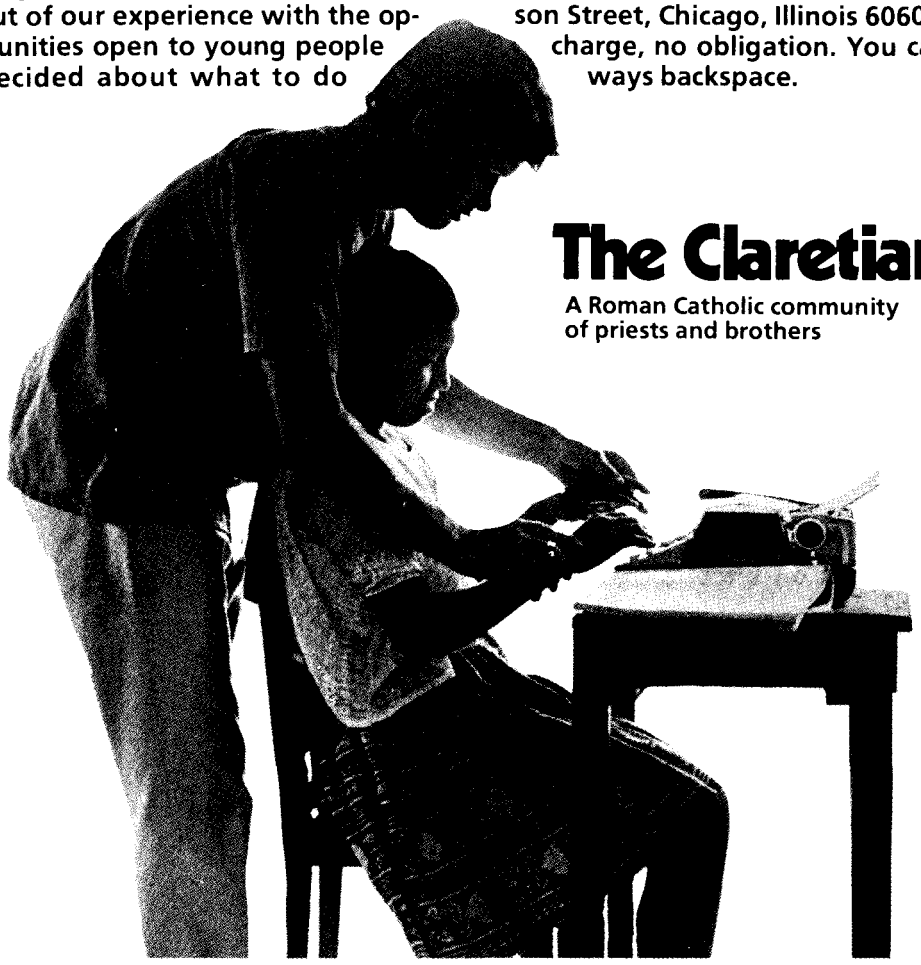
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before committing yourself to a career, consider a career of commitment.

Maybe that means giving Central American Indians the power of the typewriter...standing up for human rights against a repressive South American government...consoling the widow of a Chicago policeman...providing leadership for a Perth Amboy minority parish. Members of our community do work like this.

Out of our experience with the opportunities open to young people undecided about what to do with their lives, we publish a special newsletter. WORD ONE describes the challenges of social action and religion today. It tells what's happening around the country and how good ideas are succeeding. We'll gladly mail it to you free.

Send your name and address to WORD ONE, Room 501, 221 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606. No charge, no obligation. You can always backspace.



The Claretians

A Roman Catholic community of priests and brothers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the American Scholar

Published for
General Circulation
by
PHI BETA KAPPA

EDITORIAL BOARD

JERVIS ANDERSON
SAUL BELLOW
JEREMY BERNSTEIN
PAUL FREUND
PETER GAY
CLIFFORD GEERTZ
OWEN GINGERICH

ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE
CARL KAYSEN
MARTIN KILSON
HILTON KRAMER
ROBERT NISBET
EDWARD SHILS
DIANA TRILLING

JOSEPH EPSTEIN, *Editor*
ROBERT LUMIANSKY, *Consulting Editor*
RENÉ DUBOS, *Contributing Editor*
JEAN E. STIPICEVIC, *Associate Editor*
LISA McAULIFFE, *Poetry Editor*
MARY ELINORE SMITH, *Editorial Assistant*
CARLEY STRAUGHAN, *Subscription Manager*

Advertising Representative: KERR & ASSOCIATES, 1211 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Suite 604 Washington, D.C. 20036. Telephone: 202-296-1478.

Published quarterly since 1932 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and at additional mailing offices. Copyright © 1978 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

Send all change of address notices, undeliverable copies, subscription orders and other mail to *Editorial and Circulation Offices:* 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

Subscription rates: $2.00 a copy, $8.00 one year, $14.50 two years, $20.00 three years, foreign and Canadian $.75 a year additional for postage.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. No responsibility is assumed for their loss or injury, or for the views expressed in articles published.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany 1866-1945

GORDON A.CRAIG, Stanford University. In this magisterial history of unified Germany, Craig examines the political, social, and economic forces that led from Bismarck's union to World War I, and those which ultimately doomed the post-war Republic. A volume in the *Oxford History of Modern Europe.* October 1978 825 pp. $19.95

America in Vietnam

GUENTER LEWY, University of Massachusetts. The first systematic analysis of America's most divisive war—our strategy and tactics, our conduct, our "guilt"—using documents never before open to public scrutiny. "This book is controversial, disturbing, and necessary." —Peter L. Berger
October 1978 576 pp. 5 illus. $19.95

The Philosophy of the American Revolution

MORTON WHITE, Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton. As both a philosopher and a historian of American ideas, White fills a gap in our understanding of the Revolution by explaining the thoughts and actions that guided the revolutionaries, including such concepts as...."self-evident truth," "natural law," and "inalienable rights".
October 1978 299 pp. $15.95

Arnold Toynbee A Selection from His Works

E. W. F. TOMLIN, editor. *A Study of History* has been described as "one of the greatest intellectual efforts ever put forth by a single man." But even its abridgement is over 1,000 pages long. Here now are 54 substantial extracts from this and other major Toynbee works.
October 1978 340 pp. $14.95

An Historian's Approach to Religion

NEW EDITION

ARNOLD TOYNBEE. The new edition of this classic work includes Toynbee's last essay, "Gropings in the Dark," which summarizes his final thoughts on love, death, and existence as well as an illuminating introduction by his widow commenting on the great historian's religious experiences.
October 1978 356 pp. $12.95

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Publishers of Fine Books for Five Centuries

1478
1978

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS

The Despairing Optimist
René Dubos 440

Sinning in Black and White
Aristides 449

The Rediscovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii
G. W. Bowersock 461

The Regressive Historians
Kenneth S. Lynn 471

Paris and Brighton Beach
Paul Zweig 501

Alfred North Whitehead:
Plato's Lost Dialogue
Joseph Gerard Brennan 515

The Faith to Will
William Barrett 525

POETRY

Aerialists
Mary Oliver 448

Out of Mind
Ariel Schaffer 458

The Edge
James K. Bowen 514

BOOKS

Bentham Versus Blackstone
Gertrude Himmelfarb 537

Reviews
Peter Conrad, Samuel C. Florman, Martin Green
Francis A. Allen, Joseph Frank 554

INDEX 573

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cornell University Press

Andrew Marvell

His Life and Writings

By JOHN DIXON HUNT. Published on the 300th anniversary of Andrew Marvell's birth, this attractive critical biography relates his writing and ideas to what is known of Marvell as tutor, traveler, civil servant, and politician. Mr. Hunt discusses Marvell's poetry, letters, and prose satires, which in their turn lead into his political career. The many illustrations complement Hunt's revealing portrait of the man and the poet. *66 photographs.* $17.50

Religious Poverty and the Profit Economy in Medieval Europe

By LESTER K. LITTLE. This major work of synthesis focuses on the complex relationship between voluntary poverty and the new commercial economy in Europe from the 11th through the 13th century. During these 300 years, important economic developments in trade, industry, and finance were accompanied by population expansion, urban growth, and the expression of personal relationships in monetary terms. It was the voluntarily poor, Little concludes, who worked out a new ethic justifying the money-making activities of merchants and urban professionals. $27.50

The Law in Classical Athens

By DOUGLAS M. MacDOWELL. The first part of this outstanding book in the field of legal history outlines the historical development of the Athenian legal system, the second part treats the scope of the law, and the third part describes trials and other legal procedures. Throughout, the author presents and analyzes ancient evidence, as well as referring to the most recent and authoritative modern commentaries. $23.50

Story and Discourse

Narrative Structure in Fiction and Film

By SEYMOUR CHATMAN. This book is the first comprehensive approach in English to a general theory of narrative, in both verbal and visual media. Liberally illustrating his concepts with discussions of particular novels and films, Professor Chatman effects a synthesis of the latest Continental critical thinking about narrative and the Anglo-American tradition exemplified by Henry James, Percy Lubbock, Wayne Booth, and others. *16 illustrations.* $14.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

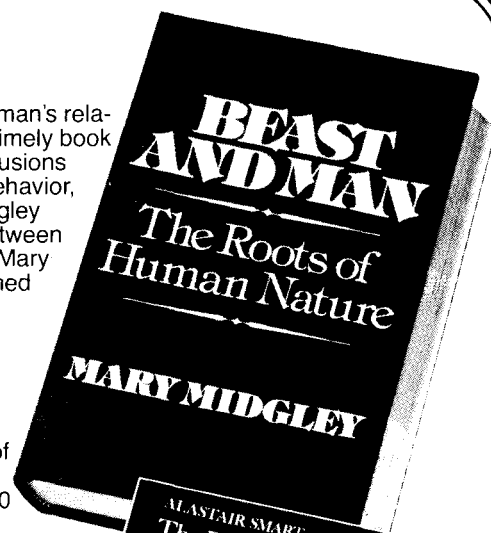
Cornell University Press

"This is a very important book."
—IRIS MURDOCH

Beast and Man

The Roots of Human Nature

By MARY MIDGLEY. Taking a new look at man's relationship to other animals, this serious and timely book on why we behave as we do reaches conclusions that challenge current theories of human behavior, both scientific and philosophical. "Mrs. Midgley has provided an urgently needed bridge between science and philosophy."—IRIS MURDOCH. "Mary Midgley is a rare philosopher who has learned enough evolutionary biology to understand its deepest layer of meaning. In *Beast and Man* she has met the biologists on their own ground, identified the subjects in animal behavior of most significance to the social sciences and humanities and presented sharp challenges that will add to the basis of the future dialogue."—EDWARD O. WILSON.
$12.50



An elegant introduction to the early Italian masters—

The Dawn of Italian Painting 1250-1400

By ALASTAIR SMART. The years 1250 to 1400 in Italy constitute one of the richest and most inspiring periods in the development of European art. In this handsome volume, one of the world's leading authorities on Italian painting provides an acute and attractively written introduction to the great masters of the 13th and 14th centuries, including Cimabue, Duccio, and Giotto. *183 illustrations, including 16 color plates.*
$14.95 paper; $29.50 cloth

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS Ithaca, New York 14850

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Despairing Optimist

RENÉ DUBOS

A distressing aspect of our times is that so many people of Western civilization have lost their pride in being human, and suffer from a dampening of the spirit that makes them doubt our ability to deal with the future. This common frailty appears the more painful when one compares it with the confident mood of the eighteenth century.

In 1743, Benjamin Franklin offered his fellow Americans "A Proposal for Promoting Useful Knowledge Among the British Plantations in America." He had in mind an academy organized for discussions and experiments that would, he hoped, "let Light into the Nature of Things, tend to increase the Power of Man over Matter, and multiply the Conveniences or Pleasure of Life." Franklin's concept eventually resulted in the creation of the American Philosophical Society, which finally obtained its charter in 1780. The wording of Franklin's proposal and of the American Philosophical Society's charter reflect pride in being human and confidence that human life can be improved by knowledge. This sense of pride and confidence was characteristic of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment but has become much weaker in our times. I want to discuss here the effect of social attitudes on the development of technological civilization but find it necessary to express first some of my views concerning human nature.

The shape of the modern world has been largely determined by the philosophers of the Enlightenment. Among them, none has been more influential than Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau, both of whom died in Paris two hundred years ago in 1778.

Voltaire and Rousseau had spent their lives in France and Switzerland, except for a few years in England; both associated with Diderot and the other encyclopedists; both had acquired literary fame early in life and had been lionized in the French salons by men and women of wealth and influence. Despite this commonality of social conditioning, however, they developed in adulthood opposite attitudes concerning ways of life and views of humankind.

Voltaire believed in reason—always. He was convinced that humankind could be enlightened and improved by pure intellectuality and by putting wit at the service of strong logic. Although sickly during most of his life, he derived much pleasure from his social contacts and from the fortune he accumulated. In contrast, Rousseau had little faith in reason. He trusted instead in feelings and in passionate action dictated by the heart. His vision was in many ways unsophisticated and his social life became increasingly limited. Through choices they made early in life, Voltaire and Rousseau thus came to symbolize two opposite aspects of French civilization and of human life—the cult of reason and the worship of instincts.

Among artists, Thomas Rowlandson and William Blake constitute other examples of similarities and contrasts. Both died in 1827 at seventy years of age. Both were Londoners, respectively the sons of a wool merchant and a hosier. Both studied painting at the Royal Academy, proclaimed the superiority of line over volume, and used watercolor as their

RENÉ DUBOS is professor emeritus at the Rockefeller University. This essay was presented as the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard University on June 6, 1978.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Newly Reissued in Paperback

THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD

Zora Neale Hurston

with a foreword by Sherley Anne Williams

Considered by scholars to be Hurston's most important work, this powerful novel about a black woman's belief in self was first published in 1937. Her magnificent character Janie Crawford was fashioned out of the stuff of which Hurston herself was made: determination, pride, beauty. Janie Crawford's strong identification with what is now called "the woman thing," and her passionate embrace of things sexual and romantic will delight both the general reader and the student of black studies, anthropology, sociology, literature, or women's studies, for whom the book should be required reading.

"There is no book more important to me than this one." — ALICE WALKER.

"A good read when the ERA is being discussed and even better in quieter moments." — ROGER ROSENBLATT, *New Republic*. $3.95

and for correlative reading . . .

ZORA NEALE HURSTON
A Literary Biography

Robert E. Hemenway

". . . a splendid study of black individualism and achievement. . . . of uncommon interest." — *Publishers Weekly*. "A biography intended to rediscover this life and acknowledge her contribution to American culture is long overdue." — KIRKUS REVIEWS. $15.00

at bookstores, or order from

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS
Urbana, Illinois 61801

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preferred medium. Neither artist accepted the world for what it was, and each in his own way used painting as a vehicle for his social ideas. Yet, while having all these things in common, the two men had a very different view of life. Rowlandson, the gambler, depicted society with the cynical art of the caricaturist. William Blake, the poet and idealist, perceived and expressed creation with the bright-eyed innocence of a child.

René Descartes and Blaise Pascal were two scientists of the same period who also presented striking resemblances and contrasts. Both were born in prosperous, highly cultivated families in the legal profession in the French provinces; both exhibited early in life great gifts in the sciences and especially in mathematics; both achieved international fame and were socially feted—yet they developed opposite intellectual attitudes. Descartes became more and more convinced that all aspects of creation, including human nature, would eventually be understood through the use of reason and analytical processes. Pascal, in contrast, appealed increasingly to faith as the only valid approach to knowledge and concluded that the heart has reasons that the rational mind cannot possibly know.

These examples make me skeptical of attempts to explain human behavior by environmental conditioning or other sociobiological processes. Human life is of course influenced by genetic and environmental factors, but the really interesting aspects of life—those that make humans so obviously different from animals—clearly transcend such primitive biological explanations. Behaviorists and sociobiologists can account for the animal aspects of human life but have little of interest to say concerning the choices that make us transcend our animality. Artists and other humanists are skilled in the perception and description of human traits but are no more able than scientists to predict what a particular person would like to become or wants to do at a particular time. All human beings live, as it were, in worlds of their own, never completely accessible to other persons.

Thus, human nature is not so simple that it can be reduced to the knowledge of twentieth-century scholars. Humanists and scientists have contributed much to the understanding of our characteristics, our origins, and our potentialities. As specialists, however, we are prone to suffer from a peculiar kind of infantilism that makes us regard the phenomena studied in our own discipline as the most important for the understanding of human nature. We tend to take a deterministic view of life and history because we overestimate the explanatory power of our knowledge while underestimating the freedom that humans enjoy in making choices and decisions.

Admittedly, free will cannot be proven, let alone explained, but this failure does not weigh much against the countless manifestations of freedom in everyday life. What Samuel Johnson wrote in 1778 is still just as true in 1978: "All theory is against the freedom of the will, all experience for it." The most important aspects of human nature are not necessarily those that can be explained by contemporary knowledge. Human beings—and most likely animals also—constantly choose and decide in a way that makes a mockery of orthodox biological and social determinism.

The deterministic view of human fate has been recently strengthened by the widespread assumption that technology—or rather what Jacques Ellul calls *la technique*—is now entirely governed by objective science and has developed an internal logic of its own which is almost independent of human control. Yet it is obvious that human choices continue to influence all aspects of technological societies, as they have always influenced other human institutions. The rapid changes in architectural fashions during recent decades provide visual evidence of the fact that human caprice plays a dominant role in the use of modern technology for the design of buildings. For example, architects are now advocating a change from "modernism" to "post modernism," not by reason of new technologies or new social concepts, but simply because of a desire for change. "Less is More" was the motto of designers of a generation ago. The phrase "Less is Bore" is now considered sufficient justification for change.

In 1605, at the very beginning of the scientific era, Francis Bacon wrote in *The Ad-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vancement of Learning that "The invention of the mariner's needle which giveth the direction is of no less benefit for navigation than the invention of the sails which giveth the motion." This was a clear warning that technological progress would depend on the formulation of goals as much as on the development of techniques. Admittedly, Bacon's warning did not have much influence until recently because most technologists have been more eager for motion than concerned with direction, but there is evidence that the social mood is beginning to change. While bigness and speed are still the most widely accepted criteria of success, we have come to realize that the word progress means only moving forward, as likely as not on the wrong road.

The change in public attitude can be seen in the light of an event that occurred less than half a century ago. In 1933, the city of Chicago held a World's Fair to celebrate the "Century of Progress" which had elapsed since its birth in 1833 and which had seen the triumph of scientific technology. The organizers of the Fair were so convinced that scientific technology invariably improves human life that they stated in the guidebook, "Science discovers, genius invents, industry applies, and *man adapts himself to* or is *molded by* new things." One of the subtitles of the guidebook was "Science Finds, Industry Applies, Man *Conforms*" (italics mine). This philosophy was still dominant among the futurologists of the 1950s when they tried to forecast what the world would be like in the year 2000. With dismal uniformity, they envisioned a future shaped by far-out technologies and architectures, without relevance to human needs or to natural conditions.

A fundamental change of attitude occurred during the 1960s and 1970s. No one would dare state today that humans must conform to technological imperatives or that they will be molded by technological forces. We want instead that industrial development be adapted to humankind and to nature—not the other way around, as was advocated by the organizers of the Chicago Fair. This new attitude, based on human and ecological criteria, will determine the role played by knowledge and technology in the future.

Charles Lindbergh's life, as reported in his posthumously published *Autobiography of Values*, symbolizes how the modern world has evolved from fascination with sophisticated technologies to the realization that unwise and excessive dependence on these technologies threatens fundamental human values. While on a camping trip in Kenya during his late adult life, Lindbergh had become intoxicated with the sensate qualities of African life which he perceived "in the dances of the Masai, in the prolificacy of the Kikuyu, in the nakedness of boys and girls. You feel these qualities in the sun on your face and the dust on your feet . . . in the yelling of the hyenas and the bark of zebras." Experiencing these sensate qualities made Lindbergh ask himself, "Can it be that civilization is detrimental to human progress? . . . Does civilization eventually become such an overspecialized development of the intellect, so organized and artificial, so separated from the senses that it will be incapable of continued functioning?"

Lindbergh's doubts concerning civilization were the more surprising to me because, in the 1930s, I had known him as a colleague in the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, where he was developing an organ perfusion pump in collaboration with Dr. Alexis Carrel. His dominant interest at that time was, along with aviation, mechanical devices to explore what he calls in his book "the mechanics of life." His *Autobiography of Values* reveals how he eventually moved from an exclusive interest in the mechanical applications of science to a deep concern for its social and philosophical implications. He remained enamored of modern science and was, for example, fascinated by space exploration, but became increasingly distraught at seeing technology used for trivial and destructive ends.

Thus, Bacon at the beginning of the scientific era, and Lindbergh more than two centuries later, expressed in different words a concern which has become central to our form of civilization. Science and technology provide us with the *means* to create almost anything we want, but the development of means without worthwhile *goals* generates at best a dreary life and may at worst lead to tragedy. Some of the most spectacular feats of scientific technology call to mind Captain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ahab's words in Melville's *Moby-Dick:* "All my means are sane, my purpose and my goals mad." The demonic force, however, is not scientific technology itself, but our propensity to consider means as ends—an attitude symbolized by the fact that we measure success by the gross national product rather than by the quality of life and of the environment.

Many spectacular achievements of our times are the current manifestations of trends initiated several decades ago. We have advanced civilization chiefly by accelerating and magnifying the process of change, often to the point of absurdity. One motorcar contributes to freedom; one hundred million motorcars not only generate traffic jams but also constitute evidence of addiction. Industrial energy in small doses makes life easier and more diversified; complete dependence on industrial energy becomes a form of slavery.

Vigor has been more characteristic of our age than concern for values. But there are indications that the near future may be shaped by more humane attitudes. An awareness is in the air that doing more and more of what we are now doing, only bigger and faster, is not for the sane, and that we can get our means and ends straight only by inquiring into the long-range consequences of our activities.

Innovations can be lastingly successful only if they are adapted to the invariants of physical and human nature. Fortunately, such constraints are compatible with much diversity, because there are different ways to function in agreement with natural laws. The individuality of a culture is achieved through the choices made by humans among the options available to them at a given time in a given place. Until recently, these options were provided almost exclusively by the natural world and choices were made by caprice or empirical wisdom, but options and choices are now increasingly affected by knowledge, especially scientific knowledge. Knowledge enlarges the range of options through different mechanisms. It provides information that can enter the public domain in the form of verifiable facts and laws. It generates technological innovations that can serve chosen ends. It constantly surprises and subverts because its findings and uses are largely unpredictable, thus making people more receptive to new attitudes and more willing to change their ways.

However, while knowledge increases the range of options, it cannot be the sole basis for decision making because it is always incomplete and therefore cannot describe all aspects of the world that bear on human life and on environmental quality. Knowledge is more effective as a generator of possibilities than as a guide to choice and a source of ethics.

Most natural ecosystems, for example, are extremely resilient. Landscapes and waterscapes that had been badly damaged by pollution or misuse have spontaneously regained ecological health when the causes of the damage have been removed. But ecological health is compatible with different ecological states which correspond to different cultural values. The temperate zone, for example, was covered with forests and marshes before the advent of agriculture, and the forest spontaneously returns as soon as farming is discontinued. Professional ecologists tend to believe that we should take advantage of this resiliency and let nature recreate a forested landscape similar to that of the original wilderness. According to my taste and judgment, however, a diversified landscape of cultivated fields, meadows, and woodlands is ecologically and economically more desirable, as well as aesthetically more attractive, than the primeval forested wilderness. For this reason, I welcome the efforts that are being made in several parts of the temperate zone to limit the growth of brush and trees where agriculture has been abandoned, even though open fields are not natural ecosystems since they are of human origin.

Ancient Greece also was covered with forests. The present Greek landscape is the consequence of erosion following deforestation but, as in other parts of the world, trees spontaneously come back in areas which are protected against browsing by goats and rabbits. While erosion has disastrous agricultural consequences, it has the merit of enabling, in my eyes, light to play its bewitching game on the white framework of Attica. I like to believe that the tormented divinities of the preclassical Greek period may have become more playful and human when they emerged from the darkness of the forest into the lumi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Available:

The Servile State
By Hilaire Belloc

A perceptive warning, first published in 1913, of the consequences of statism and the effect of socialist doctrine on capitalist society. With an introduction by Robert Nisbet. "A landmark of political thought in this century"—Walter Lippmann. Hardcover $8.00, Softcover $2.00.

Popular Government
By Sir Henry Sumner Maine

A classic inquiry into the conditions necessary for the success of representative government, by the author of *Ancient Law*. This edition includes Maine's famous essay on "The Constitution of the United States." With an introduction by George W. Carey. Hardcover $7.95, Softcover $1.95.

Arator
By John Taylor

The most popular and influential work by John Taylor of Caroline, foremost philosopher of the conservative Jeffersonians. This edition includes sixty-four essays, practical and political, on farming and the social order of an agricultural republic. Edited and with an introduction by M. E. Bradford. Hardcover $9.00, Softcover $3.00.

LibertyPress LibertyClassics

We pay postage on prepaid orders.
To order these books, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland, Dept.277
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nous open landscape. Logic might not have flourished in Greece if the land had remained covered with an entangling opaque vegetation.

Resources do not exist as such in nature. They are created by knowledge and technology which make it possible to separate certain substances from the raw materials in which they are present in the natural state, and to transform them so that they can be used to some chosen end. The bauxite from which aluminum is now prepared did not become a resource until a century ago when technologies became available to separate the metal from this ore and to tool it for metallurgical purposes. Similarly, oil, gas, and uranium became resources only after technologies had been developed to extract them and use them as sources of energy.

Although our form of civilization depends upon abundant supplies of metals and energy, opinions differ as to the priority of these resources in the social system of values. Enormous reserves of copper exist in the Cascades National Park, but their exploitation would require a huge open mine and would thus spoil a wonderful wilderness area. Titanium could be obtained from the sand of Cape Cod, and various other metals as well as uranium from the granite of the White Mountains, but this would damage the aesthetic quality of these humanized landscapes. Thus, the "limits to growth" are determined, not only by the existence of raw materials but also by the choices society makes concerning the various factors affecting the quality of life.

The supplies of fossil fuels will eventually be depleted but practical techniques will certainly be developed within a few decades to produce energy from renewable sources—nuclear or solar or probably both. The selection of methods for the production of energy will involve, however, choices based not only on scientific knowledge and cost-benefit analysis, but also on judgments of value concerning the ideal form of society.

Technologies for the production and utilization of nuclear energy will inevitably involve enormous generators that will require strict technological and social controls, resulting in a high degree of organization and centralization. In contrast, the first steps in the use of solar energy will have to be carried out in fairly small units—a necessity that will lead to social decentralization. Many persons, perhaps the great majority, will prefer to have abundant electricity on tap without giving thought to its origin, its environmental effects, and its indirect social costs. Other persons will favor instead small-scale technologies more compatible with social decentralization and with regional and cultural pluralism. The final outcome will probably be a mix of centralized and decentralized sources of energy, selected to fit the environmental and social characteristics of a given area, and compatible with the expression of the multiple aspects of human nature.

Two hundred years ago the act incorporating the American Philosophical Society began with the statement that "the cultivation of useful knowledge, and the advancement of the liberal arts and sciences in any Country, have the most direct tendency towards the improvement of agriculture, the enlargement of trade, the ease and comfort of life, the ornament of society, and the increase and happiness of mankind." We have gone far toward fulfilling the scientific and technological aspects of Franklin's proposal but have not contributed much to the "ornament of society" or to human happiness. We are much better at developing means than at formulating ends, as for example when we create sophisticated means of communication but use them to transmit trivialities or when we increase productivity of certain goods while neglecting the experiences that could be derived from what is being produced. The most difficult and important problems relate to questions of values. As Bacon stated in 1605, direction is at least as important as motion.

The relation between means and ends, however, is far more complex than appears from the contrast between the two words. Exalted ends are often the ultimate expressions of means developed for minor uses or even for their own sake. No one is born with a biological need for writing or reading, and many societies have indeed gotten along well without these skills. But once writing had been invented—probably first in Sumer to keep records of supplies—it generated ends unrelated to its first use and became a creator of new values. To a large extent, the growth of civ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM JAMES

Frederick Burkhardt is General Editor; Fredson Bowers, Textual Editor; Ignas K. Skrupskelis, Associate Editor.

Essays in Philosophy brings together reviews, essays and occasional pieces James published between 1876 and 1910.

Their subjects range from his concern with the teaching of philosophy to appraisals of other philosophers to his definition of "Experience" for Baldwin's *Dictionary of Philosophy.*

Some of the essays are significant in the development of his later views. All are unmistakably James—alive, erudite, and eminently readable.

The Works of William James, sponsored by the American Council of Learned Societies, has been awarded the seal of approval of the Center for Editions of American Authors.

Essays in Philosophy

Introduction by John J. McDermott
$20.00

A Pluralistic Universe

Introduction by Richard J. Bernstein
$22.50

Essays in Radical Empiricism

Introduction by John J. McDermott
$16.50

The Meaning of Truth

A Sequel to *Pragmatism*
Introduction by H.S. Thayer
$15.00

Pragmatism

A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking
Introduction by H.S. Thayer
$15.00

Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ilization depends upon the possibility of formulating new ends that become attainable because new means are available.

Ends thus evolve with the means created by civilization, in our time particularly by science and technology. But ends are desirable only to the extent that they contribute worthwhile values to life and to the earth. In this light, the difference between means and ends, although often blurred, is nevertheless real. Ends refer to the quality of the experience, means to the techniques that can be used to enlarge and enrich this experience. Ends might be regarded as the domain of the humanities, means as that of the sciences. Western civilization will not be really successful until its humanists and scientists learn to formulate and develop together, as advocated by Franklin in 1743, "philosophical experiments" that enlarge and enrich the interplay between humankind and the rest of creation.

In 1837, Emerson concluded his famous Phi Beta Kappa oration with a plea that the American scholar strive for independence from European models. I would submit that the most important task for the American scholar today is to achieve the integration of the sciences and the humanities.

Aerialists

MARY OLIVER

Aerialists know
doubt is the heavy thing.
They know doubt is the stone, the flaw

named accident. The figure
whose body flows
over the rings of darkness

is the perfect believer.
He makes it look easy,
leaping from swing to swing,

shining—a white tendril
in the garden of blue air—
and safer than men on earth trudging,

fervent but irresolute,
their doubt always a dark itch,
over fields and roads.

MARY OLIVER's work has appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Yale Review*, and the *Michigan Quarterly Review*. Her third book of poems, *The Night Traveler*, was published last year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life and Letters

Sinning in Black and White

ARISTIDES

I have for some time—it must be nearly five years now—been promising to buy a color television set. I talk a good deal about it. I say, "In the spring I'll do it." Then spring comes and goes, and I have not done it. "Maybe in the fall," I say, but fall passes and it is not yet done. "When are the sales on?" I ask. But the sales on color television sets are over, and I am still watching black and white. Why? I purchase other items easily enough: clothes, cars, even houses. What is the problem with purchasing a color television set? I have thought a bit about this, and finally conclude that I cannot do it because I think watching television is a sin. I accept sin—original and unoriginal, and my own most tolerantly of all—but I suppose I feel it is not to be encouraged. If sin one must, better to sin in black and white than in living color.

Of what does the sin of watching television consist? No need to call a meeting of the Sanhedrin to derive the answer. The sin is time-wasting. "Time wasted is a theft from God," noted Amiel in his *Intimate Journal*, and I happen to think Amiel correct. Wasting time is not a very exciting sin, I grant you, not at all enticing in any sense that the Marquis de Sade would comprehend or that Stendhal had in mind when he remarked that the only thing wrong with eating ice cream was that it wasn't a sin. Still, as one grows older, one likes to think that one can make each day count; therefore any day at the end of which, tumbling into bed, one has to note that four to six hours were spent watching television is not a day that counts. Applying the rules of confession (be brief, be blunt, be gone), allow me to unbosom myself by admitting that, although less frequently than formerly, I occasionally put in such days. To mention only socially acceptable televiewing—a ball game of a Sunday afternoon, a session of *Masterpiece Theatre*, the news, an old movie afterward—and there are six hours down (shall we say?) the tube.

To shift from theological to psychological terms, let me quote what I think is the most perceptive single sentence written about watching television. It was written by Martin Mayer and appears in his book, *About Television* (1972). The sentence is splendidly un-McLuhanesque: "Watching television is a habit." Now, having read it, you may not hear cannons go off, or see the skies light up, or feel the earth move, but anyone who has logged his hours before a television set will agree that a habit is a precise description of what much television watching is. A habit: a pattern of behavior acquired by frequent repetition of, or exposure to, something, a thing one falls easily into and finds difficult to climb out of. Whether television is a good or bad habit is another question.

For all educated, enlightened, and right-minded people, of course, the question has long been settled. Television is a nasty habit—the mental equivalent of smoking; or, as someone once called it, "chewing gum for the eyes." Consider the names we have for television, for the instrument itself: idiot box, boob tube, rube tube, black-and-white hole of Calcutta. Some years back an almost unknown young man named Newton Minow, at the time chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, pronounced television "a cultural wasteland." By uttering those magic words—it was Aladdinish, really—Minow instantly propelled himself to fame among the educated, enlightened, and right-minded. A cultural wasteland—exactly!

A cartoon in a recent *New Yorker* has a man seated in his armchair before a television set, the bubble above his head reading, "To think people are watching this." I know that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man; I think I may be he. The cartoon, in any event, reminds me of an experience of some years ago, when I worked as the director of an antipoverty program in the South. Along with the principal of a local grammar school, a black woman of middle years, I was taken on a tour of one of the city's bleakest neighborhoods, composed for the most part of small, shabby bungalows known in the South as shotgun houses. These houses, more like hovels, had walls covered with tar paper, more often than not no plumbing, and floor heaters that turned them into tinderboxes. Yet every house I entered had a television set, usually in use with a child watching it. As an educated, enlightened, right-minded person, I remarked upon this, in a tone that might be termed snidely ironic, to the grammar school principal.

"You will have to excuse me," she said, "but I must disagree with you about those television sets. I say thank God for them. These children hear so little English spoken at home, and most of it not very good. The things they see on television may seem so much junk to a university graduate, but without television many of these children would come to school even more ill prepared than they are now."

I stood, and stand yet, corrected.

Habit though it be, watching television is a habit with varying effects. But what these effects are no one yet seems to know, at least not with any precision. A good example is the well-known children's program *Sesame Street*, television's largest educational experiment. *Sesame Street* has indeed improved the educational achievement of children who have been having difficulties in learning. But it has also improved the educational achievement of bright children, which puts things right back where they were to begin with and from which one could draw the uninteresting conclusion that one educational testing service did: "Bright children learn more from television. Other things being equal, they learn more from *any* learning experience than less bright children do."

Or, to view the matter from its gloomier side, there is the vexing question of determining how violence on television affects the young. In a notorious incident of recent years an adolescent boy in Florida murdered an aged woman in a way that resembled a story he had seen on *Kojak*, the television detective series. Clear evidence, it would seem—clinching the argument against violence on television. And yet does it? One recalls two only slightly older, if vastly more intelligent adolescents at the University of Chicago in the 1920s, Leopold and Loeb, who committed an equally heinous murder, taking their scenario from Friedrich Nietzsche. Or, again, consider the banning from television of cigarette commercials—a move which, begun so optimistically, seems to have had no known effect on reducing cigarette smoking or anything else, apart from bringing increased cigarette advertising revenues to magazines. Apparently television is so pervasive in our culture, everywhere reflecting it and a reflection of it, that determining what effects it produces and what produces its effects cannot be—or at least thus far has not been—discovered with any real accuracy.

What is known with accuracy is the market for television: who watches what when; what the boys at the advertising agencies call the "demographics." Something like 98 percent of American homes have television sets, and in some 94 percent of these homes they are turned on at least once a week. According to Martin Mayer's findings in *About Television:* "Children, old folks, low-income families and Negroes watch more television than young-adult upper-income whites." Sunday night is the most popular time for watching television and Friday night is the least popular. People over fifty watch television more than do others. Football games and old movies capture the best educated and highest income audiences. Oddly and interestingly, Mr. Mayer found that "the audiences drawn by both news and documentaries tend to be slightly below average in both education and income, a fact that always shocks people who have not thought much about television."

What is not very well known, if known at all, is the quality of the viewing, its intensity or passivity. With what intensity do most people watch television? Short of wiring up viewers so as to measure their neurological responses, there is probably no way of knowing. My own highly nonscientific observation is that while even very bright young children can become enraptured by television—especially by good things like the old Marx Brothers or W. C. Fields movies, which television

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"To record in depth the lives of women"

The Radcliffe Biography Series, says Radcliffe President Matina S. Horner, is intended "to stimulate and challenge the aspirations of readers and to record in depth the lives of women of achievement as well as those of women whose lives might remain invisible but for the series." The first two books:

Margaret Fuller

From Transcendentalism to Revolution
by Paula Blanchard. "The 19th-century bluestocking, feminist, journalist and critic ...is finally accorded the understanding she deserves ...An intelligent, absorbing study."—*Publishers Weekly.*
A Merloyd Lawrence Book.
$11.95

WOMEN *of* CRISIS

Lives of Struggle and Hope
by Robert Coles & Jane Hallowell Coles. Five contemporary American women —"doubly oppressed by being both poor and female... they rise up from these pages in towering strength and simple dignity."—*N.Y. Times Magazine.* "One of the most important books on women to appear in the last decade."—*Ms. Magazine.*
A Merloyd Lawrence Book.
$10.95

Silences
Tillie Olsen

"Strong, personal, pulsing with passionate anger, outrage and regret...a powerful book."—*Publishers Weekly.* "An eloquent and passionate tribute to the force of artistic creativity fighting against all the odds."
—Ellen Moers. $10.00

Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence
DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has brought back for a new generation—most television shows do not offer enough to hold the attention of most adults. The majority of adults I know usually do something else while watching television: reading, needlepoint, ironing, their fingernails. Only programs of some substance—of which television provides damnably little—command anything like full attention. Apart from watching the tide go out or staring into a fireplace, perhaps no other form of entertainment has ever been received so passively by its audience as is television.

Some years ago E. B. White wrote an essay, "The Shape of Television," in which he complained that television had a captive audience, especially for its commercials, of a kind unavailable to any other marketing device. (Aside from PBS, television is above all a marketing device; this is the reigning fact about it.) By way of analogy, White cited the advertisements in *The New Yorker,* which he claimed exist in a state of fair competition with the prose published in the magazine. Prose runs up the center columns of most of *The New Yorker*'s pages, flanked on both sides by advertisements. If one loses interest in the prose, one's eye goes to the ads; but if one's interest holds, one scarcely notices the ads. This seems to me a true description of the way people read *The New Yorker,* but I am not sure the analogy is otherwise tidy.

At least in my experience, television itself, commercials as well as programs, is in competition with whatever else one happens to be doing while watching it—including, as frequently happens in my case, reading *The New Yorker.* By far the greatest number of my own hours before the television set are spent watching sports—baseball, football, college and pro basketball, tennis, track, the works. Yet I watch much of it with a magazine or book in hand, and more often than not the magazine or book wins out. I am greatly aided here, of course, by that invention so beneficent to the armchair sports fan, the instant replay. I hear the crowd roar, look up from my reading, and, lo, a moment later the instant replay is repeating the home run ball sailing over the left-field fence, the recovered fumble, or the divine dunk. Commercials, I must say, I scarcely glimpse, unless they are very clever, as indeed some of them are. I have noticed, though, that watching commercials with someone else in the room does leave one feeling slack-jawed stupid in a way that they do not when one is alone and can ignore or curse them freely before returning to one's reading. What can you say to a companion after you have both just witnessed a blonde singer, with megatons of false energy, holding a fried chicken leg aloft and instructing us to put a little "Wessonality" into our cooking?

I sometimes think that the decisive moment in the history of television was when physicians began to announce that it was harmful to eyesight to watch television in the dark. In the dark was precisely how one watched television when it first appeared. During the day, drapes were drawn, blinds blinkered; at night, lights were clicked off. It may have had to do with the novelty of this new invention, but concentrating on television did seem easier then than now. Today concentration seems almost the last thing television calls for, and in many homes it has become akin to visual Muzak. Light has much to do with this. Would a movie shown in a theater with the lights left on seem different than it does shown in the dark? I suspect it would seem vastly different, concentration on it being less and talk in the audience more. Great numbers of people nowadays watch—if "watch" be the correct word—the *Today Show* while dressing. At least we go to the movies fully clothed.

Having lights on in the room while watching television is significant not only because it allows viewers of television not to have to view television with any care but because, concomitantly, it has helped to lower the standards for most television shows. (Another recent *New Yorker* cartoon shows a woman on a television screen announcing, "The following is not a program. It's just TV.") These standards are low enough as it is. Yet the television industry, as it calls itself, is full of self-congratulation, and bestows upon itself many honors for its own excellence: Emmys and Peabody Awards and, for television writers, the Humanitas Prize. This last, the Humanitas Prize, is given to prime-time network programs for "humanizing achievements in television." This past year the Humanitas Prize was awarded for a segment of *All in the Family,* for an episode of the show *Family* in which the father resists an opportunity for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLSON'S PUSH

Origin, Black Mountain, and Recent American Poetry

Charles Olson, courtesy of Jonathan Williams

Sherman Paul

One of the most comprehensive books on Charles Olson, the molder of poetic theory who occupied a central position in the intellectual and cultural life of post World War II America. "If one is prepared to 'think' about poetry and read it closely with thoughtful intelligence, I cannot imagine anyone doing it better than Sherman Paul does here in *Olson's Push.*" – Jonathan Williams
$14.95

NABOKOV *The Dimensions of Parody*

Dabney Stuart

"A very accomplished critical study of Nabokov . . . (Stuart) is extraordinarily responsive to the emotional, psychological, and spiritual coloration of Nabokov's world." – Julian Moynahan $14.95

SELECTED POEMS OF ANTONIO MACHADO

Translation and Introduction by Betty Jean Craige

Antonio Machado, one of this century's most respected Spanish literary figures, greatly influenced the poetry of his homeland's postwar generation. This collection of his verse expresses in both its beauty and its irony the preoccupations of that age. $11.95

Louisiana State University Press

Baton Rouge 70803

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adultery, and for a dramatization entitled *Special Olympics*. Such, then, are the humanizing achievements in television, and they certainly do not seem like much.

Which leads one to ponder an imponderable question: Are the people who put together television programs doing the best they are able to do? Or are they instead acting on the wisdom that holds that no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public, in effect saying, "This junk is good enough for the swine who watch television"? I am not talking about art, difficult enough to produce under the best of circumstances (which television decidedly does not provide), but about entertainment. Why does so much of the fare of television, even allowing for the slackest of standards, seem to fail even as unpretentious entertainment? After nearly thirty years before the black-and-white hole of Calcutta, I can come up with only the following rather skimpy list of television programs that have seemed to me to qualify as good entertainment, programs shown on a regular basis that one looked forward to:

1. Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows*
2. *The Honeymooners*
3. *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*
4. *Naked City*
5. *Kukla, Fran, and Ollie*
6. *The Carol Burnett Show*
7. *The Bob Newhart Show*
8. *The Muppets*
9. *The Odd Couple*
10. *The Outsider*

Of this list, *The Odd Couple* was of course derived from Neil Simon's Broadway froth play and *The Outsider*, a private detective series starring an exceptional television actor named Darren McGavin, was canceled after a season or two. Other shows began interestingly but soon faded for becoming too formulaic—*Kojak*, for example, or *The Fugitive*, or *Police Story*. There have been some extraordinary moments: Neil Armstrong striding weightlessly upon the moon, Jack Ruby's killing of Lee Harvey Oswald. There have been some handsomely done specials on wildlife: whales, giraffes, apes. ("Wouldn't this," someone—often I—can be depended upon to say, "be beautiful in color?") People nowadays sometimes refer to the Golden Age of Television, when "live" plays were frequently presented, but my own recollection of those plays—written by Paddy Chayevsky, Gore Vidal, and other middle-brow writers—is that the Brass Age of Television might be a more fitting epithet.

Perhaps the one aspect of television that is not passively received is its presentation of the news. I (and I think others along with me) tend to feel strongly about the figures from whom we take our televised news, and what we feel is for the most part strong dislike. ("I never did care for those TV johnnies," says a character in John Fowles's recent novel, *Daniel Martin*.) I myself had my first inkling that something was amiss with those TV johnnies years ago when, working on a political magazine to which some television journalists contributed, I noted a wide discrepancy between their performance on camera and their performance on the page. How intelligent they sounded on television from the White House lawn or the General Assembly of the United Nations; how utterly insipid they were in fifteen hundred written words, without the aid of superior enunciation and portentous inflection! The larger their reputation, the less there seemed to be behind it. For years I listened to Eric Sevareid—"Eric Clarified," as a *Laugh In* comedy sketch once portrayed him—drone on about NATO, the Common Market, the Sino-Soviet dispute, without ever being able to perceive in his hundreds of thousands of words the least shred of intellectual penetration, originality, or even point of view. Walter Cronkite, who is perhaps even more revered, has always seemed to me an instance of absolute fluency in the service of complete mindlessness, but then he has a face that only a nation could love. The most journalistically competent among them seems to me to be Mike Wallace, whose calculated belligerency can be amusing when used on the side of one's own prejudices but otherwise seems gratingly rude. John Chancellor is the best one can hope for. Barbara Walters I refuse even to speak about.

The local TV johnnies are a pastiche of the national TV johnnies. They seem always to have names like Scott Osborne, never Moishe Rabinovitz or Theophilus Moore. I take an interest in their clothes. Where do they get such handsome outercoats to wear when reporting from the scenes of fires, bank robberies, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

murders? I also take an interest in their jobs, which seem to me fundamentally inhuman. One moment they, or the so-called anchor men or women among them, are reporting the devastation of a flood, then next they are joking about local bad weather, then moving on to report on starvation in Biafra, then recounting a suburban pie-eating contest—their smiles occasionally freezing between the humorous feature story and the full-blown tragedy. Hordes of these media reporters are in the land; every city of any appreciable size has them—good-looking but not offensively so, articulate but never deep, sometimes elegant but usually empty valises. Ionesco has referred to them as *Speakerines;* I sometimes call them the Medes, as Thucydides called the Persians. They are paid large salaries but risk short tenure; should their ratings drop, they are, like plates soiled with usage in a Chinese restaurant, quietly and quickly removed from the table.

Transience seems to be the natural state of things in television. Everything about it seems ephemeral, unenduring; and, apart from certain performers, so nameless and faceless. Can anyone name a television writer? Has there ever been a good television critic who has stayed with the subject for any length of time? Why does it seem unlikely that there ever will be one? Something there is about television that repels lasting quality. Serious people do not seem to remain in it for long.

Unserious though television seems to be, its consequences, nearly everyone agrees, are serious. Jeremiads of book length are written about it, in which watching television is equated with taking narcotics. Movies such as *Network,* mixing sex and sermonizing, inveigh against it. The reason Johnny can't read, pedagogues and news magazines agree, is that he watches television, which is systematically rendering him and all other children illiterate. Television, in these jeremiads, is also a home wrecker. Because families are watching television, they are not, as the sappier psychologists say (usually over television), "communicating." Yea verily, it is inciting violence in our streets . . . and so forth. Television is not merely poor stuff, very poor stuff, but a force for re-barbarization, the very stuff of evil.

A convenient summary of the evils of television has recently appeared in *Esquire*—that force for good in American life—in an article by the journalist Richard Reeves entitled "The Dangers of Television in the Silverman Era." Silverman is Fred Silverman, a forty-year-old television executive who this summer became president of the National Broadcasting Company, after succeeding hugely in pushing up the ratings at the American Broadcasting Company, where he was president of the entertainment division. Fred Silverman, it is fairly clear, is something of a *schlockmeister,* and some of the programs that raised the ratings for him and ABC are *Charlie's Angels, Three's Company, Starsky and Hutch, Love Boat, Laverne and Shirley,* and *Happy Days*—in short, the usual winning combination of sex, sniggering humor, violence, and nostalgia. (*Saturday Night Live,* a program approved by the right-minded, is apparently also his, though Richard Reeves does not emphasize it.) What he does wish to emphasize is that Fred Silverman, this merchant of dross, is to be the head of the *entire* NBC—entertainment, news, documentaries, the whole shebang. "Hundreds of years ago," Mr. Reeves writes, "it would have been almost as if one man controlled most of the printing presses most of the time."

Although Richard Reeves never actually interviewed Fred Silverman, who was away in Hawaii when Reeves was preparing his article, he has no compunction about portraying Silverman as a menace—harder working than most television executives, more ruthless, and a great deal more tasteless. When Reeves attempted to talk with Silverman's colleagues on the phone, he tells us, many hung up on him, or directed him elsewhere, or failed to show up for appointments. "I have never sensed such fear," Reeves writes, "not in the Nixon White House, not in the Central Intelligence Agency."

The substance of Reeves's article is the trundling out of clichés. He writes about the passivity of watching television. He remarks upon how, in Los Angeles, only 39 percent of the people watching television preferred the news to quiz shows, comedies, and old movies (rather higher than I would have thought). He quotes Norman Lear, who has made his ample living producing television shows, saying that television "makes people stagnant."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He provides quotations from a Rudolph Arnheim essay of 1935 and from Daniel Boorstin's book *The Image: A Guide to Pseudo-Events in America.* In sum—except for one big point—it is clichés on parade.

The one big point is that some friends of Silverman's (who go nameless) told Reeves, "quite seriously, that Fred Silverman wants to be President of the United States." Reeves mentions this again, rather more obliquely, in the middle of his article. The connection is, or ought to be, clear: Fred Silverman, through the control of television, will one day control the nation. Yes, Fred Silverman—to quote Richard Reeves's last sentence—"Fast Freddie, who's reading history books in Hawaii so he can program the nation after conquering television." There you have it, the most up-to-date American conspiracy theory. Big Brother is no longer watching you; you are watching Big Brother.

Richard Reeves's *Esquire* article resembles nothing so much as the basis for a very poor made-for-television movie. Yet his is not an unusual performance on a subject which is obviously important but about which little is clearly known. Martin Mayer's commonsensical view is much more salubrious, as for example when he writes: "The notion that television can deeply affect individual lives, though still plausible, is very far from proved." One of the things that is so very difficult to prove is what, specifically, is new about the influence of television. Television is accused of encouraging fantasies, but then the movies have always done that—and more powerfully. Television is accused of holding families hostage to its allurements, locked in speechless passivity, but families earlier gathered around the radio, and on nights when certain programs were on—*Fred Allen, Amos 'n' Andy*—one simply wouldn't think of leaving the house. What may be new is that people today by and large seem to spend more time watching television than they ever did at the movies or listening to the radio. And it may be that this difference in quantity may make a qualitative difference. No one would argue that it does any child any good to watch six or eight hours of television every day.

If television has not been proved to have deeply affected individual lives, it is unarguable that it has affected the culture—and so it affects individuals, as it were, on the rebound. Television has, in this regard, brought an end to the American yokelry; as a result of television, provincialism of a certain kind has been much diminished. Television has unquestionably affected—"infected" is perhaps more accurate—national and local electoral politics, turning them into image politics. Among other things, it seems unlikely that, because of television, we shall ever again have a homely President of the United States. ("Sorry, Mr. Lincoln, but you just don't come across on camera.") The TV johnnies have become very important to politicians, who need them for publicity, which is what gives the TV johnnies themselves such an insufferable air of self-importance. Television may also, in a way hard to pin down, have shortened the national attention span. Connected with this, it has inundated the culture with the spirit of the news magazine, in which everything, no matter how momentous, must be presented punchily and quickly, including all the large and lumpy issues and questions of the day—test-tube birth, divorce, causes of cancer—that are the main grist of television talk shows. As much as anything else, television has created a new kind of celebrity, the person, in Daniel Boorstin's well-known formulation, who is well known for being well known: the talk show regular, the panelist, the lightweight expert. A career such as that of Dr. Joyce Brothers, for example, would be unthinkable without television.

But easily the gravest accusation made against television in its effect on culture is that it is ruining education. Richard Reeves reports that in a test of American high school students more than a third did not know that members of the United States Senate were elected to office, while on another examination an increasing number of thirteen-year-olds knew all about a person's rights when arrested. He lays the blame for this not on teachers but on television, evidently assuming that if children were not watching television they would be reading the Constitution. Television has become a more and more useful scapegoat for teachers, and indeed the entire American educational system.

As for how this works, take prose writing, about which college English teachers com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now the author of The Making of the President books writes his personal history of The Making of Our Times.

"By far his finest, most affecting work. ...Nothing he has done comes up to In Search of History. It has all the pace and energy of the earlier work and more of many other things: more insight, more reflection, more candor, more intimacy, more humor, more humility, surer and sharper judgements of those he writes about, including himself."
—RICHARD ROVERE,
front page,
New York Times Book Review

JOHN CHANCELLOR... "His understanding of the great events he witnessed makes enthralling history."
WILLIAM SAFIRE... "The most fascinating and useful personal memoir of this generation."
JOHN TOLAND... "A delightful and significant memoir that must be ranked with the best of our turbulent times."

IN SEARCH OF HISTORY

A Personal Adventure

Theodore H. White

$12.95

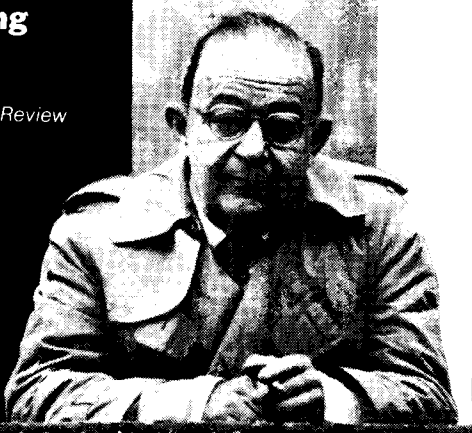


Photo: Burt Glinn

Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plain that their students know nothing. "What on earth are they teaching in the high schools?" college teachers ask. High school teachers meanwhile complain that students come to them without any notion of grammar or the most rudimentary knowledge of language. "What on earth are they teaching in the grammar schools?" high school teachers ask. Grammar school teachers for their part say that they cannot combat the influence of television, because of which children no longer read. So at last we have got to the bottom of the problem. Television—the buck stops there.

In fact, several bucks stop at television. Increased violence in the streets—blame television. No one reads any more—blame television. Families are breaking up—blame television. High culture is being despoiled—blame television. And so on. What a splendid all-purpose explanation television has become! In contemporary life, it has now achieved the standing of a reverse panacea; it has become a cause-all. But is it? Edward Shils, in his essay "Mass Society and Its Culture," argues persuasively that "brutal and mediocre culture is the consequence, not the cause, of developments which are quite independent of the specific properties of mass society." Professor Shils holds that the readiness of teachers and intellectuals to lower their standards is more pernicious than the effects of popular culture of the kind offered on television.

Let us be clear about one thing: some ninety-odd percent of what appears on television is junk. This percentage, moreover, seems to be rising, which I personally resent, for much of recent television has become so unwatchably bad that I shall soon have to search elsewhere for new modes of time wasting. Radio, in my dimming recollection, was better, except for the coverage of sports. But it will not do to pretend that the mass of people formerly put their time to superior uses and that television, some time in the late 1940s, banished us from Eden. Consult Henry Mayhew, the Victorian author of *London Labour and the London Poor*, where you will find the mass engaged in such self-improving entertainments as cockfighting, bearbaiting, and gin drinking, with an occasional public hanging for comic relief. Ah, before television, those were the days!

Out of Mind

ARIEL SCHAFFER

I Something that doesn't
want you to sleep yet
moves from the back
of your mind to the tip
of your tongue—the taste
of a poem just
as it's changing to words.

II What's forgotten
is always reaching
toward you the way
an arc embraces
the thought of a circle
or the clock's hands
keep discovering noon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pusey grades higher education.

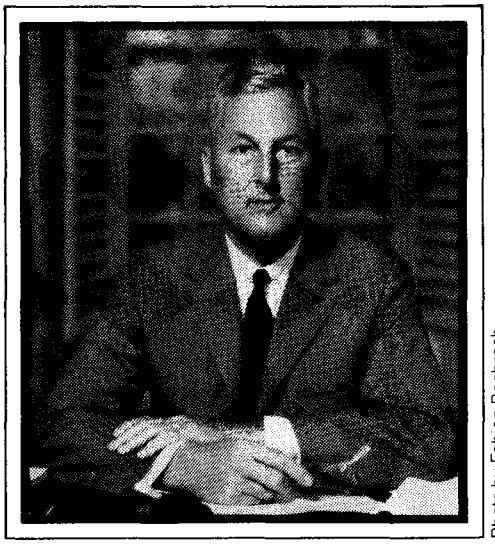


Photo by Fabian Bachrach

Nathan Pusey, President Emeritus of Harvard University, gives high marks to what he calls, "The most creative period in the history of higher education in the United States."

He cites many crucial changes in university education following World War II—such as the broadening of undergraduate curricula, burgeoning research activity, and increased availability to a greater percentage of the population—in a book Clark Kerr called, "A literate and balanced account of the 'golden age' of universities in the United States."

American Higher Education
1945 - 1970
A Personal Report

Nathan M. Pusey
$10.00

Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reconciling Man with the Environment

Eric Ashby. "Demonstrating a rare ability to integrate diverse subject matter, Ashby outlines a three-stage 'chain reaction' that he considers essential to the control of an environmental hazard. . . . [His] fusion of environmental, economic, and political considerations is the best this reviewer has seen. The book is nontechnical and brief, yet documented with notes to more detailed sources. Highly recommended."—*Library Journal.* $7.95

In Four Volumes

Universals of Human Language

Edited by Joseph Greenberg. Associate Editors: Charles A. Ferguson & Edith Moravcsik. The 49 papers in these volumes (33 never before published) provide a synthesis of virtually all major aspects of current inquiry into the subject of language universals—those properties found to recur consistently across past and present languages. Vol. I, *Method and Theory,* $15.00. Vol. II, *Phonology,* $25.00. Vol. III, *Word Structure,* $25.00. Vol. IV, *Syntax,* $25.00

The Development of the Modern State

A SOCIOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION. *Gianfranco Poggi.* This compact, analytic history examines the feudal system of rule, the late-medieval *Ständestaat,* the absolutist state, and the constitutional state of the late 19th-century, concluding with a discussion of major institutional trends in contemporary Western states. $10.95

Literature and Society in Imperial Russia, 1800-1914

Edited by William Mills Todd III. Ranging in topic from general discussions of literary theory to close readings of well-known literary works, the nine papers in this volume treat nearly every literary movement in 19th- and early-20th-century Russia, and a number of major Russian writers, including Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, and Dostoevsky. $17.50

Marx's Theory of History

William H. Shaw. This book offers a fresh approach to Marx's theory of historical materialism, an attempt "to excavate what Marx's theory says, unpack its meaning, explore its nuances, and highlight some of its internal difficulties." The result is an argument for the basic coherence of historical materialism, and thus for an interpretation of Marx that is at odds with current orthodoxy. $12.50

Stanford University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rediscovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii

G. W. BOWERSOCK

FOR JUST OVER TWO CENTURIES the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii have excited the imagination of writers and travelers of the Western world, and it was just under nineteen hundred years ago that Mount Vesuvius destroyed those cities. The highly successful exhibition *Pompeii* A.D. 79, which is now touring the United States, makes this a suitable moment to reflect on the circumstances that led to the resurrection of both places. When Goethe and Tischbein visited Italy in 1787, the twin sites had already become an integral part of the Grand Tour, but fame came slowly. The first systematic excavations were soon halted and not renewed for over twenty years; and when they were renewed, the digging was inept and sporadic. Most tourists were more interested in the volcano itself than in the ancient settlements it had extinguished so many centuries before. The story of the rediscovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii is a lesson in the operations of chance in history and a disquieting illustration of the ways in which the treasures of our past have been restored to us.

I

The coastal region of Campania on the Bay of Naples, at the foot of Vesuvius, was known to the ancients as the Campi Phlegraei, the blazing fields. Although no traditions of devastation survived in classical times among the residents, it is obvious that in some remote age there had been flames, together with an eruption that carried burning rocks and lava down the mountainside. Current speculation puts that event in the sixth century B.C. In any case, by A.D. 79 Vesuvius seemed utterly benign, and not even a severe earthquake in A.D. 62 persuaded the Italians otherwise. When the eruption occurred, the Campanian cities were still busy rebuilding after the earthquake of the preceding decade. Not all cities suffered annihilation like Herculaneum and Pompeii;

G. W. BOWERSOCK is professor of Greek and Latin at Harvard University. His most recent book is *Julian the Apostate* and he is a co-editor, with John Clive and Stephen R. Graubard, of *Edward Gibbon and the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naples, for example, had a flourishing future in store. But the cities that were buried, whether under mud, as at Herculaneum, or under ash, as at Pompeii, were soon abandoned. A great fire at Rome in A.D. 80 put an end to an official government rescue team that was obliged to go home hurriedly, and the survivors who returned to retrieve their property competed with robbers in burrowing into some twelve feet of debris. Two Latin poets, Martial and Statius, both writing soon after the disaster, singled out Herculaneum and Pompeii as the principal losses in the eruption of Vesuvius; and if these are the cities we think of today as the Vesuvian cities, we are at one with the ancients.

Thanks to Martial and Statius, whose observations were later augmented by remarks of Plutarch and the historian Dio, the memory of the buried cities lived on. Their appearance on a medieval copy of an antique map was a further protection against oblivion. The original of that map was probably done in the third century A.D. on the basis, at least as far as Campania was concerned, of indications from a still earlier time. The copy, scrupulously executed in the thirteenth century, passed into the hands of Konrad Peutinger at Augsburg in the early sixteenth century. Scholars and humanists were therefore not short of evidence for the existence of the lost cities of Campania, and Boccaccio's transient allusion to *la già grande Pompea* in *L'ameto* suggests how much they were part of the common heritage of cultivated people.

Precisely when Peutinger was corresponding with interested friends about the desirability of publishing the important map that had recently come into his possession, an Italian scholar of remarkable energy and assiduity was making a careful record of every classical inscription he encountered. Theodor Mommsen first drew the attention of modern classical scholars to the significance of Mariangelo Accursio, better known by his Latin name of Mariangelus Accursius, in the history of Latin epigraphy. His work provided the foundation later for the more celebrated and influential Muratori in the eighteenth century. At Scafati, close to the site of Pompeii, Accursio had observed in the altar steps of the Church of the Madonna an ancient inscription (now published in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* X as number 938). It contained the words *Cuspius T. f. M. Loreius M. f.*, which represent the names of a certain Cuspius, son of Titus, and of a certain Marcus Loreius, son of Marcus. These names were evidently a part of some sort of list; beyond that little could be said. But Accursio's record acquired a special importance long afterward, for in 1862 the excavators at Pompeii published five fragments of an inscription from the so-called House of Mars and Venus: the text was a list of local magistrates, and it included the names *Cuspius T. f. M. Loreius M. f.* (now published as *CIL* X. 937). The new fragments thus proved that the inscription Accursio had seen in the steps

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the church at Scafati had come from Pompeii. The conclusion is inescapable and has been generally acknowledged.

There is clearly no way of telling how the stone from Pompeii reached Scafati nearby, but it cannot have left its original place before the destruction of A.D. 79. Nor is it the kind of prize a robber would have labored to extract and carry away. Once available, of course, it was a useful building block; and travelers in classical lands are all too familiar with the sight of ancient inscriptions walled up in relatively modern buildings. But how did the stone ascend through the ash and topsoil to present itself to the builders of Scafati? It can only have been brought up. At some unknown time in the Middle Ages, in some unknown digging—which, to judge from what happened later, may have been connected with the construction of canals for watering the land—this inscription from Pompeii was uncovered. With an insouciance that was, until the twentieth century, characteristic of nations whose soil was rich in antiquities, the Pompeian inscription was simply abandoned to the first person who needed a solid block of stone.

That was, as far as can be told, the beginning of excavation at Pompeii, and without the scholarly diligence of Accursio in the sixteenth century and an accidental discovery in the nineteenth we should never have known about it. Nothing further occurred in the vicinity of the buried cities until the end of the sixteenth century, when another unexpected discovery took place.

Between the years 1594 and 1600, during the installation of irrigation canals in the area of Pompeii, excavators accidentally brought up two more Latin inscriptions from the city. One (*CIL* X. 952) commemorated a local senator, and the other (*CIL* X. 928) appeared to contain the text of a dedication to Jupiter at the behest of *Venus fisica*. Of these the second turned out to be of great scholarly interest. The epithet *fisica* attached to Venus cannot mean what it might at first seem to anyone uninitiated in Latin philology, and it remains unexplained to this day. More remarkable, however, was the incontrovertible proof that an ancient settlement lay beneath the soil. The discovery caused little excitement and aroused the curiosity of only a few. In his *History of Naples*, issued in 1607, Giulio Cesare Capaccio took note of the excavation. Although he was perfectly familiar with the ancient testimony on Herculaneum and Pompeii, the recent digging did not deter him from believing that both cities lay beneath sites farther to the north, at Torre del Greco and Torre dell'Annunziata respectively. Not only did the work at the end of the sixteenth century lead to no progress at all in identifying the city, from which by then at least three inscriptions had been unearthed, but it also failed to generate any interest in excavating further. Inscriptions have rarely captured the imagination of the general

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public. In 1637 the expatriate German scholar Luc Holste, known as Lucas Holstenius, the distinguished librarian of Cardinal Barberini and later of the Vatican, correctly divined the location of Pompeii from the two texts brought up at the end of the previous century; but those scholars who noticed his conjecture refused to believe it.

In the *Guida de' Forastieri (Guide for Foreigners)*, as published in 1685, on the eve of significant new discoveries at Pompeii, tourists were coolly informed that Herculaneum was at Torre del Greco, where Hercules was said to have built a city that was subsequently *dal Vesuvio assorbita.* In a handsomely illustrated chapter near the end of the guidebook, with the title "Del Monte Vesuvio," tourists could read all eight lines of Martial's poem on Herculaneum and Pompeii as well as a summary of the younger Pliny's narrative of his uncle's death during the eruption of A.D. 79 (dated in the guide to 81). Nowhere in this charming little book was there a hint that the cities of the past had already begun to disgorge their secrets.

In 1689 more canals were dug, and two more inscribed stones emerged. Unfortunately both of these texts are now lost, but it is apparent from a lively academic controversy of the period that one of them actually bore the name of the city of Pompeii. The architect Picchetti immediately and unhesitatingly drew the wrong conclusion. The workmen had accidentally penetrated, he declared, a villa of Pompey the Great. While such obtuseness does small credit to the history of scholarship, it is refreshing to observe that at least Francesco Bianchini, in his *Storia universale* of 1697, attacked Picchetti for missing the obvious implication of his finds. But even so, in the world at large no one really cared whether or not the name of Pompeii or Pompey stood on an old stone from a Campanian canal.

II

In the early years of the eighteenth century, some workmen had uncovered pieces of marble in the process of digging a well near Resina. An Austrian cavalry officer, Prince d'Elboeuf, appointed to the court of Naples at the time, heard of this surprising source of marble just as he was planning a pleasure dome for himself by the seaside. He had envisaged, it appears, a floor constructed of pulverized marble, and therefore naturally undertook to investigate the supply available at Resina. As work began in 1711 at the site of the well, d'Elboeuf confronted the first works of art to emerge from the cities of Vesuvius. A statue of Hercules was soon followed by three magnificent statues of women, who were promptly called, for no very obvious reason, Vestal Virgins. D'Elboeuf recognized the quality and importance of his discov-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eries and eagerly continued his excavations. He chose to present the statues to his cousin in Vienna, Prince Eugen, in the hope of gaining funds for the enterprise. D'Elboeuf had become, without realizing it, the first excavator of the theater at Herculaneum.

Although the project ground to a halt a few years later, largely because of complaints from the Vatican about the illicit smuggling of the newly found statuary out of Italy, the enthusiasm of d'Elboeuf had important consequences. What had moved him was evidently the art he uncovered, and it was the art he exported. His excavation in Campania was the first in search of ancient remains. The impact of works of art was of a very different order from that of inscriptions. The Vestal Virgins could be enjoyed at once without any special expertise; they could adorn a salon or a garden. The whole rediscovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii turned, as we shall see, on those statues; and as the eighteenth century wore on, it was the art from those cities—the sculpture and paintings especially—that came to fascinate Europeans of wealth and taste.

In 1736 the three ladies from Herculaneum passed into the possession of Friedrich Augustus II, king of Poland and elector of Saxony. Prince Eugen had died, and his collection was sold by the family. The so-called Vestal Virgins were transferred to Dresden, where they could be admired by, among others, Friedrich Augustus's daughter, Maria Amalia. This young woman was destined to become the bride of the Spanish king of the Two Sicilies, Carlo III, who had been reigning at Naples since 1734. In the first four years of his rule, this Bourbon monarch had shown no particular interest in the antiquities of Campania. He made no explorations of the canals that had yielded the inscriptions of Pompeii; he did nothing to resume the excavation of d'Elboeuf. Yet he has often been credited with the initiative for reviving the buried cities of Vesuvius because in late 1738 the work at Herculaneum was renewed at his order. But the initiative was in no way his; earlier that year he had gone to Dresden to marry Maria Amalia. When he then took her back to Naples with him, she carried with her the memory of those three statues. She knew there must be more where they came from. She was no sooner in Italy than the digging began.

The excavation was conducted in the least scientific way imaginable; and although the era of professional archaeology lay in the distant future, there was little excuse for the carelessness and confusion of Carlo's Spanish engineers. The work at Herculaneum was a completely subterranean operation and motivated solely by the desire for art objects. The architecture and plan of the city were of no concern. When one area had been cleared, the earth removed from the next was simply transferred into it, and more than one contemporary observer commented wryly on this perpetual shifting of the earth underground. Visitors were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

viewed with suspicion and were generally refused authorization to draw or transcribe anything they saw. Charles de Brosses went to Herculaneum in 1739, and heard from a visitor ten years later that nothing had improved. "I have learned with displeasure that the work, which was so badly conducted in my time, is no better today. The underground regions are as dark and poorly excavated as they were ten years ago. As far as the new discoveries are concerned, the authorities are so jealous that they scarcely allow the curious any time to look at them while passing by, without giving any opportunity to study them closely, still less to copy them or to make a detailed description on the spot." De Brosses recalled with disgust his descent into the excavation "as if into a mine," and the dark tunnels illuminated only by torches which infected the stifling air and forced him to retreat to the entry shaft just to catch his breath. Horace Walpole, Thomas Gray, and the tireless Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who all visited Herculaneum in the year after de Brosses, formed no more favorable an impression than his.

Apart from the few who had been to Naples and a small number of scholars, Europe paid little attention to what had been going on at Herculaneum for a decade. In 1749 de Brosses was astonished to hear people in Paris talking about the discoveries as if they were quite new. When at about the same time the Marquis Venuti, librarian and consultant to the Neapolitan court, published the first scholarly report on the finds at Herculaneum, the author of the two long review-articles on Venuti in the *Bibliothèque raisonnée,* volumes 47 and 48 (1751 and 1752), was moved to express his surprise that, despite the great interest of the new material, so little had appeared about it in the journals. Meanwhile, just as Venuti had been completing his publication on Herculaneum, Carlo's workmen had accidentally discovered some columns and paintings on the site of Pompeii. No doubt at the urging of Maria Amalia, the excavation of Pompeii was started at once, exactly ten years after her arrival in Naples. There followed six years of unheralded and unproductive rummaging in the deep ash. In 1754, in a spirit of boredom, the whole project was dropped for a short while. Neither Herculaneum nor Pompeii had made much of an impact on Europe.

III

In the middle fifties of the eighteenth century, the work on the Vesuvian cities began to gather momentum. The amazing discovery of hundreds of papyrus rolls, all baked into something resembling charcoal briquettes, together with the luxurious villa in which they were found, brought fresh excitement to Herculaneum. And the renewal of excavation at Pompeii in 1755 uncovered the substantial house of Julia Felix.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The newly established Academy of Herculaneum undertook to publish all the objects discovered; the first volume of the *Antichità di Ercolano esposte* appeared in 1757. But tourists were no more welcome than before. Designers like Robert Adam and Charles-Louis Clérisseau were hurried through the excavations with unseemly speed. Meanwhile, in the year of their visit, 1755, Johann Joachim Winckelmann arrived in Rome.

The great German art historian, whose gaze was always turned toward Greece, nevertheless passed most of the last thirteen years of his life in Rome. He served as contact and guide for many of the most distinguished visitors to the city. Although Roman antiquities were hardly his principal interest, he explored the excavations near Naples on three occasions: in 1758, 1762, and 1764. He received the same frigid reception as others, but his sharp eyes and retentive memory allowed him to fill his letters with fascinating details about what he saw. He inspected the Herculaneum papyri, and recorded inscriptions at Pompeii. He marked the absurdity of the excavation methods; at Pompeii the old system of redistributing the earth continued to be applied even though the work was not underground. In two celebrated open letters (*Sendschreiben*) Winckelmann condemned the procedures he observed; and when at last these letters were translated and brought to the attention of the local authorities, they had an effect. Anger at the eminent art historian gradually gave way to placation. No archaeologist, however incompetent, cares to be exposed in front of the whole learned world. Winckelmann had performed a most important service. He gave publicity to Herculaneum and Pompeii and, at the same time, improved the quality of work on the sites.

The letters he wrote from Naples during his three trips are proof of Winckelmann's interest in the finds from the area. He kept in touch over the years through the friends and clients of his who went there. The painter Angelica Kauffmann, one of the first to depict a scene from A.D. 79, spent the winter of 1763–64 in Naples, and at Rome she was in the circle of Winckelmann. So was the renegade English politician, John Wilkes, as well as Boswell (*ein junger Schottländer, den ich sehr wohl kenne,* "a young Scotsman, whom I know very well"). Another of the more eccentric antiquarians of Winckelmann's acquaintance was the Englishman Lord Baltimore (*welcher Herr von ganz Maryland in Virginien ist,* "who is lord of all Maryland in Virginia"). When Sir William Hamilton arrived in 1764 to represent England at the court of Naples, he, too, promptly became an acquaintance of Winckelmann.

Hamilton, who remained in Italy into the beginning of the nineteenth century, witnessed—and indeed contributed to—the end of the general indifference to the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was even more of a social magnet than Winckelmann, and he was devoted to the antiquities and geology of Campania. His cultivation of the ridiculous boy-king, Ferdinand IV, who at the age of eight had replaced Carlo in 1759, ensured some influence over the policies of the court. His close observation of Vesuvius both at rest and in eruption led to the volumes he published under the title *Campi Phlegraei*, and his own collection of local antiquities led to a major accession for the British Museum. Sir William Hamilton dominates the emergence of the cities of Vesuvius from obscurity into splendor. Without his patronage, all the efforts of Winckelmann might have been in vain. When he assumed his post in 1764, he presided over Naples's two greatest tourist attractions, Mount Vesuvius and the infant king of the Two Sicilies. By the time Goethe and Tischbein called on him in 1787, Herculaneum and Pompeii had become at least equally interesting.

As an illustration of the relative neglect of the sites when Hamilton was first at his post, despite the major publications by Winckelmann and the Academy of Herculaneum, let us consider the rather improbable presence of three notable British tourists at Naples in early March 1765. They are John Wilkes, James Boswell, and Edward Gibbon.

Wilkes, who had been traveling in Italy in the company of Mlle. Corradini, a dancer from Bologna whom he picked up in Paris, proposed in late February to see the antiquities of Naples. Winckelmann provided him with an introduction. After an excruciating five-day journey from Rome, during which he spent part of one night in the coach because the local accommodations were so appalling, he arrived in Naples on February 26. Writing one of his typically chaste letters to his daughter Polly, he declared, "This is in my opinion the pleasantest place in Europe." In Naples, Wilkes spent considerable time with Boswell, who arrived there just four days later and took great pleasure in sharing observations on the sensual delights of the city. If Wilkes actually visited Herculaneum or Pompeii, he left no record of it. The only thing he thought worth reporting to his Polly in any detail was his ascent of Vesuvius on March 18: "It is with difficulty you ascend: I had five men to get me up;—two before, whose girdles I laid hold of; and three behind, who pushed me by the back. I approached quite to the opening . . . but could see very little." Wilkes remained at Naples until the end of June.

Boswell noted that he called on Hamilton, which Wilkes may have thought it wiser not to do, in view of his political position. Boswell also made the traditional ascent of Vesuvius, four days before Wilkes. His report: "smoke; saw hardly anything." We know that sometime during his three weeks at Naples, given over to seeing "Classical Places," he actually did visit Pompeii and Herculaneum, not to mention a grotto alleged to be Vergil's tomb and the royal palace at Portici, near Resina.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But if the antiquities made any great impression on him, nothing so far published has shown it. On the contrary, it was the natural beauty and licentious atmosphere of Naples that most captivated him. "Naples is indeed a delicious spot. . . . But, my dear friend, modern Naples has nothing of the ancient Parthenope except its heat and its idleness. The people are the most shocking race, eaters of garlic and catchers of vermin—an exercise which they scruple not to perform on the public streets. Swift's Dermot and Sheelah would make a true Naples Eclogue. . . ."

Into this world came Edward Gibbon near the end of that Italian tour which seemed to him in later life to have provided the precise moment at which he was inspired to write the *Decline and Fall*. He spent six weeks in Naples, from the end of January to the middle of March 1765, but he left no account whatever in his journal. His *Memoirs* suggest that what had most impressed him were Mount Vesuvius and the king of the Two Sicilies: "Six weeks were borrowed for my tour of Naples, the most populous of cities relative to its size, whose luxurious inhabitants seem to dwell on the confines of paradise and hell-fire. I was presented to the boy-King by our new Envoy Sir William Hamilton. . . ." There was not a word of Campanian antiquities, nothing on Herculaneum or Pompeii, even though his journal has revealed that at Lausanne in the previous year he had read through the second part of the review of Venuti in volume 48 of the *Bibliothèque raisonnée*. It is remarkable that Gibbon evidently had no contact with Winckelmann in Rome, despite their common acquaintance, the Scottish antiquarian James Byres, and a common enthusiasm for the ancient world. Nor, in Naples, did his path cross that of Winckelmann's friends, Wilkes and Boswell.

In fact, one wonders what Gibbon was doing for those six weeks. The warm climate and sensuous character that Boswell so much savored in Naples appear to have unnerved the future historian of the Roman Empire. He wrote to his stepmother Dorothea: "I cannot say whether you will find me improved in anything else, but at least I think I am become a better Englishman. . . . I am reconciled to my own Country, that I see many of its advantages better than I did." By July, when he was back in England, he again declared himself a better Englishman and observed, "What a mixture of pride, vice, slavery and poverty have I seen in the short time I passed at Naples." It seems clear that Gibbon's sojourn in Naples was in some way disturbing for him; but if there is anything peculiar about his total silence on the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii, it is only because he was to become in time so great a master of the history of the Roman Empire. One might have expected him, more than others, to share Winckelmann's curiosity and indignation. In six weeks Gibbon was surely taken to the excavations,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however hurriedly, by Hamilton or an associate, just as Boswell was. But not even in the *Memoirs* was he moved to mention those places.

IV

Almost as if to oblige Sir William Hamilton and to usher in the widespread fame that the buried cities have enjoyed ever since, Mount Vesuvius erupted in 1766, with several encores throughout the remainder of the century. Under Hamilton's leadership and with the successive publications of the *Antichità di Ercolano,* the art of Herculaneum and Pompeii took hold of European taste; beginning with Goethe's Italian journey, literature fell under the cities' spell. But there had been nothing inevitable about the rediscovery. On the contrary, the earliest indications of what lay buried were largely ignored; it was not until art supplemented epigraphy that anyone took action. And when that happened, the mentality of treasure hunters dominated the work. Local authorities put impediments in the way of scientific research. Recognition was slow in coming from the cultivated public. The resurrection of the past is more systematic now than it was then, but much of the old indifference and many of the old obstacles remain. Inscriptions are still being built into churches (or mosques), or left to be broken up in some vacant lot. Collectors and dealers are still willing to sacrifice a site for instant reward. Herculaneum and Pompeii can teach us more than Roman history.

Isabel MacCaffrey

1924–1978

Member, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR *Editorial Board, 1974–1977*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Regressive Historians

KENNETH S. LYNN

TEN YEARS AGO, RICHARD HOFSTADTER demonstrated in *The Progressive Historians* that the criticism of historical writing can be as interesting as literary criticism at its best. His assessments of Charles A. Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States*, V. L. Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*, and Frederick Jackson Turner's *The Significance of the Frontier in American History* combine rigorous historiographical analysis with a keen attention to the historical setting in which these works emerged. "The Regressive Historians" is a title with several layers of meaning, but as a pun it expresses my desire to bring Hofstadter's textual-contextual method to bear upon a later phase of American historical scholarship.

This essay is about three historians of the 1960s and early 1970s who resemble Hofstadter's Progressives, at least in their range of interests. Bernard Bailyn achieved fame, as Beard did, with a book about late eighteenth-century politics. Like Parrington, Leo Marx is an interpreter of the historical significance of American literature. Eugene D. Genovese is a sectional historian, although the Old South, not Turner's West, is his special concern. The main reason, however, for my singling out Bailyn, Marx, and Genovese is not that they roughly match Hofstadter's threesome but rather that their most ambitious books are widely regarded as authoritative. "My criterion was, above all, influence," says Hofstadter; it has been my criterion as well.

The Progressive historians took their cues from the intellectual and political ferment of the period from 1890 to 1915. These years constituted one of the great eras of American achievement, and they inspired in Beard, Parrington, and Turner a proud faith in our democratic institutions. The regressive historians, on the other hand, became prominent when deceits and disasters were the order of the day. Except for the Civil War years, the Republic did more damage to itself in the 1960s and early 1970s than in any other period of our history. Inevitably Bailyn, Marx, and Genovese were affected by the time in which they wrote, and so were their readers. Although very different from one another, all three of

KENNETH S. LYNN, professor of history at the Johns Hopkins University, is the author of *Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these historians were acclaimed for what I regard as their regressive interpretations of the American past.

The Ordeal of Bernard Bailyn

The unluckiest moment in Bernard Bailyn's intellectual life was the day he agreed to edit the political pamphlets of the American Revolution for the Harvard University Press. Across the span of years from the entrance of the Kennedy brothers into the corridors of power to Richard Nixon's final, ghastly wave from the helicopter, an authority on seventeenth-century entrepreneurial history was led progressively deeper into the study of eighteenth-century politics, which for a variety of reasons he was less well equipped to handle.

The editing of the pamphlets was a considerable undertaking. Even the compilation of a bibliography was a wearying task. When completed, it included more than four hundred examples of "all sorts of writings—treatises on political theory, essays on history, political arguments, sermons, correspondence, poems." Each of the texts selected for republication had to be painstakingly annotated. When he finally sat down to write a general introduction to the first (and thus far the only) volume of *Pamphlets of the American Revolution* (1965), it was natural that Bailyn felt an urge to justify his labors by saying something arresting about them. Any scholar would have felt that way. Bailyn, however, was not just any scholar. He did not merely wish to add to our understanding of the American Revolution; he wanted to dominate it. Indeed, he intended to dominate our understanding of the entire history of colonial America.

In his effort to say something significant about the pamphlets, Bailyn was served by a literary sensibility that sets him apart from most other historians. What he sensed in the language of the pamphlets was pulsating conviction. An earlier generation of historians had interpreted the references to "corruption" and "conspiracy," which saturate the literature, as propagandistic devices deliberately employed by the pamphleteers to whip up an otherwise indifferent public opinion. Bailyn, however, to his enduring credit, realized that to the pamphleteers those words were serious. They were not merely propagandistic; they were the hallmarks of an ideology. Radical journalists and other opposition groups in early eighteenth-century England had suspected that men in high office had become corrupted by power and were conspiring to aggrandize and perpetuate their authority by subverting the constitutional liberty of their countrymen. The oppositionists built their suspicions into the very structure of British politics, and eventually they affected Ameri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can politics as well. In the years after 1760, when the British took steps to make the management of their empire more efficient, many Americans interpreted such measures as the Stamp Act as proof that the conspiracy was finally hatching and that they were its intended victims. It was not so much the new intrusions of British authority into their lives as the American interpretations thereof that propelled the colonists into rebellion.

Only one problem remained. Had a long-familiar ideology magnified and distorted the colonists' grievances against the British, or had it clarified them? Had a received rhetoric of corruption and conspiracy caused the Americans to make molehills of experience into mountains of suspicion, or had it provided them the materials with which to make a symbolic formulation of a new and dangerous threat to their liberty? In short, were the rebels fantasts or realists?

Unfortunately, Bailyn never realized he had two options. He never paused to consider that there were two sharply different ways of reading the corruption-and-conspiracy ideology. If he had, then he certainly would have felt obliged to discuss both of them at exhaustive length, before saying which one he preferred. Bailyn's literary sensibility, though superior to most other historians', was limited. Unskilled in the art of explicating texts, he leaped at the only meaning in the pamphlets' symbolism that he could perceive. He chose option one because it made immediate sense to him, and because the air of the middle 1960s was already thick with conspiratorial theories about the assassination in Dallas. It was a time for believing that Americans were fantasts. In his voluminous later work, Bailyn would continue to ignore the possibility of option two, even though it represented a factually richer and psychologically more plausible way of interpreting the pamphlets.

Leftist historians like L. Jesse Lemisch (pronounced Polemisch by nonadmirers of his virulence), who openly taunt Bailyn at historical meetings and caricature his ideas in magazines like *Radical History Review*, are under the impression that they are dealing with a politically reactionary snob who has no use for hoi polloi. The impression is understandable, but false. The historian who followed up the general introduction to the pamphlets with *The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution* (1967) and *The Origins of American Politics* (1968) was not a Tory sympathizer, even though these books strongly suggest that he was. Bailyn's political elitism made him an admirer of Adlai Stevenson and John Kennedy, but not of George the Third. The fascinating thing—and the tragic thing—about Bailyn is that the Toryism of his scholarship was inadvertent. Confident that he had read the pamphlets correctly, he rushed into print with a series of inadequately thought-out

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and overstated arguments that inexorably forced him to traduce the political tradition he believed in. Having chosen option one, he was stuck with it, and the more he talked about it, the deeper he sank into difficulty. In the most important passage of *The Ideological Origins*, which is his best-known book, Bailyn summed up what a magnifying and distorting ideology finally did to the minds of "the majority of American leaders."

> This peculiar configuration of ideas constituted in effect an intellectual switchboard wired so that certain combinations of events would activate a distinct set of signals—danger signals, indicating hidden impulses and the likely trajectory of events impelled by them. Well before 1776 the signals registered on this switchboard led to a single, unmistakable conclusion—a conclusion that had long been feared and to which there could be only one rational response.

No loyal subject of George the Third ever spoke more elegantly about the alarmist propensities of the rebel mind.

In addition to its evasion of the fundamentally important question of whether the rebels' "unmistakable conclusion" about the perfidy of Albion might have been correct, the quotation is marked by deception, misconception, and inconsistency. That preliminary business, for instance, about "the majority of American leaders," is *poudre aux yeux*. Were town selectmen or militia company officers on his list of leaders, or did they have to be elected to provincial legislatures or rise to high rank in the Continental Army before they qualified? What were the reasons that governed the author's choice of a selective principle? To these questions Bailyn provided no answers, for the simple reason that he had never bothered to define what he meant by "leaders" and had never compiled a list. His statistical "majority" was plucked from thin air.

Beneath the deceptiveness of his numbers game lay a far graver deception. Americans who remained loyal to their king in 1776 were as familiar with the corruption-and-conspiracy ideology as were those who vowed to overthrow him. Bailyn's vague reference to "American leaders" enabled him to acknowledge this fact without coming clean about it, because otherwise he would have been compelled to admit that he could not explain why the loyalists failed to respond to the ideology in the same way the rebels did. Bailyn triumphantly presented his argument as the reason why the American Revolution occurred. The loyalists, however, were the ghosts at his victory banquet. He had not accounted for their deviant behavior. And his inability to say why some Americans continued to resist the idea of revolution threw into doubt his contention that he had explained why others had been overwhelmed by it.

His description of the rebel mind also displays a startling resistance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the principles of dynamic psychology. It is bad enough, in my judgment, to be a psychological determinist, but to be an old-fashioned psychological determinist is downright unfortunate. The metaphor that controls Bailyn's description reads like a cross between Ivan Pavlov's reports on his conditioned-reflex experiments and Alexander Graham Bell's patent applications. By the standards of the tradition that includes William James and Freud, Bailyn's switchboard metaphor is rigid, mechanistic, and absurd.

Even more bizarre is his last-second reference to the rebels' decision to declare their independence as a "rational response." The switchboard metaphor asks us to believe that incessant ideological bombardment had programmed the rebels' minds, so that they reacted with automatic suspicion and hostility to every British move. Such reactions, however, have nothing to do with rationality, so why on earth did he describe the final link in the chain of rebel responses as rational? The answer is that Bailyn was deeply discomfited by the Tory position into which he was being driven, willy-nilly, by the iron logic of option one. In addition to being politically embarrassing, the position also threatened his intellectual ambition to dominate colonial studies. As Bailyn was keenly aware, Perry Miller's great reputation in the field rested on the fact that he had completely respected the ideas of the Puritans, even though he did not believe in them. As Miller himself pointed out, twenties writers like H. L. Mencken and James Truslow Adams had taken the Puritans seriously enough to debunk them. Miller's work had arisen out of an impatience with their wisecracking bias and a determination to expand their intellectual interest into a monumental enterprise. If Bailyn had described the Declaration of Independence as an irrational document, he would have relegated himself to the second-rate status of a debunker, when what he dreamed of being was the fair-minded monarch of all he surveyed. At the sacrifice, then, of psychological consistency, he dug in his heels, resisted the obvious conclusion of his argument, and saluted the break with Britain as rational. Yet most reviewers of *The Ideological Origins* paid little heed to Bailyn's puzzling and maladroit effort to prove that he was no partisan. What they brought away from the book was the memory of how a magnifying and distorting ideology had precipitated the American Revolution.

The rush of events in the late 1960s also contributed to an interpretation of Bailyn's book that the author had not counted on. *The Ideological Origins* appeared at roughly the same time that student attacks on the universities were starting to escalate into mob violence. Bailyn found that in spite of himself he had written just the sort of antirevolutionary fable that many professors over the age of thirty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted to read. In the sort of wacky interplay between the Left and the Right that is American civilization's *spécialité de la maison*, Bailyn was launched into orbit as a Tory apologist by romantic revolutionaries like Mark Rudd.

The leading American historian at Mark Rudd's university was Richard Hofstadter, and Hofstadter's mood in the academic year 1967–68 illustrates very well why the disillusioned left liberals of the New York intelligentsia were particularly taken with Bailyn's book. Twenty years earlier, Hofstadter had written a brilliant essay entitled "John C. Calhoun: The Marx of the Master Class." By the same inside-out logic, Hofstadter may very well be remembered in future generations as the Mencken of Morningside Heights. In any event, he shared with the Tory Mencken a disgusted fascination with the American political zoo.

Hofstadter's attitude is particularly noticeable in the essays about various individuals and groups whose political views were dominated by what he calls "the paranoid style." For the most striking aspect of these essays is that they all are about Americans whom he either disliked or feared. In a rather naïve explanation of this, Hofstadter wrote that "of course, paranoid style has a greater affinity for bad causes than good." He might just as well have said "a total affinity for bad causes," inasmuch as he passed up every golden chance American history offered him to write about the paranoid style of "good" Americans, such as Andrew Jackson's maniacal campaign against that corrupting, tentacular "Monster," the Bank of the United States—not to mention the paranoid style of professors who write about paranoid style, or the perpetual suspicions of poets like Delmore Schwartz, author of the plaintive epigram, "Even paranoids have real enemies."

In 1965, however, the year Hofstadter collected and published his essays as a book, his sensibilities were unavoidably affronted by the paranoid style of a good American cause. Lyndon Johnson, having triumphed at the polls the previous November, now began to carry out the foreign policy of Barry Goldwater, and the reaction of college students was galvanic. Protests against the conspiracy of "the best and the brightest" erupted on a hundred campuses; before too long, the universities were also linked to the conspiracy. Thus did a good cause tip over into indiscriminate paranoia, one of the targets of which was the American institution Hofstadter cherished above all others. In an interview with a *Newsweek* reporter in July 1970, Hofstadter dubbed the current era "the Age of Rubbish," and summed up his disgust with New Left activists by remarking sardonically, "I was raised on a more severe brand of Marxism."

By the time, then, that Hofstadter read *The Ideological Origins*, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was prepared to believe that fears of conspiracy and feelings of persecution had attended another good cause—the birth of the Republic. In early 1968, Hofstadter's horrified fascination with the parallelism between the revolutionary present and the Revolutionary past must have grown even stronger, because tension had begun to build in an ominous way on the Columbia campus. In April—the month that makes Americans think of Lexington and Concord—the dispute about the construction of a new gym boiled over into "the battle at Morningside Heights." *The Ideological Origins* was being reenacted right before Hofstadter's eyes. When the winners of the Bancroft Prize and the Pulitzer Prize in history were announced that spring, Hofstadter applauded the good sense of the selection committees, for both prizes went to Bailyn.

Having already achieved recognition for his solid work in entrepreneurial history, Bailyn now enjoyed fame for his shaky work in political history. From both the Left and the Right he was perceived as a historian who believed that the American Revolution was an example of the paranoid style, even though he himself eschewed the depth-psychology terminology. He who had wished to deal evenhandedly with the rebels and the loyalists, as Perry Miller had with the Puritan theocracy and its enemies, was denounced by radicals and praised by disillusioned liberals for his psychological exposé of rebel alarmism. Wherever he went, he aroused polarized responses. He had become a sixties writer, whether he liked it or not. Terrible doubts still lingered, but at least one thing was clear: after the Harvard "bust" of 1969, Bailyn had no further desire to call revolutions rational. At long last, paranoia and other pathologies entered his working vocabulary.

The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson (1974), a biography of the last civilian royal governor of Massachusetts and a bitter-end loyalist who ended his days in England sorrowing for his beloved homeland, is a deeply ambivalent book. Mixing arrogance and guilt, it records Bailyn's ordeal as painfully as it does Hutchinson's. The book opens with the author's prefatory insistence that he is writing out of an Olympian detachment. From high above the tree line of partisanship, he sees and understands and sympathizes with everyone who played a part in the Revolution, the winners and losers alike; his view of the whole drama is "tragic." Of course, "it would be foolish to deny that I have been influenced in writing [this biography] by the events of the late 1960s. . . . I am quite certain, in fact, that my understanding of Thomas Hutchinson's dilemma in using troops to quell public disorders . . . has undoubtedly been sharpened by the course of American politics in the late 1960s and early 1970s." We should not, however, misconstrue his consciousness of these events: "This is a book about the eighteenth cen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tury." The long disclaimer ends, though, on a revealingly wistful, self-doubting note. "When one looks at the record of what historians have said about the American loyalists, the likelihood of escaping partisanship of some distorting kind seems extremely small, and the effort I am making to do precisely that seems doomed to failure from the start."

Finally, the preface tells us what the story of Hutchinson's life will accomplish. Bailyn does not acknowledge that his inability to explain the deviation of the loyalists was the reason above all other reasons why *The Ideological Origins* failed to live up to its title; he says that he will now make clear why some Americans chose to remain loyal to their king. The story of "the American loyalists . . . [will allow] us to see the Revolutionary movement from the other side around, and to grasp the wholeness of the struggle and hence in the end to understand more fully than we have before why a revolution took place and why it succeeded." Through the case history of Thomas Hutchinson, "the most important loyalist of all," we will be shown "the origins of the Revolution as experienced by the losers."

Alas for overweening ambition, Hutchinson's sad story casts no shadow. *The Ordeal* signally fails to show us why we should conclude that the life of the unusually well-to-do, unusually well-connected man it centers on was representative in any way of the lives of loyalists in general, most of whom did not enjoy anything like Hutchinson's worldly advantages. *The Ordeal* confirms beyond a shadow of a doubt the impression left by *The Ideological Origins:* Bailyn has not the slightest idea of what sorts of characteristics and experiences the loyalists shared in common, and therefore has no understanding of them as a group. Yet if Bailyn's biography miserably fails as a general explanation of loyalism, it does help to explain the loyalism of Thomas Hutchinson. Bailyn, as he indicates in his preface, learned a great deal from his experience of the Harvard "bust." He learned what it felt like to be an establishment insider who knows that the social order he is fighting for has made grave mistakes, but whose first duty is to preserve its integrity against the onslaught of anarchy. That experience informs and illuminates his analysis of Hutchinson's political conduct.

The Ordeal also shows, for the first time in Bailyn's career, that he has a talent for writing narrative history. On its allegorical level—that is, the level on which Bailyn recapitulates the violent incidents in the Harvard Yard in 1969 and their reverberating consequences—his book is continuously exciting and satisfying. The students who stormed University Hall, in the center of the Harvard Yard, headed at once for the Dean of the Faculty's confidential letter files, and at their leisure desecrated the Faculty Room. It is of this scene that Bailyn invites us to think as he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tells the story of the sacking of Hutchinson's house in the summer of 1765. No matter how often I read chapter two, "The Face of Revolution," I am at once swept up by Bailyn's surging and compelling narrative as he allegorically follows the fury of the push-comes-to-shove-niks. Maddened by its "morbid, pathological, paranoiac" hatred of Hutchinson, the most violent mob yet seen in American history,

> more violent indeed than any that would be seen in the entire course of the Revolution, attacked the Boston mansion of Thomas Hutchinson, chief justice and lieutenant governor of Massachusetts. Hardly giving Hutchinson and his family time to flee from the supper table into the streets, the rioters smashed in the doors with axes, swarmed through the rooms, ripped off wainscotting and hangings, splintered the furniture, beat down the inner walls, tore up the garden, and carried off into the night, besides £900 sterling in cash, all the plate, decorations, and clothes that had survived, and destroyed or scattered in the mud all of Hutchinson's books and papers, including the manuscript of volume I of his *History*, and the collection of historical papers that he had been gathering for years as the basis for a public archive.

Yet when I stop reading and realize that an allegorical lens is coloring my view of the tumultuous events leading up to the Revolution, my simple pleasure in Bailyn's prose turns into a more complex response. The "bust" gave Bailyn an unforgettable insight into the wild, anarchic passion that characterizes the mood of mobs, and in re-creating that passion in his book he deepens our understanding of Revolutionary politics and earns our gratitude. In the final analysis, though, I find his allegorizing outrageous. No matter how vicious their invective sometimes becomes, the descriptions of the rebels by loyalist memoirists like Jonathan Boucher and Peter Oliver at least have nothing snide to say about the manhood of their victorious antagonists. Through deliberately evoked associations, however, Bailyn equates the awesomely tough, incontestably impressive men of 1765 with the adolescent myrmidons of the New Left. It is a bum rap, and altogether unworthy of a responsible historian.

Beyond the conscious allegory in *The Ordeal* lies an unconscious one, which completes our sense of the author's ordeal. Bailyn's portrait of Hutchinson's personality does not add up. On the one hand, we are told that he was pragmatic, profit-conscious, self-serving, and devious. On the other hand, we are encouraged to believe that he was highly intelligent, principled, broad-visioned, and misunderstood. What prompts these contradictory statements, and why is Bailyn unable to resolve them into a coherent summation of the man? The key that unlocks these riddles lies hidden in the fact that Hutchinson, besides being a politician, was a Massachusetts historian. Upon his eighteenth-century pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tagonist, a twentieth-century historian of Massachusetts unconsciously projected his divided, irresolute sense of himself as both incorruptible and corrupted—as a scholar whose aspirations toward Olympian detachment had been doomed to failure from the start by the ineluctable logic of a badly chosen argument. In the anguishing ordeal of his schizoid hero we can sense the pain which Bailyn's ambiguous position in Revolutionary scholarship has caused him for more than a decade—and is still causing him. The role of a Tory apologist made him famous, but it has never made him comfortable.

Bailyn began his career with a review of Perry Miller's *The New England Mind: From Colony to Province* (1953), in which he severely criticized Miller's devotion to intellectual history. Within a decade, the ambitious young reviewer was himself engaged in the highly intellectual enterprise of editing the political pamphlets of the American Revolution. Bailyn's realization that their rhetoric expressed an ideology was a brilliant insight. Unfortunately, his analysis of the meaning of that ideology was literarily simplistic and, as a result, historically impoverishing. Instead of advancing the study of the Revolution, he set it back. This is the first sense in which he deserves to be called a regressive historian. The second sense in which he earns the epithet has to do with his out-of-date and quite incredible psychology. The notion that a reiterated ideology could have turned the minds of free men into switchboards and automatic alarm systems is grotesque on its face. Finally, Bailyn is a regressive historian because of the Tory-biased argument in *The Ideological Origins* which he has never had the moral stamina to repudiate. Thus he leaves us no choice but to repudiate it for him. In the violent, hate-filled ideological years of the late 1960s and early 1970s, Bernard Bailyn's glaringly deficient explanation of the American Revolution made perfect sense to many people and inspired the equally blind hostility of others. The strong emotions aroused, pro and con, by the publication of *The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution* did not herald the appearance of a major work of scholarship. They merely illustrated the inflamed and polarized political temper of "the Age of Rubbish."

The Literary Parables of Leo Marx

What made Leo Marx such a charismatic figure for the undergraduates at Amherst College a decade ago, and why did his book *The Machine in the Garden* (1964) immediately become one of the holy texts in American Studies programs across the nation? The answers to both questions have more to do with ideology than with critical acumen. Marx

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had an impact on the consciousness of the sixties because his literary parables meshed with the psychic consequences of American affluence, as they came together in a critical mass during the presidency of Lyndon B. Johnson.

To many high school and college students whose comfortable lives had known neither the depression nor World War II, the overblown rhetoric of Johnson's Great Society was a real downer, while his commitment of American troops to South Vietnam struck them not as a monumental blunder, but as an international crime. In their disillusionment with the President's false façades, they turned to alternative gurus, who dispensed wisdom through filthy speech, free sex, rock 'n' roll, communion with nature, and assorted drugs. Between trips, some of the students came back to politics—with a vengeance. The guru who told them they were right to think that the American system had to be destroyed was Herbert Marcuse.

In the course of working on *The Machine in the Garden,* Professor Marx also discovered Marcuse. It was an important moment for him. Without Marcuse I doubt that he ever would have pulled together a publishable manuscript, for the dialectical materialism in which he had believed since youth had created serious difficulties for him. In the book he was trying to write, he proposed to demonstrate that for many generations Americans had been torn between two sharply conflicting conceptions of their country. This life-of-the-mind equivalent of Karl Marx's class struggle was symbolized by two images: the image of America as a simple rural paradise versus the image of America as an urban industrial power. A green garden was the symbolic thesis in Professor Marx's dialectic, a railroad train the symbolic antithesis. Where, however, was the symbolic synthesis, which could give his readers a heart-lifting vision of the future? He found it hard to speak specifically about a successful resolution of the conflict between a nation of open fields and woods and a nation of smoking factories. Another difficulty was that Karl Marx's basic quarrel was not with machines per se; it was the ownership of the means of production that concerned him. Professor Marx's manuscript, by contrast, had cast machines in the role of the snake in the Garden of Eden. How could he possibly acknowledge that he fully shared *Das Kapital*'s acceptance of modern machines when his praise of the principal American prose writers centered on what he was convinced were their horrifying descriptions of trains, steamboats, and automobiles?

Dr. Marcuse cured these problems in a jiffy. He taught Professor Marx that machines repressed instinctual drives, fostered psychic helplessness, and deserved to be depicted as horrid. He also showed Marx

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he did not have to worry about not having a symbolic synthesis in mind. A vision of total destruction was all he needed to hold his book together, plus a subliminal suggestion or two that radical college students would certainly survive Apocalypse, even as Ishmael lived to tell the tale of Moby-Dick's annihilation of Captain Ahab and his crew.

Because of its bifurcated Marxist-Marcusean lineage, *The Machine in the Garden* is one of the few books of the sixties that spanned the generation gap between the Old Left and the New. The book's hatred of capitalism warmed the hearts of thirties radicals. On the other hand, its condemnation of eros-blocking machines and celebration of greenness made it beloved among the flower children. On the bookshelves in student dormitories, Marx's green-covered *Machine* took its place beside Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*, albeit Marx disagreed with Reich's contention that the peaceable kingdom could be achieved peaceably. "Ishmael is saved as Job's messengers had been saved, in order that he may deliver to us a warning of disasters to come." Marx, in the almost cheerful tone in which he predicts future disasters, and in his failure to specify what sort of value system he would like to see emerge on the other side of Apocalypse, reveals himself to be a far more regressive historian than either Bailyn or Genovese. Like Marcuse, who once shrugged his shoulders by way of reply to the British journalist Henry Brandon's question about what sort of civilization he hoped would sprout from the rubble of the present one, Marx is content to end his book with the altogether negativistic proposition that the values of greenness as defined by our very best writers "probably cannot . . . be embodied in our traditional institutions." It is bad enough to regress into a Tory attitude toward the American Revolution, or into a celebration of the master-and-slave society of the Old South. But to rest content with nihilism takes the prize.

The first chapter of *The Machine in the Garden* is entitled "Sleepy Hollow, 1844." The reference is not to Washington Irving but to Nathaniel Hawthorne, who sat down in a clearing in the woods near Concord, Massachusetts, one summer morning to await "such little events as may happen," so that he could record them in his notebook. The scene is peaceful, full of sunlight and shadow, and Hawthorne records his sense impressions in "that pleasant mood of mind where gaiety and pensiveness intermingle." Suddenly the sylvan silence is rent by a piercing noise.

> But, hark! there is the whistle of the locomotive—the long shriek, harsh, above all other harshness, for the space of a mile cannot mollify it into harmony. It tells a story of busy men, citizens, from the hot street, who have come to spend a day

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a country village, men of business; in short of all unquietness; and no wonder that it gives such a startling shriek, since it brings the noisy world into the midst of our slumbrous peace.

What Marx does not tell us is that this passage is extrapolated from a recital of numerous interruptions, all of them trivial, which demonstrate that Hawthorne has extraordinarily sensitive ears. For example, one of his ears is somehow invaded by a fly—"the most impertinent and indelicate thing in creation." Then a mosquito dive-bombs him—"this incident has disturbed our tranquillity." Disagreeable words like "shriek" and "harsh" are used to describe the train's whistle, but they are also evident in his notations of the "sharp, shrill" chirrup of a squirrel, and the hum, "terrible to the ear," of that damned mosquito.

Marx ignores these comic details because he is determined to convert the scene into a solemn-serious paradigm of what he conceives to be the central drama of nineteenth-century American culture: the abrupt, frightening entrance of the engine of modern industrial technology into the pastoral tranquillity of nature's nation, and the registration of that epochal intrusion by one of the writers of "our first significant literary generation," who in the mid-1840s were just coming into full possession of their powers. Every detail of the quotation is loaded with meaning for Marx, but the date is the most significant of all. Repeatedly Marx comes back to 1844. It is the year Emerson delivered a lecture in which he discussed the relationship of machinery to Transcendentalism; the year in which the young Melville returned from the Pacific and began to feel his life unfold within him; the year before Thoreau went to live by Walden Pond; the year, roughly, in which Mark Twain retrospectively placed the adventures of Huck Finn. Eighteen forty-four was a year of "radical change." Indeed "the fact is that nothing quite like the event announced by the train in the woods had occurred before." He has introduced the "little event" of 1844, Marx explains, "to mark the shaping of a metaphor, or metaphoric design," which appears again and again in American literature after that date. With Vergil's *Eclogues* in mind—for Vergilian pastoral, says Marx, is the font from which American pastoral writing has flowed—"we can see that the episode [in Concord woods] does not represent the beginning so much as the decisive turning point of a long story."

The justification for Marx's insistence on the pivotal importance of 1844 can be found, he says, in W. W. Rostow's *The Stages of Economic Growth*, in which the period 1843–60 is defined as the "take-off" stage of American industrial growth. The "take-off" period, Marx says, quoting Rostow, is "the great watershed in the life of modern societies," for it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then that the forces of economic progress "expand and come to dominate the society." In the United States, as in France, Germany, and Russia, the introduction of the railroad was the most powerful single initiator of growth. Hawthorne, in sum, had twitched in the woods at the first sound of take-off. Nothing more vividly illustrates Marx's eagerness to deceive himself, and his readers, than his truncation of Rostow's argument at this point. What Marx neglects to add is that nineteenth-century America was a big country, and that its regions—much more sharply differentiated then than now—advanced economically at strikingly different rates of speed. "If," says Rostow, "we are prepared to treat New England of the first half of the nineteenth century as a separable economy, its take-off into sustained growth can be allocated to the period, roughly, 1820–1850." Its take-off, moreover, was—like old England's—powered by a disproportionately large cotton-textile industry.

By 1844, therefore, those bred-in-the-bone Yankees, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Thoreau, had been living through take-off for most of their lives and could hardly have been surprised by it. Had Marx made a serious historical effort to begin his book at the moment when take-off first became a subject for discussion by New Englanders, he would have focused on what ministers and politicians had had to say about textile factories in the 1820s.

A further instance of Marx's misconception of take-off is provided by Rostow's critics, who have persuasively argued that take-off for the American economy as a whole ought not to be graphed as a steep vertical climb lasting only seventeen years, but as a much more gradual curve, beginning in 1815 or even earlier and terminating, as Rostow argued, in 1860. Rostow's critics place particular emphasis on the effect of the Erie Canal (completed in 1825) upon the growth of a market economy in the state of New York. What makes this statement of particular interest to historians of American literature is that New York in the 1820s was the one state in the Union which could boast that two of its native sons were major writers. Why did not Marx begin his book with Irving and Cooper, both of whom responded literarily to the take-off of New York's economy? I can only conclude that Marx deliberately avoided their interesting commentaries on economic change, because if he had not, he would have been forced to relate them to canal boats, which he had no interest in discussing. The canal boat has a pastoral aura, even though it had an urbanizing effect; it lacks the train's demonological attributes of fire, smoke, speed, iron, and noise that Professor Marx was counting on to make his anticapitalist, antitechnological parables live in the minds of students and fellow teachers. Another reason why Marx cherished fire and smoke is that they have been associated with human society since

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prehistoric times. Whenever his American writers mentioned either word—which, like all writers throughout recorded history, they inevitably did all the time—Marx intended to claim the reference as a metaphorical allusion to trains and other technological monsters, and dare anyone to tell him he was wrong. Neither the canal boat nor water-powered textile factories offered such open-ended possibilities to the parable maker.

The noise of the train in Sleepy Hollow, says Marx, "is a cause of alienation in the root sense of the word"; it "estranges" Hawthorne from the "meaning and value" of nature; it is the "presentiment of history bearing down on the American asylum." But this is to suggest that Hawthorne lived in nature, which is not true. "Sleepy Hollow, 1844" is *not an American version of Vergilian pastoral, which Marx claims it is,* for it records the observations, not of a reclusive farmer, like Vergil's Tityrus, but of a resident of the Old Manse in Concord, who is merely a visitor to the sylvan glade. Because he is a visitor, he understands and is untroubled by his awareness that visitors from the "hot street" have come to spend the day in rural Concord. The train from which they alight is not an intruder from another world, but a technological invention that has emerged from within the context of republican values and was viewed by Hawthorne, no less than by his fellow citizens, as an extension of nature, not as its dire enemy and destroyer. Just as the train has brought city men to a country village, so many Americans—including Nathaniel Hawthorne—delighted in taking trains on even longer excursions into New England nature. "They annihilate the toil and dust of pilgrimage; they spiritualize travel!" Hawthorne wrote in *The House of the Seven Gables.*

The symbiotic relationship between nature and technology gave citizens of the young Republic an exhilarating sense of the abundance of American life. "Machinery and Transcendentalism agree well," trumpeted Emerson; "Stage Coach and Railroad are bursting the old legislation like green withes." In his association of trains with greenness, Emerson asserted how "natural" he believed machines to be. Yet the Republic was troubled, as other industrializing societies of the nineteenth century were, by the pollution of the environment that take-off produced. With admirable skill, a number of America's leading writers acknowledged misgivings about the conflict between nature and technology within larger affirmations of their complementarity. One of those writers was Thoreau, although you would never know it from Professor Marx's interpretation of *Walden.*

On the shore of the pond we are once again in a threatened version of pastoral, according to Marx. "The whistle of the locomotive penetrates

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my woods summer and winter, sounding like the scream of a hawk sailing over some farmer's yard. . . ." The hawk, says Marx, is noted for its "rapacity," and in its scream we hear again the "discordant machine of the Sleepy Hollow notes." The statement misses the Transcendental significance of Thoreau's sentence. In likening the train's sound to the hawk's, Thoreau is proclaiming the thrilling naturalness of modern technology. The train is a welcome part of his environment, and as he warms to the task of praising it, even Marx is forced to give ground. Putting the best face he can on Thoreau's rhapsodic paragraphs, Marx grudgingly admits that the chapter called "Sounds" is a "sustained evocation of the ambiguous meaning of the machine and its relation to nature." Again Marx misses the point. The lash of Thoreau's satirical wit is mainly applied to the riders of the train, rather than to the train itself. America's splendid technology deserves more heroic men than it generally gets.

> When I meet the engine with its train of cars moving off with planetary motion, . . . as if this travelling demi-god, this cloud-compeller, would ere long take the sunset sky for the livery of his train; when I hear the iron horse make the hills echo with his snort like thunder, shaking the earth with his feet, and breathing fire and smoke from his nostrils (what kind of winged horse or fiery dragon they will put into the new Mythology I don't know), it seems as if the earth had got a race now worthy to inhabit it. If all were as it seems, and men made the elements their servants for noble ends! If the cloud that hangs over the engine were the perspiration of heroic deeds, or as beneficent as that which floats over the farmer's fields, then the elements and Nature herself would cheerfully accompany men on their errands and be their escort.

The invidious comparison of the engine's smoke to the beneficent cloud floating over the farmer's fields is typical of Thoreau's criticisms of modern technology. The criticisms are deeply felt, they may very well give voice to the secret anxiety of the nation at large, but they are nevertheless subordinate to an overriding enthrallment.

Is there any literarily important work in *The Machine in the Garden*? Yes, there is. The discussions of the eighteenth-century writers Jefferson, Crèvecoeur, and Robert Beverley display a respect for texts and a nice economy of expression. Once the machine enters the garden, though, the parable maker takes over and all is lost. Marx tries to make the steamboat that collides with the raft in *Huckleberry Finn* into another presentiment of history bearing down on the asylum, as if Mr. Sam Clemens's years in the pilothouse had not made him incurably nostalgic about side-wheelers, as his nom de plume implies; steamboats as well as rafts infallibly conjured up for him the vanished Eden of his youth. Frank Norris's description in *The Octopus* of a speeding train's slaughter of a flock of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

errant sheep, and of the dead animals' "black blood, winking in the starlight," is converted by Marx into yet another horrifying symbol of industrial capitalism, at the cost of ignoring the central issue in Norris's work: his love of killing and worship of force. Marx describes Nick Carraway's decision to go back to the Middle West after Gatsby's funeral as "a belated, ritualistic withdrawal in the direction of 'nature.'" But somehow Marx manages to overlook Nick's feelings about the mode of transportation that will take him there.

> One of my most vivid memories is of coming back West from prep school and later from college at Christmas time. Those who went farther than Chicago would gather in the old dim Union Station at six o'clock of a December evening, with a few holiday gayeties, to bid them a hasty good-by. I remember the fur coats of the girls . . . and the chatter of frozen breath and the hands waving overhead as we caught sight of old acquaintances. . . . And last the murky yellow cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad looking cheerful as Christmas itself on the tracks beside the gate. . . . That's my Middle West—not the wheat or the prairies or the lost Swede towns, but the thrilling returning trains of my youth. . . .

Nick's "nature" is a railroad train. A critic not dominated by ideology would have made a great deal of that.

The centerfold in Professor Marx's magazine of parables is his hallucinogenic rendition of *Moby-Dick*. To get us in the proper frame of mind, Marx begins by saying that the calamitous story Ishmael is going to tell us "is a portent of further trials to come: we too may expect our integrity and faith to be tested." This invitation to us to identify with Ishmael is immensely flattering, for Ishmael is an isolato, which is a nifty thing to be, morally speaking, because it means you have not been corrupted by the nasty institutions of American power. In addition to being flattering, the invitation also appeals to our instinct for survival. If we will only part company with American capitalism as decisively as Ishmael—according to Marx—disengages himself from the mad capitalist's pursuit of the white whale, we will morally qualify to come through Apocalypse unscathed. In the world of Marcusean fantasy, an act of conscience is a warranty of safety. "All are directed toward Ahab's goal . . . except Ishmael. In the end he alone is saved, a fact that comports with his success in establishing a position independent of Ahab and the fiery quest."

With that assurance in mind, we are well launched. The next matter to be cleared up is why an analysis of a whaling voyage belongs in a book about green fields and railroads. The effort of explanation requires all Marx's ingenuity. It seems that *Moby-Dick* is an "oceanic pastoral" (you heard what the man said, Vergil), and that a little question asked by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ishmael at the outset of the novel is pregnant with implications. What Ishmael is asking in this question, we are informed, is whether it is possible "to mediate the claims of our collective, institutional life and the claims of nature." One could never guess from this gloss that Ishmael's question is an example of tall-tale American humor. In the first pages of the book, Ishmael delights us with a description of the sea-gazing habits of New Yorkers on Sunday afternoons. From Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip they stand, "thousands and thousands" of them, "fixed in ocean reveries." Why aren't they spending Sunday afternoon in the country, Melville asks in effect. "Are the green fields gone?" Marx takes this buoyant, charming, transparently rhetorical question utterly seriously; in fact, he would have us believe that it is nothing less than the overture to the symphony. Searching Melville's ensuing magniloquence for every scrap of botanical metaphor he can find, Marx turns the watery "meadows" of the South Pacific into wall-to-wall AstroTurf, and then announces that Ishmael has "rediscovered" the green fields—which certainly comes as a surprise to attentive readers, inasmuch as Ishmael never said they had disappeared in the first place.

Marx also introduces modern technology aboard the *Pequod* by means of metaphor. "Swerve me?" cries Ahab. "The path to my fixed purpose is laid with iron rails, whereon my soul is grooved to run." Marx concludes from such outbursts that Ahab is a mechanical man, made of cogs and wheels. The charge is untrue. The hunter of Moby-Dick deliberately abandons mechanical aids, such as his quadrant, in the course of his quest. Indeed the closer he comes to the white whale, the more aware we become of Ahab's humanity, as for example in the scene where he weeps.

The final major mistake Marx makes in his Marcusean rewrite is his assertion that Ishmael disengages from the mad capitalist's fiery quest. Chapter 96, according to Marx, "is at once a repudiation of the quest, a reaffirmation of reason, and a tribute to the man large enough to withstand the extremes of hope and fear." In support of that statement he points to the concluding paragraph:

> Give not thyself up, then, to fire, lest it invert thee, deaden thee; as for the time it did me. There is a wisdom that is woe; but there is a woe that is madness. And there is a Catskill eagle in some souls that can alike dive down into the blackest gorges, and soar out of them again and become invisible in the sunny spaces. And even if he for ever flies within the gorge, that gorge is in the mountains; so that even in his lowest swoop the mountain eagle is still higher than other birds upon the plain, even though they soar.

Once again, ideology has skewed Marx's perception. This passage is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presented to us, as indeed the entire story is, as the recollection of an aging man who asks that we call him Ishmael. When he warns us not to give ourselves up to fire, lest it invert us, "as for the time it did me," old Ishmael is referring to the entire voyage, not merely to a part of it. Furthermore, the acknowledgment that there is a woe that is madness is immediately followed by the assertion that the lowest, darkest moods of eaglelike madmen are still higher than the highest flights of mind of sane but ordinary men. Even though young Ishmael knew Ahab was mad, he revered him as a superior being and remained his faithful follower.

When Moby-Dick bursts into view on the second day of the climactic chase, "the triumphant halloo of thirty buckskin lungs" is heard—not twenty-nine, but the *Pequod*'s full complement of thirty. On the third and last day of the chase, Ishmael is the bowsman in Ahab's boat. Ishmael survives Apocalypse not because he was innocent, but because he was fantastically lucky. *Moby-Dick* offers neither flattery nor reassurance to Marcusean nihilists.

Uncle Remus and Brer Genovese

In a recent exchange of views with "Comrades Foner, Greenberg, Perkins and Siegel," Eugene D. Genovese momentarily indulged in personal confession. "While opposed to ideological history and presentism, I have never written a line that has not been, in [the historian] George Rawick's phrase, 'a political intervention.' " In *Roll, Jordan, Roll* (1974), Genovese does indeed intervene. He lends the sanction of historical "truth" to every one of the black nationalist proclamations and militant descriptions of black dignity that used to be posted, like Luther's theses, on the doors of college Black Studies offices. From the middle 1960s through the early 1970s, Genovese's studies of plantation life in the Old South intervened in politics because they were inspired by politics.

In part, Genovese's political mythmaking is the involuntary consequence of lack of literary sophistication, rather than lack of deliberate ideological design. In *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, the first signs of his weakness in this respect appear in his two-page "Note on Sources," where he discusses the problem of reliable evidence. He begins with the unexceptionable statement that the writings of the slaveholders cannot be accepted as objective, especially when they "purport to describe slave attitudes." The accounts of white travelers in the Old South also lack "independent authority." All writings of white observers must therefore be weighed against black testimony as well as against each other. But by what means does he propose to "weigh" them? He does not say. He then turns to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem of black evidence. The published memoirs of runaway slaves, even when not distorted by Northern abolitionist editing, are the work of exceptional men and women and "can be as misleading in their honesty and accuracy of detail as in their fabrications." Interviews with former slaves must also be handled with care; the interviewees were very old, and most had been children when they were freed. "Moreover, many had been interviewed by whites under circumstances that may have imposed inhibitions." As a result of these difficulties, Genovese has felt "safest" when different kinds of testimony "seem to agree on what, how, and where, even if they disagree on interpretation and value judgment." But how can fact be separated from interpretation? Again he does not say. Finally he declares that he has relied on his judgment of the evidence—as if we might possibly have assumed otherwise. "Two decades of work in the history of southern slave society have helped form my own estimates of what is and is not typical—what does and does not ring true." On this gratuitous note, Genovese concludes his ominously brief analysis of the most difficult evidentiary question in American historiography: how does one go about writing the history of a largely illiterate people?

What Genovese says about the Federal Writers' Project's nineteen volumes of slave narratives barely suggests the hazards of depending on them. His acknowledgment that many ex-slaves were questioned under circumstances that "may have" inhibited them from speaking frankly about slavery is a remarkably diffident way of stating the baldly obvious fact that most aged blacks gave answers designed to please their interrogators, the vast majority of whom were not only members of the master race but official representatives of government. Jessie A. Butler's report in one of the South Carolina volumes is a revealing example of the psychological atmosphere of the interviews.

> On July 6th, I interviewed Susan Hamlin, ex-slave. . . . She was sitting just inside of the front door, on a step leading up to the porch, and upon hearing me inquire for her she assumed that I was from the Welfare office, from which she had received aid prior to its closing. I did not correct this impression, and at no time did she suspect that the object of my visit was to get the story of her experience as a slave. During our conversation she mentioned her age. "Why that's very interesting, Susan," I told her. "If you are that old you probably remember the Civil War and slavery days." "Yes Ma'am, I been a slave myself," she said, and told me the following story: "I kin remember some things like it was yesterday, but I is 104 years old now, and age is starting to get me, I can't remember everything like I use to. . . ."

Besides his inadequate appreciation of this sort of comedy, Genovese

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shows no awareness that the transcript of an interview is always a literary creation, not a replica of reality. The interviewer's intellectual and emotional attitudes establish a point of view toward the material, delimit the information elicited by the questions asked, and dominate the editing of the raw transcript (which in the case of the slave narratives usually meant turning old-time black speech into the sort of vernacular favored by white Southern novelists of the 1930s). Without a consciousness of who the interviewer is and what he stands for, an accurate reading of the interview he has initiated and controlled is impossible.

The Federal Writers' Project interviewers were men and women of a literary bent, by and large, who were far more interested in colorful personal anecdotes than in answers to historical questions. The interviewers were also people of their time. In the 1930s, Americans were as conscious of their antecedents as we have again become in the late 1970s, for reasons that were well stated by John Dos Passos: "In times of change and danger when there is a quicksand of fear under men's reasoning, a sense of continuity with generations gone before can stretch like a lifeline across the scary present." The popular success of Van Wyck Brooks's *The Flowering of New England* (1936) exemplified a national yearning for a usable past that eventually embraced the history of every region of the country. It was the South, however, that most completely captured the American imagination, as the monster success of *Gone with the Wind,* in print and on the screen, dramatically signified. The decision of the Federal Writers' Project to interview ex-slaves was another manifestation of the extraordinary interest of thirties America in the Old South, and the finished transcripts were so filled with reassuring images of black fidelity that Margaret Mitchell herself would have had no trouble signing her name to them. As thirties myths, the slave narratives are of considerable interest to the historian; as historical accounts of slavery, however, they are worth little. A scholar who depends on them as heavily as Genovese does is inevitably a mythmaker himself.

The firsthand accounts of slavery on which a responsible historian must depend are the work of white men and women who lived on plantations or who traveled extensively in the South at some time during the one hundred and fifty years before the Civil War. These portrayals, however, must also be treated as literary documents. Genovese's announced strategy of stripping them of their conflicting interpretations and value judgments in order to get at the "what, how, and where" that they agree on is simply another sign of his gross sensibility. Fact and interpretation are no more separable than style and content. The subjectivity of white commentaries on slavery should not be regarded as an obstacle to be overcome—for it is insurmountable—but as a situation to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be exploited, if possible. Only by becoming aware of an author's bias—through biographical information and meticulous analysis of his language—can we hope to understand and evaluate his text. Because Genovese does not grasp this basic literary truth, he repeatedly misreads the evidence he cites.

Thus in *Roll, Jordan, Roll* he backs up his contention that the Old South was a pre-bourgeois, paternalistic social order, based on the reciprocal obligations of master and slave, with a quotation from that eighteenth-century Virginia gentleman, William Byrd:

> Besides the advantage of a pure Air, we abound in all kinds of Provisions without expence (I mean we who have Plantations). I have a large Family of my own, and my Doors are open to Every Body, yet I have no Bills to pay, and half-a-Crown will rest undisturbed in my Pocket for many Moons together. Like one of the Patriarchs, I have my Flocks and my Herds, my Bond-men and Bond-women, and every Soart of Trade amongst my own Servants. . . . However this Soart of Life is without expence, I must take care to keep all my people to their Duty, to set all the Springs in motion and make every one draw his equal Share to carry the Machine forward. But then 'tis an amusement in this silent Country and a continual exercise of our Patience and Economy.

Genovese would have us believe that the passage shows us a man who bore slavery as a duty and a burden. "Duty" and "burden," he says, "must be appreciated as being central to the self-image and self-respect of the master class if either the slaveholders or the slaves are to be understood." Byrd's self-respect, however, had nothing to do with a sense of obligation to black people. Rather, it rested on whether the English earl to whom this carefully contrived letter was written would continue to accept Byrd's conception of himself as an English gentleman. Byrd adored London, and in the "silent Country" of colonial Virginia he ate his heart out with memories of its social whirl and intellectual stimulation. In addition to finding life in the rural South monotonous, he saw it as a threat. The region's hot, humid climate and lush vegetation were a siren's call to laziness and barbaric retrogression. On a surveying trip into the North Carolina wilderness, he saw white men living like filthy savages; they never did an honest day's work in a year's time. The only way to keep such temptations at bay was through rigorous self-discipline, and Byrd's schedule-making put Benjamin Franklin's to shame. Rising at dawn, he read Greek and Hebrew every day, wrote dutifully in his diary, maintained an active correspondence with British friends, and worked long and hard at beautifying his plantation. The sight of idle black hands was a frightening spectacle to the compulsively energetic master of Westover. It meant that laziness had invaded his demesne. What could happen to a slave today could happen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to his master tomorrow. If Byrd endeavored to make each of his slaves "draw his equal share" of work, it was not because he was motivated by paternalistic fair-mindedness. The only burden on Byrd's mind was the potential barbarism of Southern life, which he despised and feared.

Genovese's tone deafness also causes him to regard the more elaborate descriptions of slave life by nineteenth-century planters as a sign of the full flowering of paternalistic consciousness. Yet the half-anxious, half-angry tone of late antebellum Southern writing bespeaks a beleaguered, not a benign, state of mind. The attitudes of such articulate planters as J. H. Hammond of South Carolina whipsaw between a savage contempt for black degradation and a guilt-stricken awareness that all men are equal in the sight of God. Hammond's exclamation that slave families did not much care whether they stayed together or not, whereas the planters did, is not a proof, as Genovese seems to think, that many masters blessed slave marriages because they considered them a powerful means of maintaining social control. Hammond's words do not describe a paternalistic strategy; they reveal, rather, an agonized inner debate between his Christian conscience and his love of money. In one breath he makes a crudely racist observation about slave families, in an effort to justify his capitalistic right to destroy them on the auction block. In the next, he portrays himself and other planters as the gallant defenders of holy matrimony.

Every age writes its own history. For a number of reasons, this aphorism applies with special force to slave history. To begin with, the evidence is riddled with ambiguities in which historians of different eras have discovered radically different meanings. A second reason is that succeeding generations of white historians have brought varying degrees of guilt to their study of slavery, even as succeeding generations of black historians have had to contend with varying intensities of rage. But perhaps the most important reason is that every historian, of whatever generation or color, has felt the pressure of the racial events taking place in the United States at the time of his research and writing. In the first twenty years of the twentieth century—as the first wave of Southern black migration hit New York, Chicago, and other cities above the Mason-Dixon line—many Northerners turned to white Southerners for answers to the race question. The Southern historian to whom white supremacist Northerners listened most attentively was U. B. Phillips. In *American Negro Slavery* (1918), Phillips portrayed slavery primarily as a system of social relationships between patriarchal white masters and happy-go-lucky darkies. Implicitly the book advised the North to abide by the Southern system of racial segregation, for only in that way could whites and free-but-inferior blacks manage to live in harmony.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Almost forty years were to pass before the nation was fully ready to accept an integrationist rebuttal to Phillips. Midway in the period between Branch Rickey's announcement that Jackie Robinson would play for the Dodgers and Martin Luther King, Jr.'s "I have a dream" speech from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, Kenneth M. Stampp's *The Peculiar Institution* (1956) argued that Negroes were white men with brown skins who had suffered from centuries of oppression. Although the Berkeley historian's prose was as dry as a bookkeeper's, his description of the disciplinary penalties inflicted on slaves "to make them stand in fear" took the moral measure of the antebellum South. The slavocracy had been a socially cruel, intellectually hermetic, emotionally fearful, politically retrograde society that had victimized its white citizenry as well as its black chattels. The Negroes who either had risen in rebellion or run away were the most telling symbols of the system's human failure. Three years after *The Peculiar Institution*, Stanley Elkins issued a far more drastic indictment. The Old South had treated its slaves with a savagery that prompted Elkins to draw an analogy between their environment and a Nazi concentration camp. With the personality theories of Freud and Harry Stack Sullivan marshaled in support, Elkins's *Slavery* further argued that out of fear, childlike dependency, and identification with the aggressor, the slave had been degraded into a fawning, subhuman Sambo. Although Elkins's chimerical metaphor outraged a number of readers, his book enriched and darkened Stampp's contention that racial oppression had culturally damaged Negro Americans. In the decade following the Supreme Court's unanimous decision in the *Brown* case, that argument made sense to men of goodwill. To me it still does.

The three major works of the most recent phase of slave scholarship—Genovese's *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, Herbert G. Gutman's *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom* (1976), and Robert William Fogel's and Stanley Engerman's *Time on the Cross* (1974)—decisively refute the notion that in scholarship latest is best. These scholars were not wholly wrong in their working assumption that there was cultural strength in "the world the slaves made." Conceivably, their books could have served as useful correctives for the cultural-damage interpretation. Instead, they swung to the opposite extreme and portrayed slave culture as virtually untouched by pathology. Oscar Handlin believes "Fogel and Engerman went astray because they started from an adversary position, determined to use their [quantitative] data to create a new model rather than to amplify or modify the existing interpretations." The methodological enthusiasm of Fogel and Engerman, however, worked in tandem with a more powerful emotion. Their dubious mathematical equations, along with the equally dubious generalizations of Genovese and Gut-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, represent a scholarship of obsequiousness eventuating as literary sentimentalism.

When a serious historian finally decides to write a book about the 1960s, he will have to devote a chapter to the tyranny that black-power spokesmen exercised over white radicals and liberals. Such a chapter will surely point out that the tenor of slave scholarship changed dramatically in the wake of the verbal version of a Bedford-Stuyvesant stomping that Daniel Patrick Moynihan received in 1965, after his report on the black family had been made public. The report discussed black pathology in far more moderate terms than Elkins's *Slavery*, but 1965 was several worlds removed from 1959. The lesson of Moynihan's experience was not lost on the slave historians engaged in research in the late sixties. Fogel and Engerman, Gutman, and Genovese labored prodigiously—and prudently. The culturally undamaged blacks who ultimately appeared in their books ironically recall the carefree darkies of U. B. Phillips. The regressive historians of the post–Moynihan Report period have carried modern slave scholarship back to square one, minus Phillips's racism.

Genovese's work is shamelessly beholden to the dream of black power. From the very first page of *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, we are in the never-never land of the black nation. "The question of nationality—of 'identity'—has stalked Afro-American history from its colonial beginnings, when the expression 'a nation within a nation' was already being heard. . . . In this book I refer to the 'black nation' and argue that the slaves, as an objective social class, laid the foundations for a separate black national culture while enormously enriching American culture as a whole." That an independent national culture could have originated under slavery is obviously a tribute to the indomitability of the slaves. It is also a tribute, we are told, to the slaveholders.

The social order and moral standards of the slaveholders "left . . . something to be desired," Genovese concedes in a breathtaking understatement in his earlier book, *The World the Slaveholders Made* (1969), but at least they were not dominated by capitalistic greed. "The values of the plantation, its ways of thought and feeling, were antithetical to those of the bourgeois world. The relationship of master to slave, in itself an extension of the relationship of father to perpetual child, could be reconciled to the cash nexus only imperfectly." In part, this preposterous statement derives from U. B. Phillips. The two main sources of Genovese's misconception of the master-slave relationship, however, are his consistent misreadings of the testimony of slaveholders like William Byrd and J. H. Hammond, and his Marxist beguilement with an ideologue from Old Virginia, George Fitzhugh. To Fitzhugh, the unrestricted exploitation of wage slaves in Northern factories was "little

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better than moral Cannibalism," and far more oppressive to the laborer than domestic slavery. In the North, increases in profits went solely to the owners, whereas in the South, Fitzhugh averred, increased profits raised the slave's standard of living as well as the master's, because the slave was a member of the plantation "family."

"I have come to think of him as an old friend," Genovese has written of Fitzhugh. "As my affection and admiration deepened, the task of rescuing him from detractors became something of a private mission." Yet in the long and admiring essay on Fitzhugh that takes up half of *The World the Slaveholders Made,* Genovese neglects to mention one of the key facts about Fitzhugh's career. His failure to do so is the augury of the obfuscatory techniques he resorts to in *Roll, Jordan, Roll.* Throughout the most important years of his writing life, Fitzhugh was the personal friend and literary hireling of the South's most energetic advocate of capitalistic expansionism. As the founder-editor of *De Bow's Review* and sometime professor of political economy at Louisiana University, James D. B. De Bow was in a position to influence Southern public opinion. As Superintendent of the United States Census, he was painfully aware of how far Northern industrial capitalism had outstripped Southern plantation capitalism. De Bow urged the Southern planters to modernize their business methods and force the reopening of the African slave trade. He also pleaded for a diversification of the region's economy. The South needed artisans, banks, textile factories, paper mills, and, above all, railroads. "No people on earth have the means of building railroads so economically, so speedily, and with such certainty of success, as we of the South," De Bow proclaimed, and one of the main reasons for this was "available cheap negro labor." De Bow did not regard slaves as members of a beneficent plantation "family." Rather, he saw them as one of the richest resources of Southern capitalism, and so did the planters for whom he spoke. De Bow, not Fitzhugh, represented the mainstream of antebellum Southern thinking about race relations.

De Bow spoke in statistics. Yet he was tolerant of other men who spoke in more imaginative terms—as long as they, too, advocated slavery. Thus he opened the columns of *De Bow's Review* to poets like William J. Grayson, author of a counterattack on *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and to maverick polemicists like Fitzhugh. De Bow also had a weakness for racist anthropologists. His favorite was the ineffable Dr. Josiah Nott, co-author of *Types of Mankind,* which scientifically "proved" that Negroes were innately inferior, and editor of an English translation of Gobineau's *The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races,* which later meant so much to Hitler. Nott's ideas of Aryan superiority also dominated the mind of Genovese's old and admired friend Fitzhugh.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roll, Jordan, Roll does not blink the fact that the lot of the slaves was harsh. Nevertheless, the benignity of plantation paternalism afforded the slaves sufficient "space" in which to lay the foundations for a separate black nation. At the heart of their achievement was their religion, which fused Christianity with African folk belief, including the belief in magic, into a distinctive black faith. Through this faith, the slaves shaped their "autonomous identity." Verification of this sweeping statement is contained in a chapter called "Origins of the Folk Religion." In three key paragraphs, Genovese sets out to demonstrate the inaccuracy of the traditional idea that the strength of "Africanisms" or of African religion per se among the blacks during the eighteenth century did not survive into the late antebellum period except in a few special places. The fact of the matter, says Genovese, is that "white as well as black sources attest to persistence all across the South even after slavery had passed." In the final sentence of the last of these paragraphs he impressively declares that "the planters never doubted that their slaves' Christianity contained a good dose of African belief." In a book of 665 sprawling pages, this sentence is the pivotal statement, and Genovese duly footnotes it.

The footnote contains four references: to the Laurence Family Papers at Nashville, the Calvin Henderson Wiley Papers at Chapel Hill, J. Carlyle Sitterson's *Sugar Country,* and Charles Sackett Sydnor's *Slavery in Mississippi.* I have not had the opportunity to check the two manuscript references, but I know the books by Sitterson and Sydnor. Sitterson does not assert that African religion was fused with Christianity into a distinctive black religion; rather, he says, it existed "underneath" the slaves' Christianity. "The 'Guinea' religion," he continues, "never completely died out in south Louisiana. Throughout the ante bellum period it was replenished through the addition of Negroes smuggled in and taken through the bayous . . . and sold." Far from supporting Genovese's contention that the conventional wisdom is wrong, Sitterson exemplifies it. Only in very special places in the late antebellum South did belief in African religion persist. Professor Sydnor's statement throws the quality of Genovese's scholarship into even higher relief:

> Few records of the superstitions of Mississippi slaves have been found. Whether the negro brought the following belief from Africa is not known; it may have been borrowed from the whites, for cases of this superstition can be found in European folklore. John, a slave, was accused of having committed murder in Hinds county. During the trial it was stated that he and another slave, Willis, together watched a crowd of people going toward the body of the murdered negro. Willis told John that a jury was being formed and that all the negroes who had been working near the scene of the crime would have to file past the body, each in turn placing his hands on it, and that blood would flow from the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wounds as soon as the murderer touched the body. On hearing this John at once jumped the fence behind the place where he had been talking to Willis and started running away from the scene.

The contrast between Sydnor's honest confession that he cannot make a definite statement about the origin of this folk story and Genovese's declaration, delivered with all the boldness of a riverboat gambler who is sure no one will bother to check his sleeves, that "the planters never doubted that their slaves' Christianity contained a good dose of African belief" could hardly be more damning. The Sydnor passage, moreover, makes no reference to the putative fusion of African folk belief and Christianity.

Circular arguments, slippery-slick non sequiturs, collapsing time frames, irrelevant quotations, and gloriously unfootnoted generalizations also contribute to the excitement of reading *Roll, Jordan, Roll.* If you happen to be interested in African history and want to know where Genovese learned so much about so many tribes that he can expansively say that "the slaves' standard of formal courtesy toward the whites arose not only from their servile condition but from a sense of justice inherited from Africa," you will just have to keep on guessing, because he does not reveal his sources. A paragraph on the slaves' gratitude to kindly masters is equally imaginative, even though it is backed up by two quotations, because the first is a reminiscence of the Danish statesman Bernstorff's relations with his serfs, while the second is an observation of twentieth-century Southern blacks by the sociologist Charles S. Johnson.

The topic sentence of the chapter "De Good Massa" reads, "If the [Federal Writers' Project] slave narratives were to be taken at face value, the moonlight-and-magnolias interpretation of slavery might appear to stand up reasonably well." By the end of the second paragraph, Genovese has reached the very different conclusion that "virtually all slaves experienced 'de good massa' and 'de mean massa.'" The supporting footnote cites one WPA reference plus Frederick Douglass and three other exceptionally gifted blacks, whose reminiscences, as Genovese himself has told us in "Note on Sources," "can be as misleading in their honesty and accuracy of detail as in their fabrications." The scores of exclusively "good massa" memories that might have been cited from the Writers' Project narratives to contradict this conclusion have apparently been forgotten. Yet seven paragraphs later, Genovese suddenly brings them up again—but only to discredit their evidence: "The nostalgia for the good old days that breaks through the slave narratives with disturbing frequency must be set in temporal perspective. Most of the respondents had been children under the slave regime and had not yet suffered

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its worst miseries." This threat to the myth of unservile black dignity is no sooner disposed of than another crops up. The love of freedom expressed by aged blacks in the 1930s may not have echoed the sentiments of slaves of antebellum times. This time Genovese answers the threat with a question. If the blacks of the 1930s did not come close to speaking for antebellum blacks, then "how shall we account for the hysterical reaction of the whites every time they heard a hint about freedom whispered in the quarters?" Guilt is an obvious answer, but Genovese will have none of it. The unease of whites is the proof of black aspiration.

Even though he slights the reliability of the slave narratives in "De Good Massa," Genovese relies heavily on them when they suit his purposes. In "The Black Preachers" he uses them to offset the adverse comments on the preachers reported by Frederick Law Olmsted in his highly regarded travel books. Olmsted tells us that antebellum Southern whites took the bad character of the slave preacher for granted. Repeatedly they referred to him as a thief and a liar. Genovese then "weighs" this damaging testimony against the happy recollections of black preachers in the slave narratives and finds it wanting.

The chapter on the black preachers ends on page 209. With more than 450 big pages to go, the reader dismayingly realizes that *Roll, Jordan, Roll* has become completely and boringly predictable. What will Genovese say, for instance, about Negro mammies? That their oft-alleged habit of paying more attention to the white children in their care than to their own offspring is a canard, of course. The mammies' "willful neglect or indifference to their own children cannot be deduced from their behavior." As the verb indicates, Genovese has no hard evidence for his claim. The interesting statement that "married black women and their men did not take white sexual aggression lightly and resisted effectively enough to hold it to a minimum" is not footnoted, nor is the paragraph in "Wives and Mothers" about the greater equality between men and women in the slave family as opposed to the white family, nor the paragraph about the "remarkable number of [black] women [who] did everything possible to strengthen their men's self-esteem and to defer to their leadership."

The only fault Genovese finds with the slaves is that not enough of them rebelled. He is very quick, though, to explain away their failure. It was not pathology that prevented the slaves from rebelling, but their religion—their grandest achievement. The slaves' Christianity tied them to their Christian white folks, and therefore militated against a general rising. Nevertheless, the slaves' religion prepared the way for "the struggle of subsequent generations of black Americans to fulfill that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prophecy they have made their own" with which Genovese concludes his book:

> But that which ye have already hold
> fast till I come.
> And he that overcometh, and keepeth
> my works unto the end, to him will I
> give power over the nations. . . .
> I am the root and the offspring of
> David, and the bright and morning star.

"Power over the nations." The line is from Revelation, but as the words come rolling like Jordan out of Genovese's typewriter, they turn into another "political intervention."

In 1968 Richard Hofstadter asserted, "If there is a single way of characterizing what has happened in our historical writing since the 1950s, it must be, I believe, the rediscovery of complexity in American history: an engaging and moving simplicity [as exemplified in the work of Beard, Parrington, and Turner] . . . has given way to a new awareness of the multiplicity of forces." Although it was not "rediscovered" then, complexity was certainly characteristic of our most influential historical writing in the 1950s, as the scholarship of Perry Miller, C. Vann Woodward, Henry Nash Smith, Oscar Handlin, and David Herbert Donald bears witness. In the 1960s and early 1970s, however, ideology did its dirty work and a regression occurred. Bernard Bailyn's single-factor explanation of the American Revolution, Leo Marx's reductionistic interpretations of American literature, and Eugene D. Genovese's black-power update of the Uncle Remus stories emphatically do not recall the achievement of Henry Adams, who may be said to have discovered complexity in American history in the course of writing his nine-volume *History of the United States of America During the Administrations of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison* (1889–91), and who coined the phrase "multiplicity of forces." Bailyn, Marx, and Genovese, like Beard, Parrington, and Turner before them, turned the complicated history of America into schematizations in which we cannot believe.

Or, more precisely, schematizations in which we should not believe. The myths of the American past created in the ideological scholarship of the 1960s and early 1970s are very much alive in the minds of American scholars who are writing today. If the longevity record of the Progressive historians' influence is any indication, the regressive historians will still be in vogue in the 1990s. Never underestimate the staying power of simple ideas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paris and Brighton Beach

PAUL ZWEIG

NOT LONG AGO, I WENT BACK TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD where I was brought up, in Brooklyn: Brighton Beach, not far from Coney Island. It was a cold, rainy March morning and the chill creeping through my shoes kept coming between me and the streets with their rows of brick tenements, their fruit stands and delicatessens, which had lasted twenty-five years with a kind of seedy persistence, giving me the impression—so strong it became unpleasant—that I had walked into a story about a thin, dark-skinned boy with large ears, who once had lived on those streets. All morning I teetered on the edge of the story, sometimes in it, and sometimes, with a peculiar wrench, outside it, reviewing all the ordinary details that, for some reason, composed the story. Why those? Why were they saved?

For example, why this grimy courtyard lined with garbage cans and closed off by a spiked gate, where I played make-believe adventure games that seemed always to break down into heartrending arguments, a sort of talmudic tournament, about who was allowed to do what? Why the red, crumbling wall around the corner, where I got a nosebleed once, and sat leaning against it, while shrill adults made up their minds what to do about me? Why the weather-soft board fence behind the house where my grandparents lived, with its odor of rot and linoleum, odor of aging bricks and cockroaches? Incredibly, the same odor pours out of all the hallways and basements of the neighborhood even now.

As I walked around the old streets, I tried to remember what it was I had fled twenty-five years ago. Why had this place become the symbol of not-living to me, so that I had to get out or die? College, writing poetry, a decade in Paris, finally even the French language, Communism, Third World revolt. I couldn't get far enough away, because I couldn't become someone else.

A friend once called me a wandering Jew, but that never made much sense to me because the obsession of a home has stuck to me through everything. It seems I can't go somewhere even for a few days without

---

✪ PAUL ZWEIG's poetry and prose have been published in a number of magazines, including *The New Yorker*, *Harper's*, and *Quest*. His autobiographical volume, *Three Journeys*, was published last year.

© 1978 by Paul Zweig.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arranging it mentally into a home, and working out how to come back anytime I want. Part of my pleasure lies in the echo of returns I'm always constructing. I caught myself doing this once in the middle of the Sahara Desert, in a place I was not likely ever to see again, and I was dumbfounded. I realized that I had been acting all my life as if everything that happened to me was infinitely repeatable—and all because I couldn't bear having a past. The past diminished and scared me, because it was so much of being human that would never be possible again. I suppose that's why traveling to a new place, even making a new friend, has always unsettled me. Here is something else to repeat, a new orbit to trace, with its threat that sooner or later something will fly off and be lost in space, that entropy will take hold.

Yet even as I write this, happy to have told a truth I didn't know I knew, I can see how incomplete, even misleading, it is. Despite what I say about home and repetition—all true—the fact remains that I have walked out of my life more than once, without looking back. Worlds crawling with intrinsic and important connections have ceased to exist for me, from one minute to the next. Later, when I run across someone I had known in one of these earlier existences—a roommate in college or a best friend from earliest childhood; even a woman I had loved to distraction—I feel like a traveler wearing a space suit which my friends recognize mistakenly as my face, walk, flesh, persistent physical traits and voice, intimate scars. This space suit enables me to survive in an alien atmosphere, to breathe reminiscence and eat memory with no harmful effects.

I remember standing on the heights overlooking Honfleur and the estuary of the Seine a number of years ago. The land along the coast was so low and flat that it seemed to melt into the water. Europe ended here, and my life in Europe was ending too, after ten years. In a few hours I would drive to Le Havre, board the *France*, and that would be that. As I looked out over the calm, hazy water, I kept saying to myself: this is the end of Europe, the end of a world. But all I could think of was how I wasn't feeling anything, how I couldn't grasp the drama of this extraordinary moment, the end of the strangest decade of my life, because I was lost in the middle of it, or maybe because there wasn't any. So I decided to remember that, and post that memory to myself at a later date, when I would be able to decipher it: a man standing on the edge of a cliff, with the rooftops of Honfleur below him, a vanishing coastline, water so smooth it looked solid extending to the horizon. At his back, France, dozens of friends, the certainty of being a person with definite interests; a foreigner, which is to say free, but also, unavoidably, solitary; hun-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dreds of books, buildings, faces steeped in familiarity; more than anything else, perhaps, a certain number of songs he had hummed or heard, suffusing the whole with a unity he would always recognize, painfully, like a surf breaking over him, or a gunshot. To all this he had turned his back, not defiantly but simply, as if obeying a law of nature—for example, the law that states the impenetrability of matter: two pebbles can't occupy the same space at the same time, and he, going home, couldn't also be in France. For the moment, therefore, he occupied a nowhere without regrets or nostalgia, without drama, as if the nowhere were inside him too.

This spring—eleven years later—that memory reached its destination as I walked around Paris again, stunned by the emotions leaping at me from the gray-white buildings, the storefronts and cafés: neighborhoods I had internalized without knowing it, along with their inhabitants, the good friends whom I found again and who, astoundingly, were glad to see me. I was drowning in repetition, I was choking on it, scared by it, filled with a manic gluttony for more of it. It was the same feeling I'd had earlier in the spring, in Brooklyn: the feeling of a torrential return; layers of the past smashing together, like a car flattened by a gigantic press in a wrecking yard.

Everything I had walked out on in my life—all those chapters my right hand had crossed out without letting my left hand know about it, every suppressed panic and cowardice, the acts of deep selfishness, the vulnerability, with the smells and colors that belonged to them—was becoming frantically alive again.

For twenty years, Paris and Brighton Beach had been the odd couple of my life. They had never really been on speaking terms. In fact, they had hated each other. During all the time I lived in Paris, I had almost daily flashes of the poolroom one flight up on Brighton Beach Avenue, with its back room—more tremendous to me than the local shul—where the bad ceremony of poker was performed all day and night. (I wonder what the Jewish equivalent of a black mass is.) I was an inept poker player, and pool was a beautiful, masculine, maddeningly delicate, maybe criminal activity that frightened me to death. Paris was my revenge on the pool hall. "If the boys could see me now," I would think to myself mechanically, *in French.*

It was my revenge on a lot of other things too, but what were they? I tried to remember as I walked up 13th Street to Oceanview Avenue, and down 12th Street to Brighton Beach Avenue. I tried to remember in the school yard of P.S. 225, looking up at the school with only a few scattered classrooms lit up, because it was mostly empty now, kept alive a few

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years more by the children of recent Russian and Israeli immigrants. I tried to remember on the stoop of my grandparents' house on 13th Street, in front of buildings where best friends I hardly remember used to live. For all I knew, their parents still lived there. Or maybe they themselves still lived there, as forty-year-old strangers I wouldn't recognize if I saw them. I tried to remember, but I couldn't. The flight, the revenge, were my life; but they were the monument to a vanished need.

Walking around the old wet streets; along the Boardwalk, with the empty beach and the ocean on one side, and the decrepit, sadly gay beach tenements on the other; boarded-up knish stores; the pinochle club where my grandfather used to play, already open for the season, with a few bare bulbs lit inside, and a group of old men with their coats on, sitting around a table where they had been playing for a century or two, would never stop playing. I felt grateful that this shell of a neighborhood had stuck it out long enough for me to pay my respects. But nowhere could I find the clue that would explain to me why I needed so badly to get out that I'd gone halfway around the world, a distance of 180 moral degrees, where Paris would cure me of Brighton Beach.

Cure me of what? Of my grandfather's tall bald brooding, his face of a Gothic prince? Of my grandmother's gray Afro and her exquisite tenderness, her Friday cookies, her bemused, unconditional love for me; the handkerchief on her head when she lit the candles on Friday nights; her cracked English sliding on a flow of deep, incomprehensible Yiddish? Cure me of my eccentric friend Victor Blum, all bones and thick glasses, who could recite "Gunga Din" by heart faster than my grandfather could say his prayers? Of my father reading Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Milton to me when I was six, my father who still speaks with freakish elegance (freakish for Brighton Beach); of my mother, athletic and beautiful as a movie star in a few early photos I've seen of her, who even then was transmitting to me her legacy of anxiety, her tendency to talk too much when nervous, and her drive to leave a mark on the world?

After that morning in Brighton Beach, I drove to my parents' apartment a mile or so away in Sheepshead Bay to have lunch, and found out something that I have been mulling over ever since. Apparently I had gotten my childhood all wrong. We had lived with my grandparents on 13th Street for only a few months, and in the tenement with the grimy courtyard for scarcely half a year following that. Those memories that had become pungent landmarks, that had, in fact, become my childhood, resulted from a period of less than a year between my fifth and sixth birthdays—a period during which, as far as I could tell, nothing especially noteworthy had happened.

But yes, something had happened. Something enormously important

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which I had forgotten so completely that even while I remembered I was still forgetting it; for the physical memory, the taste and feel of it in my mouth, on my skin, had been tremendously erased. My sister was born, and for months afterward my mother was quite sick. I remember nothing of these events. They have sunk entirely from recollection, leaving only ripples of trivia—board fence, courtyard, nosebleed—which I recall with photographic clarity: internal works of art that, I now learn, were no more than a diversionary innocence, a faked childhood.

Among all the memories of that time—the melting image of schoolrooms and friends; the death camps never referred to in my presence; Yiddish, the language of secrets, like a suppressed dirge crooning and mourning through everything—something is so completely missing that it makes my head swim. Where is my sister? Why don't I remember anything about her at all until she was two or three years old, and I had settled into a state of subtle loneliness, a sort of internal exile, that I sometimes think of as the main fact about me, even now?

What is time anyway? If it really "passes," as the expression has it, why can't I feel puffs of time on my face, and see ripples of it over the sidewalk? Is time cold? Is sugar soluble in it? Do the usual analogies—a river flowing, a wind blowing—make any sense? Or is time just a theory, its main use being to provide a luminous explanation for a vast range of phenomena, from backaches and grass growing to the nest of furnished rooms and criminal basements known as memory? But if time is just a theory, then why do I feel it ticking inside me all the time? Why do all the sounds and sights of the world—women's faces, the human voice like a suite of rooms with the same enticing lover undressing in each of them—resemble a permanent springtime that is nonetheless passing, like God's parade, or the cosmic procession Walt Whitman wrote about, tapping his foot to the drum and thrilling to the music?

For me, time is Brighton Beach and Paris, flight and revenge. Time is the failure of love; for that, I suppose, is what my sister's nonbirth represents for me.

Is it possible that I have answered my own question? That I was fleeing from love, erasing the confused heat flushing my face and scaring me the first time I saw my newborn sister, more like a shaved cat, or an obscene doll with a crack betweens its legs; and I, tense, tall, almost fainting with the heat. For weeks afterward I watched my mother's pinched face and stooped-over walk, finding her oppressively brave, nauseatingly secretive. I crept around the dark three-room apartment on the first floor of the tenement with the grimy courtyard, knowing, but unable to think, what had really happened during those days in May in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1941: that I was the one who had been born; shoved into life, which is to say shoved aside.

Needless to say, this scene is completely fictional, not even a cover memory, since I don't recall the slightest bit of it. But whereas Plato taught us to be wary of our lies, Freud has taught us to honor them as traps for the truth.

At the age of six, therefore, I became an orphan of sorts—that is, an adult, a reader of books. Brighton Beach became fixed in my mind as the place I had expelled myself from, the place where time began.

Since then I have often daydreamed about a large, raucous family, with lots of aunts and uncles, swarms of cousins; loud, backslapping, indifferent to poetry, but loyal to each other. A family so large that when they get together and have a few drinks, they spill out of the apartment into the hallway, screaming at each other and talking about baseball. I know such families exist on some other planet, along with my sister, my parents, happy and heavy-headed after a huge meal, swimming in the yellowy light of the dining room, in the smell of complex dishes steaming on the table. This other planet is in my head, and maybe I will visit it some time, have visited it in the past, and visit it even now from time to time. How hard it is to keep from glancing off again, and suddenly looking back: on my actual sister, now a woman with children of her own, and with the same family trait of distance-coating nostalgia; on my parents, the swarms of real cousins, aunts, and uncles who are beginning to die, their places bewilderingly taken by the new elders, by me.

It may be that a man is best defined by what he first forgets. That he is sculptured in forgetting, not in memory. If remembering forms the visible features of his identity, the bones are of forgetting. In my case, Paris, living and tender, is stretched over an essential Brighton Beach; elegance, Europe and subtlety, over the bones of love; space, complex and baroque, a dizzy clarity, over the skeletal onrush of time; and so forth.

Years ago, when I was still living in Paris, I remember being struck by how clearly I could picture virtually every phase of my life here, starting literally with the first hours in the late summer of 1956, when I moved into a hotel on the rue de Tournon. At the time, I couldn't understand a word that was said around me. The buildings, because of their intricate, decayed style and their patina of age, seemed oppressively personal, unlike the austere filth and regularity of New York. Nothing in my experience had prepared me for architecture, which crowded me in the narrow streets. A nomad coming out of the desert must feel what I felt: intimidated, almost choked, by an impression of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too much. Years later virtually every street over a vast area of the left bank, and parts of the right bank too, contained a multitude of impressions superimposed like emotional transparencies, a trick photography of the mind. Noticing the sign over a shoe store on the rue de Rennes, I could remember reading it aloud every time I walked by, to practice my French, in the fall of 1956. During the Algerian war, I could remember sitting across from it in a café, feeling dazed and a little scared because some good friends had just been arrested for helping the FLN. I could remember every time I had strolled, hurried, mused, and ached in sight of it. This was true of subway platforms, the fronts of buildings, the Luxembourg Gardens, the walk along the Seine. I seemed to have lost the faculty of forgetting.

My Paris had many layers. I had grown into it with dizzying speed, from the infancy of not speaking French at all and knowing no one to the adulthood of fluency and a complex life. But every one of the layers was exposed to the air, perfectly intact. It was all foreground, all light. In Paris I was reborn as a person without any mysteries.

For ten years the memories didn't crowd each other out. They interpenetrated and resurfaced, they acquired perspective. After all, I had lived so many different lives, each with its special boundaries and its landmarks. I had been a gawking American boy, a leftist militant, a Marxist, a husband; eventually, to most people who knew me, a Frenchman; later a street person, smoking hash in North African cafés, trying to pull the strands of my intelligence together and become a writer. I had made friends and lost friends. I had done everything but forget.

Maybe that's why those years seem all of a piece to me now. All that remembering has given them a curious feeling of unreality. I may have felt it even at the time, but I definitely felt it after I left, to the point of imagining that those ten years had never existed. How could anything so clear and whole be said to exist, when experience tells us that reality swims out of sight all around us, that even the strongest impression hints at something uncontrolled and previously lived, maybe even monstrous, which keeps to the shadows, so that our experience always seems to be the loose end of some tangled connection that is out of our ken? Whatever the reason, coming to Paris was like being born with all my adult faculties fully developed, but with my mind and emotions a perfect blank. On that blank, Paris wrote itself, and I remembered every stroke.

Now, eleven years later, the Paris of those years, like a rock of desert salt, has begun to sweat and disintegrate, so that, since my arrival a few months ago, I have felt that I was tracking a ghost. To be sure, the city has changed so much: the Montparnasse Tower swimming incredibly over the rooftops; the new Pompidou Museum like a gigantic Tinker

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Toy; everywhere the trappings of prosperity: new cars, hi-fi stores on every block, expensive wines for sale in grocery stores that used to carry only the cheapest *gros rouge*. But curiously the changes haven't mattered that much. On the contrary, I've been amazed to discover how much change a city can absorb without becoming essentially different. No, the ghost I've been tracking is not a vanished Paris, but a vanished self.

For months I've walked through neighborhoods I once knew so well they seemed continuous with my mind. The place de la Contrescarpe, where for six years I sat every morning at the perennially ugly yellow-plastic Café de la Chope, and had coffee and read, because the apartment I shared with my woman friend, her brothers and their wives, seethed with impossible tensions. The rue Maître-Albert, a tiny bent street near Nôtre Dame, where I lived a while later in a cavernous room without furniture. At the time, the street was an Arab slum, with people even living in cars. Now all the houses have been expensively restored; several art galleries have opened; there is a sumptuous restaurant. The café under the trees in the Luxembourg Gardens, with its devilishly uncomfortable chairs, where I spent an entire spring reading Hegel's *Phenomenology* in daily slices of fifty pages.

This pilgrimage to old hangouts was inevitable, I suppose. I had to make my inventory of what had changed and what was the same: offer my gratitude, for example, that the Select, in Montparnasse, still has the same faded carpeting and seedy leather benches, the same sculptor's dream of intense, idle faces, as when I first warmed a chair there twenty-one years ago.

But something else was happening, too, that was harder to pin down. Perhaps I can best describe it by saying that too much seemed to be going on all the time. There was a feeling of busyness, of continual exertion. Maybe this is what someone feels when he has had a stroke and has to learn how to move his fingers, walk, and utter words again. Looking at a building, even simply standing still, seemed to require a complex set of skills. When I glanced up from my newspaper in a café, for example, and saw the cobblestones of the boulevard in gray inlaid patterns, the brisk, disdainful walk of young girls over the broad sidewalk, the fraternal aloof fronts of houses, it was like doing something that I might do wrong if I wasn't careful.

This solitary activity became so absorbing that for weeks I seemed to be living a reversed life. The large-scale events—adjusting, with my wife and daughter, to our rented apartment near the porte d'Orléans, celebrating our arrival with a couple of copious meals at good Parisian restaurants—felt remote and a little ghostly; while the anonymous root-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground of perceptions, the crisscrossing of impalpable acts, such as breathing and smelling, became incredibly magnified, almost deafening. I could see myself manufacturing the world, quarrying it from the raw materials that lay, apparently inexhaustible, all around me, or surged, like a broad, slow electricity, from inside.

I felt tired, elated, and depressed all at once. But mainly, I think, I felt happy. I remembered a story I'd read about an archangel who kept pestering God to transmit the power of creation to him. He wanted to bring worlds into being, to sculpture trees and grass out of nothing, to people his worlds with living creatures. God—with that broad, almost cruel smile of perfect delight that one sees in the representation of some Hindu gods—gave in at last. "But there's a secret I have to tell you, which will constitute your initiation. Create if you like. But remember, once you begin you can't stop creating, even for a second; because if you do, everything you've created, and you along with it, will return to nothing." With his magnificent, indolent youthfulness, he added, almost sadly, "I too can never stop creating."

A few weeks after we arrived, I got in touch with some old friends, among them my ex-wife, Michele, whom I hadn't seen in years. We met one afternoon in one of those old cafés that still exist in some neighborhoods of Paris, with a wide zinc bar, tables of varnished wood, and a feeling of time hanging in the air that seems to be the special property of anything that has been used deeply and repeatedly for years. I got there first, and sat in the back with a glass of wine. When Michele came through the door a few minutes later, I didn't recognize her at first against the light of the street. But when she stopped, as if looking for someone, and then started toward me, when she sat down at my table and smiled with the draining intensity I remembered so well, there was no mistaking her. Yet who was this person, I kept wanting to ask myself, feeling a little foolish. And who was I to be sitting here, watching "her" emerge from the overlay of almost familiar faces; from the straggle of blond curls, a sorcerer's hairdo, that had replaced the long hair flowing down her back; watching, drawing from her and from myself the person I had met twenty years before, with the same intact hopefulness, the same startled anguish coming in fits and starts from inside her woman's face—life-sculptured or life-broken, at first I couldn't tell.

In the years since we'd separated, I'd seen her occasionally, met her new husband, her daughters. But this was different. At last the changes in both of us had accumulated and become visible. It was the physical aging, to be sure, but more, I think, a feeling of vulnerability, of flabbergasting, almost shy helplessness that her face expressed at moments, and which I instantly recognized in myself as well, as the new

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fact—the result, maybe, of having acquired so much past, of finding oneself perched quite suddenly inside a body full of distances, old enough for death not to be a harmless nightmare any more, but a bit of one's personal night. In such a short time we'd become survivors, and as we talked I had the impression that both of us, meeting here, were a little intimidated by this fact that we were just noticing.

Michele appeared more easygoing, in a sense more individual, than I had remembered her. She talked about the national uprising that had shaken France in May 1968; the outrageous hopes, and then the angers, that had possessed her for months afterward. In her work as a painter she had depicted rapes, destroyed bodies, embryos. Then she had stopped painting for five years. Now she conducted sessions of art therapy for psychotic patients in hospitals, as if to bring art back to the dimension of pure survival. She was painting again too, and I could tell that it must be a very different kind of work, because there was a hesitation in her voice—in the tone, the modulations—as if she were listening, even while she spoke, for something to become clear. I had the impression that she'd taken her life inside her, had swallowed it so to speak, and become curiously larger for it, and also more fragile, at least more depressed; but maybe, and here was the paradox, less predictable. I wondered if any of this was true of me too. Had I become larger, less predictable?

Suddenly I thought I understood what had been happening to me during these past weeks; what had happened as well that morning a month ago when I'd gone back to Brighton Beach and wandered in the drizzle, feeling the old neighborhood invade me as if to meet its completed self. I was remembering, with that wrenching physical memory that obliterates landmarks. I was remembering, and as I did, everything became less clear because there was so much, so very much.

It had never seemed to me that I'd done very much living. The amount of it, I thought, could be contained in a few stories beginning "Once upon a time": events leading to other events with, under them, a sort of personal logic which might have seemed artistic if it hadn't been so oppressively familiar, so banal. But now I was remembering the rest too, as if a membrane had burst and something urgent and ruffled were pouring through. Here was the Paris I'd never noticed, the Brighton Beach I'd never lived. Here was the world against which I had erected my past, like an outpost over a shuddering sea—the real object of all that clarity, all that personal logic. I was remembering because I had forgotten. Because I was not who I thought I was, or at least not only that, but also this beautiful wrenching flow, this virgin growth of too much of life. These run-away impressions were exactly what had made Paris home to me, what had welded every street and storefront, every stench of old

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

courtyards and negligent leftover of centuries, to my mind—so that in Paris I was walking in myself.

What a dizzy place the past was! From it I had gotten more lives than I knew what to do with. Swimming from one to another, I had become a stuck-together sort of person: voice from here, walk from there, angers from somewhere else; and the smaller ghosts too, every movement of my hands and mouth; my quickness of mind, like a soldier defending a fortress that is too big for him by running along the walls, shooting off loud, harmless guns. All of it—all of me—had come floating from somewhere in this ocean place of past living, made of everything I had loved without knowing it and, having loved, had forgotten.

It occurred to me later that I had just discovered something very simple, the sort of thing that everyone else has probably known all along but that I had somehow missed. Maybe, as in the school-yard joke, God had run out of it the day I was born. I had discovered that I had a past; that I, that people, are inhabited, that they are crawling with echoes. That the past isn't what has happened but what goes on happening; the crowd of lovers and haters, all those who were ever startled, entranced, or thoughtful, happy, awestruck, humiliated, jostling together in the space that, as a form of shorthand, you call your self.

Had I really fled Brighton Beach as if my life depended on it? Did I really invent another life for myself in Paris, and then walk out of it ten years later, as one puts down a script? The answer, I saw now, was "Not exactly." Like the archangel in the story, I had created a world: trees and grass sculptured out of nothing; the ghostly tracery of father, mother, and grandparents; solemn experiments with neighborhood girls whose names I don't remember but whose pale bellies and pubic hair have survived in my mind; friends whose ideas I took to myself, along with their voices, the way they held their bodies, their faces. What an insatiable life! What a quantity of loving! That was what I had been doing all along, and never knew it. Or else I had considered it a forbidden knowledge, and so kept it profoundly quiet, and said: I tied my life to Brighton Beach and Paris, and now I am swinging between them like a hanged man. Yet all the while I had been swinging in the arms of love, swinging in the world.

As a rule, Americans tend to be obsessed with the present, and rightly so because the present is raw, just settled; everywhere the slashed, uncomfortable look of things that have just been made. The population is still arriving, and no one is sure how to behave yet. In fact, it's not clear the settlement will last, and most people are a little worried. So

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much generous energy, so much new construction, but to their worried eyes it already looks a little like a ghost town. Every conceivable nightmare starts just down the road, if this stumpy lane can be called a road. The truth is, no one knows what that place down there is: a sort of jungle, but also icy as the pole; full of strange noises, but also so deadly quiet that your ears hear themselves hearing.

People have a wistful idea of what it means to be human. It means to be at home in the world and have lots of friends; it means knowing what to do, loving people who love you; it means fitting mysteriously into a vast, whispering place. Then what are we doing here, a stone's throw from the monster's cave? Why are we living down the road from Grendel who comes in the night to snatch a few tasty morsels from among us and scare the rest of us to death?

The present is the Far West, where the streets are full of gunfighters, the hills are full of Indians, and the good citizens are in church wearing clean clothes and singing hymns, while their minds are somewhere else.

As for me, I can't be sure which Paris—which world—I'm in any more; whether I've lost my bearings or found them.

Yes, Paris is changing. Lovely old neighborhoods have been shined up and turned into residential museums, where people buy expensive apartments and a few stubborn workers' families hang on, as part of the living habitat. Paris must be the only place in the world where a sprinkling of poor people in a neighborhood can drive real-estate prices up.

In Montparnasse, near the cemetery, are streets that Balzac might have put into one of his stories about the decay and the mystery of cities: cracked, gray-white buildings with dirt-colored shutters, and old store signs stenciled right onto the walls, showing through a coat of paint that has long since peeled, revealing this underlayer of another life. Peeking between houses, here and there, are courtyards that must have been farmyards once. Now weeds shoot up between the cobbles; the trees straggle, with a peculiar crippled sort of health. The flower beds are shaggy, full of grass. No one seems to live there. The concierge's window is shut. The all-day traffic jam in the street outside rolls its noise and fumes up to the iron fence, but no farther. These are limpid, forgotten places: poor, unrestored, like very old, once famous people whom everyone has thought dead for half a century but who turn out to be living in a furnished room somewhere, with half a dozen cats. They are proof that the past really existed once, that it wasn't made up by experts on the basis of archives, that we ourselves aren't deluded by this feeling of space behind us and inside us that vanishes whenever we turn around to look.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet if you glance up from these sad, beautiful streets of the XIV^{e} arrondissement, you see the Montparnasse Tower and the silvery rectangles of the Sheraton Hotel scarcely a hundred yards away: vast, out-of-size constructions that give the effect of raw lava scarring an ancient landscape.

Cities are like that. Ugly irruptions and beautiful old places squeeze together and fight for air: strips of sky between the rooftops, looking like the pieces of a garment that hasn't been sewn together yet; a bit farther down, a frozen argument of styles shoved roughly into a line along the streets: houses with their histories written on their faces. Underneath, a realm of pipes, tunnels, and basements; everything that has been forgotten, but that stirs under your heels, in the human-made dark.

Sometimes the levels sag together or rip wide open. I'm thinking of the gigantic hole where Les Halles, the old central market, used to be. It must be a mile square and ten stories deep, fronted by a line of old houses that look as if someone had ripped their clothes off. The hole is a negative of the city, and the city is full of negatives, places changing into other places. Hotels into houses, bakeries into storefront offices, neighborhoods into holes, and holes into alien structures.

In the city I see myself enlarged and made legible. I see the decisions and events, the little increments of willpower, and the uncanny flow that binds them together. I see the past grinding visibly into the present, as I see my own face, my relic, in a mirror. I'm the one with side streets where the walls lean together over my head, and the tinny sound of accordion music flows from a phonograph in a rooming house. I'm the one with stunningly colorful gardens where children push boats in the boat basin and thin, arrogant boys drift closer to schoolgirls sunning themselves in coy oblivion. I've also got slashing new buildings, insane pretensions, and a clean subway. I've never in my life gotten anywhere, or contradicted myself, or changed in any essential way. I've got a layer of sky, the crazed drivenness of daily life, and a thudding drum of concealed places underneath. And I've got the bulldozed emptiness where all the layers flow together. I'm as old as a couple of huts thrown together on a riverbank in Gallo-Roman times, and as new as the last invasion of squatters in a house slated for demolition. The city and I are brothers. Our forgetting and remembering are so much alike that everything that happens in it seems to be the answer to some question I hadn't been aware of asking, couldn't ever really ask, of myself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Edge

JAMES K. BOWEN

I have lived and died
on the dull edge of November,
when I stood too long
and watched the wind turn
trees as they walked straight
into the wet flanks
of a northwest gale.

In summer, I force myself
to touch the weathering
boards of old houses
as they change from spring
lumber into salt colored
gray and pointed splinters.

And I know why butterflies go
home and worms spin wet silk.

My wells are gone dry
and the heat of my memories
drums in my ears
like an old and wavering
pulse measuring the weak surge
of thick blood as it squirms
through the fat of dead muscle
and the cracks of broken veins.

JAMES K. BOWEN is an associate professor of English at Southern Oregon State College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alfred North Whitehead

Plato's Lost Dialogue

JOSEPH GERARD BRENNAN

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide . . .
—H. F. LYTE

I don't understand Whitehead.
—EINSTEIN

"In ten thousand years, men may go to the moon," the lecturer said. His topic was cosmology; the audience, a Harvard philosophy class. The lecturer was competent: he was Whitehead. True, his estimate erred a bit on the conservative side. Less than thirty-five years after that class meeting, two American astronauts walked on the moon.

That lecture, given in the fall of 1934, was part of Whitehead's course, Cosmologies Ancient and Modern. I had done my undergraduate work at Boston College, a small school in those days, and the variety of Harvard's graduate offerings in philosophy was a little bewildering. My program adviser, Ralph Barton Perry, told me that Whitehead was a great man, though rather difficult to understand. So I took down the great man's lectures in a kind of amateur speedwriting I had developed at the beginning of my graduate work so that I would not miss anything important. It was not hard to keep up with the old metaphysician's leisurely pace.

When he began the course, Alfred North Whitehead was seventy-three years old. He told us that he had been rather seriously ill in the spring, and that was why he did not come to class until the third week of the semester, leaving the opening classes to his assistant, Dr. Kaiser. When he finally manifested himself in the lecture room in Emerson Hall, Whitehead seemed frail, even a bit older than his years. He was not a tall man and walked slowly, shoulders a little bent. His kindly head shone bald and pink over a fringe of white hair. He wore a black suit of clerical cut, a high collar, and a cravat, often a rich blue. His gentle voice pitched high, his smile benign, he seemed like a benevolent vicar from a nineteenth-century English novel. Whitehead himself thought he resembled Mr. Pickwick.

After his late arrival in that October of 1934, Whitehead taught our course with energy and good humor and did not miss a class, taking over the desk where William James and Santayana had sat as his predecessors. His classroom manner was far more easygoing than the formal style of the public lectures from which he put together his well-known philosophical books. "When I'm lecturing," he told us, "I experience a curious mixture of being immensely at ease and stage fright." Whitehead offered his wisdom to us in the form of amiable chats. Some of his admirers claim that his students had the unique experience of being taken behind the scenes and witnessing the very process of creative thinking. I would not go quite that far, for in class he often paraphrased what he had written down in lectures recently published, but no one could deny the spontaneity of his reflections. He talked slowly, often pausing to gaze out the nearest window. From time to time it would occur to him to draw a diagram

JOSEPH GERARD BRENNAN is professor emeritus of philosophy at Barnard College, lecturer in philosophy at Hofstra University, and consultant to the president of the Naval War College, Newport. His latest book is a memoir, *The Education of a Prejudiced Man*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the blackboard; that produced a slow getting-up from his chair, a protracted hunt for the chalk, and a wistful little complaint: "I do not understand why they should devise chalk the lecturer cannot *see*." There was plenty of time for stories about characters he had known in England—like Sir Richard Jebb of Trinity who, in a fit of abstraction, rode his bicycle into the river, or that other Cambridge don who, tipsy at a Bump Supper, tried to open his door with a matchbox, grumbling, "Damn the nature of things!"

To his summaries of philosophical doctrines that he regarded as suspect, Whitehead would append rueful exclamations like, "That's Epicurus!" or "That's Hume!" or, in the case of his former student and colleague Bertrand Russell, "That's Bertie!" Musing on Plato, he might suddenly utter a passionate little shriek, "READ the *Symposium!*" or "*For God's sake*, be clearheaded!" Whitehead divided philosophers into two classes, clearheaded and muddled. Aristotle was senior member of the first class, and Whitehead included himself in the second. "There is a danger in clarity," he would say, "the danger of overlooking the subtleties of truth."

Graduate students were invited to Professor and Mrs. Whitehead's weekly open house at their apartment on Memorial Drive, where hot chocolate and wit were dispensed, but I was too terrified to go. I contented myself with an occasional word from the great man after class in Emerson Hall. One day I went up to his desk at the end of the hour to retrieve my term paper, a wildly romantic interpretation of Plato's *Timaeus*. On the cover sheet Whitehead had inscribed an *A* and had added in his small, neat handwriting, "Very interesting." As I was ducking away with my paper, he stopped me and asked where I had done my undergraduate work. On hearing that I had studied at Boston College with the Jesuits, his gentle clerical face lighted up. "Ah, yes. All the world knows and admires the Jesuits. But, oh, dear me! You must be frightfully shocked at my muddled philosophy. Your teachers were such clearheaded men, and I am in perpetual *terror* of clearheaded men." He smiled benevolently. Sometimes I wondered whether behind that smile, back of that persona of amiable sagedom, there might be another Whitehead. I had read somewhere that Nietzsche said, "Every profound spirit needs a mask." What, if anything, lay under that benign exterior? What was he like, I wondered, that Other Whitehead?

Clearly, Whitehead enjoyed himself at Harvard. At sixty-three, ten years before I took his Philosophy 3b, he had retired from his post of Chief Professor of Mathematics at the University of London's Imperial College of Science and Technology to come to Harvard as professor of philosophy. He came attended by immense, though mysterious, prestige—co-author with Bertrand Russell of Euclid's elements of mathematical logic, *Principia Mathematica;* author himself of books on universal algebra, the philosophy of science, and the theory of knowledge—one of only three for whom Gertrude Stein heard her genius-bell ring. He had even written a treatise on relativity that suggested a need for certain changes in Einstein's doctrine in terms that the relativity theorist himself was reported to have had difficulty comprehending. Whitehead wrote his three metaphysical books in his American years. *Science and the Modern World* came from the Lowell Lectures at Boston in 1925; *Process and Reality* was made up of his Gifford Lectures, delivered at Edinburgh in 1928; *Adventures of Ideas*, of 1933, he put together from lectures at Bryn Mawr and elsewhere. By the early 1930s, like Henri Bergson at the Collège de France twenty years before, Whitehead at Harvard had become an institution. Looking back now, I find it hard to describe the atmosphere of reverent awe that surrounded the philosopher in those days. Of course his own unique genius was the major factor. But the Emersonian heritage of lecture worship, surviving in New England well into the twentieth century, made a favorable environment for the Whiteheadian organism. Prominent Boston citizens turned out for the philosopher's Lowell Lectures, and the older ladies of the audience wore their legendary headgear. ("My dear, we don't *buy* our hats; we *have* our hats.") Lucien Price of the *Boston Globe* wrote retrospectively: "How quietly, how gently this great light rose over Harvard. The sky begins to shine with the white radiance of eternity. . . ." He added that he associated Whitehead with the finale of Brahms's Fourth Symphony, a comparison that must have puzzled the philosopher, who told us

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modestly, "I'm not musical myself, but my wife is."

Whitehead's Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh did not receive the acclaim accorded him by American audiences at his public lectures here—a reception understandable in view of the arcane "philosophy of organism" expounded in them and published later as *Process and Reality*. According to his biographer, Victor A. Lowe, Whitehead's Giffords were a fiasco. The previous Gifford lecturer had been Sir Arthur Stanley Eddington, an old spellbinder who held an audience of six hundred fast to their seats from the beginning to the end of his series. Whitehead began with the same number, but only half a dozen endured to the close. According to Lowe, Sir Edmund Whittaker, Edinburgh's distinguished mathematician, attended the first lecture and later remarked to his son that if he had not known Whitehead well, he would have suspected that the lecturer was an impostor, making it all up as he went along.

But Whitehead's classroom lectures were entirely enjoyable. There were forty or fifty Harvard men in our Philosophy 3b that autumn of 1934, most of them first-year graduate students like me. Occasionally three or four Radcliffe students would come to sit in on a lecture, but Whitehead mildly disapproved of this practice. One day a Radcliffe visitor installed herself in the first row right under his nose and sat smiling eagerly up at him. "By the by," he mused plaintively, pausing to gaze out the nearest window, "if there are any persons present who are not registered members of this course, perhaps they might sit another time toward the back of the room, where I cannot see them." He told us that he once asked an officer of an English college why smoking was prohibited there; the ban seemed unreasonable. "But, Whitehead," the official replied, "there must be *some* rules!" This, Whitehead observed, was an expression of the ultimate fact that there is a morality and an immorality. True, all questions of morals are passing rules for passing social systems. "But there is a *fundamental decency*," he added. "The notion that something is the right thing to do is more fundamental by far than a code of morals." Obviously he regarded the regulation that Radcliffe students should stay on their own turf as a passing rule, and indeed it soon passed.

Whitehead offered his Cosmologies course separately at Radcliffe in the early 1930s, although not that particular fall. Ellen Griswold recalls that she took Philosophy 3b with him in Radcliffe's Longfellow Hall in 1931–32. "He is so dear," she wrote to her parents at the time. "That is the only word for him." Once she and her friend Justine encountered Whitehead as he was trying ineffectually to dismount from a shoeshine stand in Harvard Square, against the wishes of a bootblack who wanted to snap the metaphysician's shoes to a higher gloss. Whitehead improved the occasion by asking the young women about their plans for the upcoming Columbus Day holiday weekend. New York? Ah, but he was too old for that. New York always seemed to him to be burning things up. In New York City he felt like wax under the flame of a candle. God bless my soul, et cetera.

But those who knew Whitehead more than casually were aware that his celebrated air of modest ineffectuality concealed a wily sharpness. Early on, Russell had noted Whitehead's "shrewdness enabling him to get his way on committees in a manner astonishing to those who thought of him as abstract and unworldly." Tressilian Nicholas, former bursar of Trinity, recalls his first sight of Whitehead at Cambridge; even then he seemed ancient, sage-like:

> It was at a College Meeting in 1913. . . . The question before the meeting was whether any pressure should be put upon undergraduates to attend services in the College Chapel, in those distant days a battleground between the "clerical" and "anticlerical" parties in the College. The discussion culminated in a particularly violent speech by the philosophy professor James Ward, denouncing a clerical Fellow which he considered cynical. I wondered what would happen next, when an elderly Fellow of benign appearance and mellifluous voice rose to his feet and began a miniature filibuster with a series of unexceptionable remarks having no obvious connexion with the resolution under discussion which he continued until passions died down. The resolution was at once put to a vote resulting in an overwhelming defeat for the clerical party and the matter has never been raised again. I recognized a junior mathematical Fellow and asked who it was who had saved the situation. He replied "Oh, don't you know that was A. N. Whitehead, the man who discovered what numbers mean?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first part of Whitehead's course was very much taken up with Plato's numbers. Our teacher held forth with enthusiasm about the insights of the later dialogues and held up to us the ideal of a new *Timaeus*, a cosmological adventure that would unite mathematics and the Good. He wanted to achieve in his own philosophy, he told us, something he thought Plato had accomplished in his: to separate out of the welter of existence a definite number of ultimate cosmological factors—a procedure that John Dewey down at Columbia thought was the philosophical sin against the Holy Spirit, although he did not believe in the Holy Spirit. To Dewey, Whitehead's method of singling out "general features" of our experience and allegedly using them to explain the particularities of that experience constituted precisely the wrong way to go about philosophizing—a misconception inherent in Western philosophy, according to Dewey, since the days of Whitehead's beloved Plato.

Of his large books, Whitehead, in the year of our course, was closest to *Adventures of Ideas* of 1933. In Part II of that work ("Cosmological") he discusses what he calls Plato's seven main notions: the Forms, the physical elements, the Soul, Eros, harmony, mathematical relations, and the Receptacle. The cosmological factors Whitehead offered us for consideration are all (except Eros, which appears in the *Symposium*) to be found in the fable of the world's creation in *Timaeus*. God—or his helper, the Demiurge—makes the universe in a way analogous to that of an inspired sculptor, gazing at a fair model (the Forms) and working out of an inchoate matrix (the Receptacle) that is at once matter, space, and motion. Whitehead has said that all philosophy after Plato consisted of footnotes to him. In his own books that we read, the God of his metaphysical writings seemed rather like the Platonic Demiurge; his "Eternal Objects," deficient though they might be in actuality, were Plato's Forms somewhat Aristotelianized. The Whiteheadian principle of Interconnectedness has some link to the Platonic Receptacle, although it is perhaps more proximately derived from the Absolute Idealism that filtered into Whitehead's metaphysics via F. H. Bradley. Plato's Eros, the current in the universe that oscillates between the divine and the mortal, seems to perform a function in Whitehead's cosmos that he calls the essential Creativity in the nature of things—although toward the end of *Adventures of Ideas* he says that Eros is involved in the Primordial Nature of God: that is, God as the entity ultimately responsible for Reality being as it is and not otherwise.

To Plato—the author of the early and middle dialogues, at least—the paradigm of what is really real is the pattern-world of Forms, the immutable Ideas. Here Whitehead parted company with his Greek predecessor. For our teacher was a loyal son of his century, and to him reality was not unchanging Being but Process and Becoming. The world moves ever on into a newness. In his lectures to us, as earlier in *Science and the Modern World*, he claimed that transition, the *passage* of things, is an all-pervasive fact, inherent in the very character of what is really real (that sometimes came out "weally weal"). So he was delighted to point out to us that in the *Sophist* Plato seemed at last to acknowledge that Being Itself could not be static; it had to be dynamic, must contain within itself the principle of motion and life. Repeatedly Whitehead called our attention to the passage in the dialogue which Benjamin Jowett translates, "I hold that the definition of being is simply power (*dunamis*)." Whitehead may have got onto the passage while discussing Plato with Professor James Haughton Woods, whose course in the later dialogues I took just before Whitehead's and which Whitehead himself had sat in on a few years earlier. Professor Woods told our little class that Whitehead "made a good deal" out of this passage, which Woods said was a very odd one and was thought by some scholars to be a Stoic interpolation in the text. F. M. Cornford later gently scolded Whitehead for accepting Jowett's translation of the passage, not realizing that Plato said "a mark of real being" rather than "definition of being." Cornford, too, thought the passage peculiar, pointed out that the construction of the Greek is obscure and difficult, and drew the moral that even a profound thinker like Whitehead may be misled by a translation.

For our course with him, Whitehead asked us to read the *Timaeus* and A. E. Taylor's commentary on the dialogue. We also had to read Lucretius's *De Rerum Natura* and Cyril Bailey's book on Epicurus and the Greek

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

atomists. He asked us to read some Descartes and Hume, Santayana's *Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy* and Lawrence Henderson's *The Order of Nature.* Of his own books, Whitehead suggested that we do *Science and the Modern World,* first turning to the chapter "The Romantic Reaction." He assigned parts of *Adventures of Ideas* and *Process and Reality,* then asked us to read the two lectures he had just given at the University of Chicago titled "Nature and Life," now included in *Modes of Thought.* Except for the chapter on abstraction, I had no trouble reading *Science and the Modern World,* and *Adventures of Ideas* made fairly smooth sailing. On the cover of "Nature and Life" I scrawled "Whitehead in a Nutshell," but *Process and Reality* was a tough nut to crack: nine categories of Existence, twenty-seven categories of Explanation. Why, the good Kant had only twelve! Besides, there were nine categoreal Obligations and three categoreal Conditions. To this day I find most of *Process and Reality* heavy going, and my favorite line from it remains: "Sometimes we see an elephant, and sometimes we do not. The result is that an elephant, when present, is noticed."

Late in the course, Whitehead moved from his meditations on Plato, Epicurus, and Descartes to his own metaphysical speculations. "I am now at the beginning of the construction of a metaphysics," he said in his twenty-second lecture. "There won't be much time to do it now at the end." Yet he had time enough to present something of his "Sociology of Nature," illustrating by chalk diagrams such typical Whiteheadian entities as Occasions of Experience (". . . a *worried* region, here"), calling attention to the presence in the unity of *our* experience at the hissing of classroom radiators and the flapping of window shades. ("One of your number has just sensibly shut the window." I resumed my seat glowing with virtue.) With squiggles to indicate prehensive tentacles incorporating into unities of experience all data taken as relevant, these atomic diagrams looked like sketches for a monadology of the future, and indeed Whitehead told us that he wanted to produce a metaphysics that would have some of the characteristics of Epicurus and some of Leibniz. (Professor Woods told us Leibniz was "up to the eyes" in the *Timaeus.*) "But, dear me, Leibniz's monads have no windows. I rather think monads must have windows. Otherwise, how would they be aware of each other, even the low-grade ones—I want to know. Of course, you can always give God the job." To Whitehead, the cosmos was pervaded by a process akin to feeling; in his universe everything took account of everything else.

I did not take any of Whitehead's seminars. Apparently they were not as entertaining as his lecture classes. Victor Lowe says he found them rather boring. He remarks that Whitehead seemed to assume that every seminar student was a genius, and sat benignly through two or three long student reports each session. During the readings, Lowe and Paul Henle would sit in the back of the seminar room and play blindfold chess. But Lowe says that he perked up his ears whenever Whitehead spoke, adding that he owes part of his ability to understand his eminent teacher's metaphysics to the training he got in the back row of the seminar room.

A. H. Johnson took a different kind of seminar with Whitehead in 1936. He was asked to appear solo at the Whitehead apartment in Radnor Hall with prepared questions based on statements of his interpretations of Whitehead's theories and to offer criticisms set in the context of references to Whiteheadian texts. Johnson would present a query like, "Is the examination of human experience the source of your doctrine of the 'self-creativity' of actual entities?" Whitehead: "Yes." "Am I correct in saying that you apply the term *feeling* to (1) subjective forms, (2) data, and (3) complete actual entities?" Whitehead: "Yes." "Do you mean that a patch of red is a feeling and not the affective content which is felt?" Whitehead: "Yes." When the conscientious Johnson would ferret out some of Whitehead's notorious inconsistencies, the old metaphysician would blandly plead guilty. "Not quite satisfied with my own position here," he would note. "It is an inadequate and vague way of expressing an insight," or "I cannot settle the question," or "There is a danger here; I haven't been careful in formulating my ideas," or "A great carelessness on my part," and so on.

Whitehead was only one of a brilliant constellation of stars that made the 1930s the Silver Age of the Harvard Philosophy Depart-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment. Besides Perry and J. H. Woods the cluster included the old-line idealist William Ernest Hocking; C. I. Lewis, who took us through *The Critique of Pure Reason;* the irascible logician Henry Sheffer; and the incomparable Harry Austryn Wolfson. As a student in Wolfson's Aristotle seminar, I sometimes had to look him up in his Widener Library cell, stacked high with books, scrolls, and manuscripts in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and Arabic. In Wolfson's own apartment, every available space was packed with books, and sometimes he forgot whether he had stowed a needed volume in the oven or the refrigerator.

Whitehead himself had moments when he was not quite sure where he had put things. One day in the early 1930s he had Professor James Melrose of Illinois to tea at the Whitehead cottage in Milton, "about 14 miles from Harvard Square," as the philosopher described it in a note to the visiting professor's daughter, from whom I have the account. It occurred to Whitehead that his guests might like to see the work in progress on a library addition to the house. So he led them outside, first carefully putting on Professor Melrose's hat, which he found in the coatroom closet and assumed was his own. After the excursion he returned the hat to the closet, but at tea's end, when he and Mrs. Whitehead prepared to accompany the guests to their car, he went there once more for his hat. This time Melrose had beat him to it and retrieved his lawful property. Whitehead reached up to the place where his visitor's hat had been, made a little exclamation of surprise, then trotted some distance to a spot where his own hat hung on a hook. It was clear to his guests that the author of *Process and Reality* did not realize there were two hats, but believed that his own had in some unaccountable way changed its place. This incident seemed partially related to what he told us in class while discussing Descartes's doctrine of continual creation of the world by God:

> Haven't you sometimes lost something around the house and looked for it for two hours and then found it exactly where it ought to be? We never think that the lost thing passed out of existence for two hours. Yet the direct evidence in favor of that assumption is rather large.

But Whitehead was never absentminded in the manner of certain other elderly Harvard scholars such as the English department's John Livingston Lowes, who in the autumn of his years would often give the same lecture twice in succession or forget to give one at all. As teacher, Whitehead remained ever conscious of his responsibilities to his students. Save for times of real illness, he did not miss classes. And although he may have made the same point more than once, it was always with a fresh illustration, often a funny one.

Consider a fact Whitehead repeatedly insisted on—the enormous advance made along the road of knowledge when some talented caveman first scratched his furry pate upon dimly perceiving something in common between a quartet of clouds and a quartet of mammoths. According to Whitehead, that was the first metaphysical insight, from which led the road to mathematics of the most practical kind. In another lecture Whitehead illustrated a similar claim by telling of a mother squirrel who brought up her babies in a nest near the fireplace of a Whitehead summerhouse in Vermont. One day the mother squirrel decided that her offspring were big enough to move outdoors, so she carried them one by one to a flat rock outside. But when the last infant had been safely set down, the mother squirrel seemed distraught. Anxiously she ran back and forth several times between the empty nest inside the house and the rock outside where her children were waiting for her. Why was she so distressed? Because, said Whitehead, *she could not count.*

Whitehead repeated the same proposition to our class in the course of a mild polemic against positivism. He began by reading two passages, one from Morris Cohen's *Reason and Nature*, the other from Russell's *Freedom Versus Organization.* Cohen rejected as "vicious obscurantism" all efforts to describe "the indescribable," while Russell argued that the belief that metaphysics has any bearing on practical affairs constitutes a proof of logical incapacity. "Now suppose"—Whitehead turned on his most angelic smile—"that there were a primitive tribe of savages who could not count more than five; and suppose that some bold man of that tribe said, 'I wonder what is the relation of the stars to a flock of birds in terms of number.' Of course he wouldn't say it that way, but can't you hear the Morris Cohen of the period saying, 'I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reject as vicious obscurantism all attempts to describe the indescribable,' and Bertie chiming in, 'The belief that metaphysics can have any bearing on practical affairs is to my mind an instance of logical incapacity'?" Whitehead did not like positivism, even in Lucretius. "I suggest that all these positivistic notions of Lucretius are complete and absolute *fudge!*" (strong language for him). "In his time hundreds of slaves were being crucified."

But Whitehead's stature clearly showed when he supported the positivist A. J. Ayer's candidacy for research student at Oxford's Christ Church in 1935. Ayer notes in his recent memoir, *Part of My Life*, that he had sent Whitehead the manuscript of two central chapters of *Language, Truth and Logic*, that small book which a few months later would crash like a brick through the dusty panes of British and American philosophy. Whitehead read the chapters and sent back his aye vote: "I am not in my own person a Logical Positivist. . . . But I cannot imagine a greater blessing for English philosophical learning than the rise in Oxford of a vigorous young school of Logical Positivists." Years later the grateful Ayer tried to call on Whitehead in his apartment near Harvard Square, but Mrs. Whitehead would not let him in because Ayer had a cold.

If in no other instance, Whitehead's greatness as a teacher is confirmed by the single case of his pupil Bertrand Russell, whom the old metaphysician once introduced to a Harvard audience as "Plato's Lost Dialogue"—a phrase I've always thought better fitted Whitehead himself. In 1898, at the age of nineteen, Russell sat for an entrance scholarship at Cambridge University. His examiner was Whitehead. Another candidate got higher grades than Russell, but Whitehead decided that Russell was the abler of the two, burned the grades, and recommended Russell, who received the scholarship. Subsequently Whitehead put up Russell's name for membership in that Cambridge super elite known as the Apostles, of which Whitehead and G. E. Moore were members. Some years later, Lytton Strachey and John Maynard Keynes joined the little clan, and the aura of the Apostles settled Holy Ghost–wise on the heads of the Bloomsbury group—the Woolfs, the Bells, and the rest. Whitehead read Russell's dissertation at Cambridge and, although he criticized it severely, passed it, remarking to his pupil that this was the last chance anyone would get to find serious fault with his work. Russell admired his Trinity senior's mathematical genius (he tells all this in his autobiography) and wondered at his hoard of historical knowledge. He was struck by Whitehead's clerical appearance, and traced it to his teacher's upbringing as the son of a Kentish Anglican clergyman. Russell claims that the vicarage atmosphere indelibly affected Whitehead's thought and surfaced in his later metaphysical writings. The collaboration of teacher and pupil in building that cathedral of deductive logic, *Principia Mathematica*, is a fact too well known to descant on here. Russell's comments on his intellectual seniors are rarely unbarbed, but he had no reservations about Whitehead's pedagogy:

> Whitehead was extraordinarily perfect as a teacher. He took a personal interest in those with whom he had to deal and knew both their strong and their weak points. He would elicit from a pupil the best of which a pupil was capable. He was never repressive, or sarcastic, or superior or any of the things that inferior teachers like to be. I think that in all the abler young men with whom he came in contact he inspired, as he did in me, a very real and lasting affection.

The collaboration on *Principia Mathematica* began about 1900, and Russell saw a good deal of Whitehead and his wife during the following years. If Russell's reminiscences of his senior colleague are trustworthy, it seems that the Other Whitehead really did exist. The decade before, Whitehead had spent years deeply absorbed in Roman Catholic writings, especially those of Newman, and at one time seems to have thought seriously of conversion to Catholicism. When he gave it up, he formed no tie during the rest of his life to any other religious denomination, apparently finding in philosophy what others found in faith. He and his wife had talked out the matter of religious commitment together, but Whitehead's decision not to convert did not bring peace to the philosopher or to his marriage, a union that seems to have suffered considerable strain in the early 1900s. Evelyn Whitehead must have been a lovely bride (they were married in 1890), and her husband was deeply in love with her. He tells how a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London policeman once asked the Whiteheads' maid whether the beautiful girl he had seen letting herself into the house one night after a court ball was a real human or the Virgin Mary. Fifty years after their marriage Whitehead wrote that his wife's vivid life had taught him "that beauty, moral and aesthetic, is the aim of existence, and that kindness, and love, and artistic satisfaction are among its modes of attainment." But in those days, it seems, things were not easy at the Whiteheads'.

By 1902 Russell had fallen out of love with his first wife, Alys, and began to confide accounts of his marital infelicities to Mrs. Whitehead. In turn she shared certain confidences and anxieties with him. She felt neglected by Alfred, says Russell, and frightened by his odd habit of running up tradesmen's bills he knew he could not pay. Russell furnished money to help them out, his generosity strictly anonymous. There were some doubts as to Whitehead's mental or emotional condition at the time. "Mrs. Whitehead was in perpetual fear he would go mad," says Russell. "I think, in retrospect, that she exaggerated the danger, for she tended to be melodramatic in her outlook. But the danger was certainly real. . . ."

According to Russell's biographer, Ronald W. Clark, difficulties compounded when the sympathy and sharing of confidences Russell got from Evelyn Whitehead turned the younger philosopher's gaze toward her as a possible object of his amorous attention. It appears that Mrs. Whitehead kept the friendship with her husband's junior colleague within bounds, no easy thing to do when Russell's blood was up—to put it only so. In any case, collaboration and friendship between the two men continued until the outbreak of the 1914–18 war, when they sharply disagreed over attitudes and obligations. Russell went to jail for his pacifist activities while Whitehead lost a son shot down over France. Friendship between teacher and former pupil cooled, but never broke. To personal differences were added philosophical divergences. Of Whitehead, Russell said, "His philosophy was very obscure, and there was much in it I never succeeded in understanding." Russell saw the world in terms of clear-cut logical distinctions, while Whitehead concentrated on the interconnectedness of things. Russell expressed well the difference between himself and his old mentor when he said that he, Russell, saw reality as a heap of shot, while Whitehead thought it was a bowl of treacle.

Listening to Whitehead in class, we could count recurrent motifs in our efforts to know something about that bowl of treacle—the need of philosophy to do justice both to the transient and to the abiding in experience, the oversimplicity of Aristotelian logic with its related metaphysics of substance and quality, as against the Whiteheadian scheme in which events are basic. Always he reminded us that philosophers tend to accept uncritically the presuppositions of the science of their day; unguarded belief in Newtonian physics, with its model of the universe as a great machine suspended in an absolute space-box, conditioned the epistemology of modern philosophy. The result, Whitehead warned us, was that Nature had been split in two, bifurcated into our perceptions and their supposed separate external causes, thus raising the hopeless question as to how we can know the second from the first. Whitehead recalled to us that in his own lifetime he had seen every presupposition of classical physics go by the board.

Today we can see that he overdid his anti-Newtonian polemic. Newton's laws helped put those men on the moon whose landing Whitehead did not expect for millennia. Recent work by neo-Newtonian philosophers tends to show that relativity theory enables us to dispense with some types of absolute motion but not all. Still, Whitehead's critique of sense-data epistemology was acute and needed, and it is interesting to see how continental phenomenologists reached similar conclusions. Working in part from premises not wholly unlike Whitehead's, they, like him, claimed that the task of philosophy is to give an account of experience in which no one dimension of it is given priority at the outset—experience as it actually comes to us in all its multidimensional richness, not thinned down to some colored-patch or mental-state abstraction designed to fit a special theory of mind misleadingly labeled "empiricist."

Strange that after Whitehead's early work on relativity, his interest in physics did not seem to keep pace with the dramatic advances in that science. The most brilliant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work on quantum and wave mechanics was done in Europe after he left the Imperial College for Harvard. The attack on the atomic nucleus began in the early 1930s; the neutron was described in 1932; artificial radioactivity became a fact in 1934–35, the year of our course with him. Yet Whitehead's references to quantum theory in his definitive metaphysical book *Process and Reality*, although wholly approving, are not sustained, and at least part of that approval seemed based on his satisfaction that physicists were now explaining chemical facts in terms that would have pleased Plato. In his last big book, *Adventures of Ideas* of 1933, there is only a single brief reference to quanta. Could it be that Whitehead's devotion to Plato actually led him unconsciously to repeat the pattern of the Platonic Socrates, who in middle life was absorbed in physical science but turned away from it in his old age?

In the *Phaedo*, Socrates says that when he was a philosopher of science earlier in life he found a book by Anaxagoras that said Mind was the cause of all things. Socrates was curious to see what the man would make of this wonderful notion, but was disappointed to find that Anaxagoras dropped it and instead explained everything in terms of external mechanical causes. "Might as well say," Socrates remarked to his students who had come to hear his last words before his death, "in answer to the question as to what brought me here to prison and execution (there now, Apollodorus, don't cry!), the muscles were pulling on the bones of my legs and making them move to carry me here. But you sensible lads know perfectly well that I'm here because I thought it right and just to accept the verdict of my fellow-Athenians and to die in a good cause."

The same distinction lay at the heart of Whitehead's philosophy, as he set it out to us in class and as we found it written in his books. You cannot hold that everything is ultimately explainable in terms of some sort of mechanism and at the same time maintain that human beings are self-determining organisms. Mechanical explanations are simply inadequate when we apply them to human action, which by its very nature is intentional and purposive. What Saint Francis and John Wesley did and why they did it cannot sensibly be accounted for in terms of molecular interactions. No more can Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal, which promises to reform social and economic life in the United States. (Things were hot in Washington in 1934–35; we had not yet pulled out of the depression, and Whitehead, like Thomas Mann, admired Roosevelt as a Joseph the Provider, gifted with foresight.) Whitehead refused to admit that the brilliant successes of modern science required us to extend its method of objective nonteleological description to the whole of reality. To him, the simplest human experience precluded such extensions. What brought Alfred Whitehead to class in Emerson Hall was not just his muscles pulling on his old bones. Reality is not chopped into two fearfully unequal parts—one, a tiny fragment alive, acting with intent and purpose; the other, a blind run of mindless, aimless atoms, galaxies, universes. In a word, Whitehead was an antimaterialist. Yet he rejected Idealism too,

> And God-appointed Berkeley that proved all things a dream
> That this pragmatical, preposterous pig of a world, its farrow that so solid seem,
> Must vanish on the instant if the mind but change its theme.

So he was forced to construct his own world-scheme, a cosmos in which all things and events are interfused and take account of one another, however dimly; a world in which a dropped book shakes the stars, where the abiding enters into the passingness of things, physics mingles with aesthetics and mathematics with the Good. The result of this metaphysical construction has had a mixed reception from critics. Some have been reminded of a splendid Gothic cathedral, others of one of those preposterous vehicles, elaborately curlicued, drawn by Emett for *Punch*. All have agreed that Whitehead's system was original. Six years after the philosopher's death in 1948, Stephen Toulmin wrote: "In the history of recent British philosophy, Alfred North Whitehead stands quite alone. As a metaphysician, he had no direct ancestors, nor any effective descendants. Admired by curious amateurs, but ignored by most of his English colleagues, his great 'philosophy of organism' has already the air of a historical monument. . . . Set beside it, the most esteemed works of the present day look like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prefabricated houses, or, at best, like neatly turned out young factories."

At our last class, Whitehead read us some passages from *Process and Reality*. They were about God. Whitehead had very unfashionable notions about God. For one thing, he believed God existed. He also used the masculine pronoun without self-consciousness. Whitehead's God reminded me of Ford Madox Ford's Tietjens fable in the novel *No More Parades*. There Tietjens thought of the Almighty as a being remotely analogous to a great English landowner, a benevolent duke who never left his study and hence was invisible, but knew all about the estate down to the last deer on the farm and the last oak. Christ is "an almost too-benevolent land-steward, son of the Owner, knowing all about the estate down to the last child at the porter's lodge, apt to be got around by the more detrimental tenants; the Third Person of the Trinity, the spirit of the estate, the Game as it were, as distinct from the players of the game; the atmosphere of the estate, that of Winchester cathedral just after a Handel anthem has been played."

But Whitehead's God has two, not three, sides to his nature. As Principle of Concretion, God is the cosmological factor that elicits actuality from possibility, the agent responsible for *this* crimp in the nature of things rather than some other. In this, his antecedent nature, God is more conceptual than actual, a supreme metaphysical paradox. For although God is the Principle of Actuality, he is himself deficient in actuality. Conceived as the agent that elicits the actual out of the boundless realm of the possible, God is not quite a "real" being. In this respect, Whitehead's God is somewhat like Samuel Alexander's Deity which, as creative nisus, is responsible for the emergence of all of the various levels of being in the cosmos, yet is itself not yet actual. But Whitehead's God also has a consequent or derivative nature. This is God as he is here and now, related to and affected by the world he has brought into existence. To this aspect of God we may trace abidingness. Though immanent in time, God is in one sense apart from time. It is the God who dwells in the world and in whom the world dwells, "the image," Whitehead read us from his book, "under which this operative growth of God's nature is best conceived, is that of a tender care that nothing be lost. . . . He does not create the world, he saves it; or more accurately, he is the poet of the world, with tender patience leading it by his vision of truth, beauty, and goodness."

Whitehead's theology may not have influenced the best minds for whom that subject is still a living concern, and the same might be said for his philosophy in general. Whitehead left no clear tradition, few intellectual progeny; hard-nosed philosophers have never taken much interest in him. Yet he *was* a great man, as Perry said, and an unforgettable teacher. In some way, hard to define, Whitehead influenced us all for the good. No one was ever the worse for taking a course with him, and most were better. If he did not inspire us to follow in his footsteps, he gave us all the sense of a unique presence, intellectual and personal. Even non-Anglophiles know that there is a certain indefinable sweetness in English things. We find it in the gentle countryside of that land; the music of the madrigalists and Purcell; the poetry of Herbert, Wordsworth, Hopkins; the religion of Newman and the seventeenth-century divines. Whitehead had that sweetness, as well as strength. *Ex forte dulcedo.*

But at the end of that last class, there was something a little different. Whitehead, after he acknowledged the students' applause with a charming little nod and smile, remained seated at his desk looking out the window. His chauffeur, who came every day after class to call for him, waited tactfully in the rear of the room. I hung back, for I wanted him to autograph my copy of *Science and the Modern World*, the sort of thing he always cheerfully did for students. But when I approached him he was standing up, staring unsmiling over the heads of the last departing scholars. (The desk in the lecture room in Emerson Hall was on a raised platform.) I heaved up my book before him, open to the title page, and made my request. Without looking at me, he took his pen and very carefully inscribed "Alfred North Whitehead" over his printed name, gave the book back to me, and once more stared gloomily over my head into space, mouth grim, eyes unseeing. His eyes—they were blue—seemed to look from caverns, and the light had gone out of them. It was the Other Whitehead.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Faith to Will

WILLIAM BARRETT

Life is and has to be a moral struggle if we are not to collapse into the passivity of defeat; and this struggle in turn must reach out toward some religious aspirations or faith to sustain it. Such is William James's position, and he has consequently to be reckoned as a religious thinker. James's interest in religion is not an adventitious curiosity attached to his pragmatism; it is in fact central to his view of things, just as he believed the religious concern to be central to life itself. To attempt any critical judgment of him as a whole, we have to ask how well he has dealt with the phenomenon of religion.

There is a peculiar paradox about any expression of the religious attitude. It seeks to express a subject matter that is perennial, and yet the mode of its expression must always be borrowed from its time and place. And indeed the more powerful its expression, the more likely it is to borrow all the coloration of time and place. Lacking these, it speaks to us only vacuously. *The Varieties of Religious Experience* improves as a classic with each rereading. A classic, it has been said, is a book capable of being reborn with each generation. The rebirth is nonetheless vital if it also provokes rebellion. In the case of religious experience there is the further peculiarity that we are dealing with what cannot ultimately be put into language. Any expression of it will therefore be alive to the extent that it provokes us to attempt our own halting and ineffectual effort to restate the unstatable. The *Varieties* lives with us in this provocative and appealing way. At the same time, one must feel a guilty sense of ingratitude at taking up an adversary position toward the book, for our rebellion has been nourished by the source it would attack.

"Better to be hanged for a sheep than a lamb," runs the old adage. James has been belabored by secular-minded pragmatists for leaning too far in the direction of religion. To attempt to make religious belief in any way intellectually possible or even plausible is bound to incur the dissatisfaction of some philosophic minds. Why make the effort, then? James's period could believe in such persuasion because the audience as a whole stood within the atmosphere of religion. America at the turn of the century persisted in a state of innocence. Between that time and today the whole of what we know as modern culture has burst like a great tidal wave of negation. Its labor and its triumphs have been everywhere to strip us of our illusions one by one. We cannot speak as if we still stood within the warmth of a period when religious liberalism—that strange combination of the Enlightenment and moral idealism—seemed to offer the promise of the future. We have been through greater negations and require greater affirmations. Only if we are aware that we approach the subject of religion as desperate men can we hope to be at all convincing. And rest assured, whatever tiny lamb we try to appropriate for ourselves from the religious fold will inevitably seem like a gigantic, monstrous sheep to those who find religion unpalatable in any shape or form.

I

To begin with, we shall have to insist on a proposition that may seem startling and scandalous to some but is nevertheless borne out by all William James's writings. The proposition is this: among all the things that James

---

WILLIAM BARRETT is professor of philosophy at New York University. His books include *Irrational Man* and *Time of Need*. The above essay is adapted from *The Illusion of Technique*, to be published by Doubleday & Company. Copyright © 1978 by William Barrett.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

says about religion he never speaks from within faith. I do not mean by this the absence of any particular dogma or church to which he subscribes. I mean that he does not speak, nor does he profess to speak, from within the attitude of faith. To be sure, he is often the lay preacher exhorting us to the moral life and the possibility and efficacy of religious belief. But the lay preacher—or in this case the professor favorably disposed—is talking *about* religious faith and not struggling to communicate with us from *within* the faith.

Thus the difference between James and his archfoe, the agnostic W. K. Clifford, may not seem as great to us as to their contemporaries. Clifford is the intellectual puritan among agnostics: he insists that on no condition will he ever lend his assent to any belief for which the evidence is not absolutely compelling. It would, in fact, be a moral sin against one's reason to do so. James argues against him that this attitude is unduly rigid and indeed unreasonable, and that in the ordinary exigencies of life we are compelled to adopt more flexible and less absolute standards for believing. From the point of view of philosophy generally, and epistemology specifically, there is a great difference between Clifford and James; and today we would be inclined to think that James is surely right to speak against such narrow notions of certainty and belief. But from the point of view of the believer, the difference between the two may seem less striking than their similarity.

This assertion will, again, seem paradoxical, and we need to clarify it by a simple example. Two men stand outside a building. Let us call the building religious faith. The two men, James and Clifford, discuss the merits of the building and the possibility of their entering it. One, Clifford, says that on no condition will he ever enter the building; it would be morally wrong to do so, a sin against the probity of one's reason, when the evidence is not absolutely compelling. The other man, James, says, "I don't know; the building isn't so bad; it has its points; and under certain circumstances it might be perfectly all right to go inside." But notice this important point: both stand outside the building; neither speaks from within it.

James knew this of himself, and in this connection we cannot ponder often enough the remark in one of his letters: "Although religion is the great interest of my life, I am rather hopelessly nonevangelical, and take the whole thing too impersonally."

From the point of view of the believer, in fact, an attitude like Clifford's may in the long run be more likely to lead to conversion. The shock of events may swing him around from one extreme state of mind to its opposite. The philosopher favorably inclined to religion as a human *phenomenon* is more likely to dwell in this twilight zone all his life long. The danger for a philosopher trying to show that religious belief is not so implausible as might seem is that he will be led to dilute its content in the process. At the end of the *Varieties* James boils down all the multifarious and wayward tenets of religious belief to three crucial propositions:

1. The visible word is part of a more spiritual universe from which it draws its chief significance.
2. A union or harmonious relation with that higher universe is our true end.
3. Communion with the spirit thereof is a process wherein work is really done; spiritual energy flows in and produces effects in the phenomenal world.

Considering the vast scope of the *Varieties*, the immense amount of disparate materials that it covers, we have to agree that this digest is an admirable effort toward comprehensive summation of its subject. But, to speak pragmatically, does this summation work? Does it really give us religious help?

A story may help us here. The late Cardinal Cushing of Boston used to tell it, and it gained some of its appeal from the harsh yet amiable croak of that admirable churchman. A man is run over by an automobile, and lies in the street apparently dying. A priest detaches himself from the onlookers and, having ascertained that the man is a Catholic, proceeds to hear his last confession before it may be too late. "Do you believe in God the Father, in Jesus Christ the Son, and in the Holy Ghost?" At which the victim opens his eyes and exclaims, "Father, I'm dying, and you ask me riddles!"

The Trinity is Christianity's most exuberant adventure in the incomprehensible. God by himself is an unfathomable and abysmal mystery to the human understanding. To complicate this mystery by adorning it with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the intricate figures of the three persons-in-one was a baroque feat of the Western imagination. To propose this enigma within an enigma to a dying man only serves to illustrate the chasm that can come between the concreteness of life and the abstractness of belief. To dilute the mystery might seem to offer us something more credible and less taxing on our powers of assent. But would it really help if we were to substitute the apparently more plausible three articles of belief that James gives us?

We ask the dying man: Do you believe that the visible world is part of a more spiritual universe? Et cetera. I can imagine the man opening his eyes and exclaiming, "William James, I'm dying and you ask me riddles!"

I am not here setting up dogmatic theology against liberal religion. Matters of theology can be of great significance if they make some live connection with our will. But I doubt if this generation is ready for such questions; it hardly has enough faith to seek to articulate it in dogma; we have to reenter religion, if we do at all, by the basement door. What I have against the liberal attempt to make religion more plausible is that it tends to make the question of beliefs the central religious phenomenon. We ask whether the hypotheses religion offers—and notice that the word "hypotheses" is already a speculative and detached word—are at all likely or plausible, and to what degree. We get caught up in questions of the cognitive status of beliefs, and pretty soon we are on the slippery turf of epistemology. We become the captives of our ideas and in turn surrender the living fact of religion to them. As a professor of philosophy, James had to carry on his trade in the philosophical language, and amid the philosophical currents, of his day. But as a pragmatist he should have held fast to the fact that doing is more basic than belief, and that in the domain of religion the doing that is fundamental is the act of prayer. That, after all, is what is involved in our discovery of freedom as a cry for help, an invocation, a prayer. And praying may take place without articulate beliefs, or in deliberately shunning the questions of beliefs.

II

Abêtissez-vous, Pascal said, addressing himself to the exigencies of the doubter. "Stupefy yourself; take holy water." That sounds ominous and crude to us, as it did to James. To bring in the whole ecclesiastical machinery to abet one's devotions, as if grace were piped from one part of the apparatus to another, offends James's deeply Protestant sympathies. But Pascal, who had one of the most subtle minds in history, is not likely to be crude on any matter so central to his religious thinking. If his language is blunt and sounds cynical here, that is part of his deliberate intention to shock us and make us reflect. Beneath the hard-boiled rhetoric, there is a very profound point about the relation of doing and believing and the primacy of one to the other.

Holy water, no doubt, may look too much like an institutionally prepackaged item; and besides, it may not be always at hand. Consider instead a simple gesture like crossing oneself, which is always available. Forgive me if I seem to bring in what might look like a bit of sectarian ritual here. I would like, in the present discussion at any rate, to avoid sectarianisms of any kind. The gesture does not come back to me now from my remembrances of church but of the more truant days of boyhood and particularly of those companions of my adventures in whom the gesture would spring out at the last moment before they dove into the waters of the East River from one of the higher piers. They were older, bigger, and more criminally audacious than I, and some of them might have gone on into the Mafia. I doubt whether their gesture was preceded or followed by any reflection on the status of the belief that may or may not have accompanied it. It was simply called forth, like a reflex, at the moment of extremity. It comes back to me now so strongly at an older age because I have come to look on any moment as possibly one of extremity. Who knows when we may not have to make that dive into the waters below? We have need, then, of this or any similar gesture you might prefer. The advantage of the gesture is that it can be wordless. We are not trapped within the labyrinth of words and all the inherited ideas that fester there. We need not abuse ourselves in the doubts of epistemology. The gesture is pure invocation, pure prayer. And is not belief itself—in this religious sphere—a form of doing? The performance of a prayer?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I believe X." This is the propositional form that holds the center of attention for the philosopher, and that he therefore tends to push forward as the very center of the religious phenomenon. He cannot help doing so, for his professional concern is with the status of beliefs. X will consist of some statement or statements about the evidence for which he proceeds to inquire. In James's case, the X is made up of the three statements previously cited. The evidence for them is inconclusive; on the other hand, there is no conclusive evidence against them that would make it rationally impossible for us to believe them. As in the case of free will, we have the freedom to believe, if we so choose. In the then current parlance, these are called overbeliefs—a term, by the way, that should have immediately suggested to James that we are not dealing here with beliefs in the ordinary sense at all.

Indeed, this notion of "overbeliefs" immediately suggests the kind of image under which James is thinking. We are to imagine our beliefs situated along a spectrum, ranging from those nearer and more evident to those more remote and problematic. For things near at hand the evidence is close to me and within my grasp. Farther along, I believe in such things as, "The sun is ninety-three million miles away." Here the evidence does not lie close to hand, although I know the ways in which it is gathered, and have confidence in the body of scientists who have asserted this belief. Farther out, however, science itself may be unsure what may be happening at the edge of the galaxies. Some steps farther, or maybe only one step, and we get to something like the belief in God. We have stepped over the edge and are in the invisible part of the spectrum. We have arrived at "overbeliefs."

Or to vary the image slightly: We stretch the elastic of belief farther and farther; it gets thinner and thinner, the beliefs more tenuous; and finally the elastic snaps. We have then arrived at "overbeliefs," like the belief in God. But if the elastic has snapped, in what sense are we really dealing with beliefs at all? These images break down as soon as we remember that the matter of religion is not the most distant but the nearest to us.

What I am trying to call attention to here is not only our uncertainty about the X in the formula "I believe X," but that we are also uncertain about the first two words, "I believe." The Catholic existentialist Gabriel Marcel has remarked somewhere, "*Je ne sais pas ce que je crois*" (I do not know what I believe); and I would like to push his words a little farther and more literally than he seems to do. Not only do I not know what I believe, but also I cannot know for sure *that* I believe. How can I define precisely what my attitude is toward something it cannot conceivably grasp? Can I be said to be in the relation of "belief," in any usual sense of that term, toward something that I cheerfully and readily acknowledge to be absolutely incomprehensible to me?

The whole of the religious tradition confirms the uncertainty of this "I believe." And quite apart from any questions of theological doctrine, the psychological perceptiveness of this tradition, with its long experience of human self-deception, ought to be convincing to us. No man, we are told, can be sure that he is in the faith, and we can say of no man with certainty that he has or does not have faith. The Gospels nailed this point down once and for all in the cry of the doubter: "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." For the literal-minded rationalist, this statement is a logical contradiction: if the man believes, as he himself says, then how can he have unbelief? But the Gospel pins down here, with canonical accuracy, the essentially dialectical nature of faith. Not only does it always carry its opposite uncertainty within itself, but also this faith is never a static condition that is *had*, but a movement toward. . . . And toward what? In the nature of the case we cannot state this "what." We cannot make a flat assertion about our faith like a simple assertion that we have blue eyes or are six feet tall. More than this, the affirmation of our faith can never be made in the simple indicative mood at all. The statement "I believe" can only be uttered as a prayer. In the beginning was the prayer.

But in throwing so much emphasis upon *practice*, by outpragmatizing the pragmatism of James, do we not fall into that ritual Machiavellianism of which he accused Pascal? You perform the ritual gesture, someone asks me, but do you believe in it? Here the demon of sincerity raises its head. The whole of French literature from Montaigne to Proust

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be testimony enough against the claims of this demon. In that system within system, that unsortable mélange of what is mine and not mine that I call "I," how can I be sure what real motives lurk at bottom? If you torture yourself with the claims of this demon, it will eat away at you like a cancer, and in the end only make you . . . more insincere. The people who insist most loudly on their sincerity are always the most insincere. Do you doubt, then, the ritual gesture you have performed? What recourse have you but to perform the gesture again? I cross myself. You ask me if I believe in what I've done. I can only cross myself again, and again. . . . I establish my conviction in the only way I can—by multiplying the occasions of life in which I put it into practice. In the end you will come to believe in this gesture more than in any of your ideas.

In any case, the ritual will provide you with a discipline, a regimen, so that your life will no longer seem meaningless. Life has meaning to us only to the degree that we expend ourselves in some such *askesis*. "But," someone will object, "this religious figure you construct—this individual unsure of the objects of his belief, unsure of belief itself—is surely a needy and threadbare case." I agree. But it is precisely that point in myself and in others—that point where the popular language in its unconscious wisdom describes us as having "nothing but a prayer"—that I seek out as the fulcrum or turning point. We might indicate the religious task of our time in the following way: how to let prayer reenter the world of Samuel Beckett (which is where modernity leads us finally).

In an early and rare public appearance, before he had written the work that has made him famous, Beckett described the situation of a certain kind of artist, the artist who interested him: "Having nothing to express, nothing with which to express, together with the need to express." We might transpose these words to the situation of faith as follows: "Having nothing to which to pray, nothing with which to pray, together with the unquenchable need to pray." And in the mood of Beckett one would imagine a bit of dialogue between two men, A and B. A asks B, "Do you believe?" and B responds in a bellow of annoyance, "Stop bothering me with these questions about belief. Can't you see I'm busy praying?"

And this need is no pallid matter of genteel piety; it has the ferocity of a hunger. Even if my life is the monotonous playing out of the end game in which checkmate is already certain, the more I realize that my position is lost, and the more impossible it becomes at each step, the more this voice cries out in me. I am obliged to pray. I shall never be silent. Never.

"Even if God did not exist," Dostoevsky said, "Jesus would still be divine." One may add beside Jesus the other great religious figures. If materialism were true, and all religious hopes absurd, these human figures would be the only ones that give meaning and resonance to the long, tortuous record of human history. Even if there were no ear for them but the void, our prayers would be the only things that sanctify our existence. He who has reached this point is long past putting the question of the credibility of beliefs at the center of religion.

Having acknowledged the poverty of our condition, we may cease at last to strike poses—particularly the pose of superior courage affected by the nonbeliever. The young Camus, still in his absurdist phase, declared his resolution "to live with what I know, and only with what I know." The words come nobly from his lips. Camus had the grace, rare among moderns, of moving with a simple nobility as if he had stepped out of some older Mediterranean civilization. Yet there is something of an aesthetic stance about this attitude. He will live lucidly and self-reliantly; he will be the dupe neither of any ideology nor of any person. The noble Roman folds his toga imperturbably about him. But if one examines his words, they do not hold up. To live only with what you know! If you were to try this, you would collapse on the instant. At every moment of every day of our lives, we are involved in a continuous and living transaction with the unknown. This being the case, what then shall be my strategy? It is this: to multiply my points of contact with this unknown wherever I can let it work to my advantage; to deny myself none of the privileges that its unbounded resources might offer. We need all the help we can get, and I propose to forgo none of it for the sake of striking some statuesque but self-castrating

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pose that will only serve to foster the illusion of my superior courage.

It is surprising, in view of the wide scope of the *Varieties*, that James does not deal with the subject of Orthodox Judaism. All the more surprising on the part of a pragmatist, since here we have one of mankind's most successful religions. The gods of Greece and Rome lorded it over this tiny and stubborn nation. Those gods, once beautiful and glittering presences, have vanished completely among the dead antiquities of mankind. Judaism survives. If pragmatism means anything, it is surely an attempt to call our attention to the element of *practice* that constitutes our experience far more than we commonly realize. And here is a religion whose maximum emphasis is put upon faithful, stubborn, unwavering *practice*. What would the world be like without that perseverance? I sometimes tease my Jewish friends that if Orthodox Judaism were to disappear, Jews all over the world would collapse. And the rest of us? Can we even begin to guess how much we too would be shaken?

III

The famous phrase "The Will to Believe," if we scrutinize it by itself, has some misleading implications. It smacks a little too much of a muscular YMCA kind of Christianity. James is exhorting us to make an effort, which is normally admirable counsel; but in this case the goal of the effort is not something we can arrive at by sheer force of will. To surrender oneself in the ritual gesture is not a deliberate means toward some end external to the doing: toward "belief," for example, as some special state of mind which would crown our effort with success. If you stop the gesture at any point to ask yourself whether it is promoting something called "belief," you have killed it at once. To surrender yourself in the ritual act is a gesture of your humility and ignorance, helplessness and hopefulness, of which the epistemological intellect is quite incapable. James somehow conjures up the image of muscular strain and tension to produce out of oneself something that is not there to begin with. One thinks, ridiculously, of an infant straining and straining and finally whining, "Mommy, I can't *do* anything." In those moments when we are at the end of our tether we may not be able to summon up a will for anything—much less so difficult and intangible a matter as belief, with all its self-analyzing and self-accusing byways.

The phrase, in short, suggests the following crude image: We stand on one side of an abyss that has to be crossed, and on the other side is belief and everything positive that follows from it. On one side, belief; on the other side, our will, naked of all belief. We are to tense all our muscles and leap. But where is the will to fetch its strength for that leap? Is a will naked of belief capable of willing at all?

The difficulty may be seen better if we substitute "faith" for "believe" in James's famous phrase. It then becomes "the will to faith." The will to faith, indeed! Can we reasonably ask anyone to produce a faith as if we were dealing with an object that could be commandeered at will? Pascal is right: we can reasonably ask people only to perform acts that lie clearly and openly within the public domain. In the visitation of faith we are more the recipient of a gift than the performer of a deed.

James, of course, knew this as well as any man. A great part of the *Varieties* deals with the kinds of religious experience in which the individual is, as it were, passive; those occasions when the will is not the agent who commandeers, but the vessel that is mysteriously flooded by energies and powers that the subject did not know were there at all. James has dealt with all these varied phenomena of conversion as copiously and sensitively as any writer on the subject. Yet this part of his thinking stands opposed to the dominant idea and tone of *The Will to Believe*. Or at least he has not put these two parts of his thought together. Can we attempt now to do it for him?

To begin with, we cannot split the situation of willing and believing apart, as if there were two distinct things—the will on one side, and belief on the other. The will by itself, naked of faith, is no will at all. We should speak then more correctly not of "the will to believe" but of "the faith to will," for it is a faith that enables us to will anything at all. Not, again, as if this faith stood opposite to the will and then passed into it. Faith is not the affirmation of a proposition independent of the will; it is the act of will in its prayer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV

The essay "Is Life Worth Living?" was delivered by James as an address to the Young Men's Christian Association at Harvard in 1895. It will be illuminating to dwell on this occasion itself—the time, place, and audience—in order to gauge the force of the question itself. Many anthologies of James's writings do not include this essay, perhaps because it seems too "popular" in tone. Yet it is one of his more eloquent performances, and deals with a problem that is not only central to his own thought but also to philosophy itself. And its popular tone, which is quite typical with James, is in fact a theoretical advantage, for he seems to be so close to his audience that he shares with them both the question as they face it and the expectations of the kind of answer they want.

The intent of a question, Wittgenstein observed, is formed by our expectation of the kind of answer that would satisfy us. We have no particular information about that audience, but we may easily imagine them within the costumes and climate of their period. Certainly the YMCA at Harvard in 1895 belonged to a different world from what we know today. This audience would have been troubled, perhaps, by the doubts of the nineteenth century; but however much they might have shared in the "free thinking" of the time, they probably still persisted within the moral earnestness of their Christianity. They knew nothing—James himself knew nothing—of Kierkegaard and his devastating question, "Who, then, is really Christian?" They thought of theirs as a Christian age still, as well as a period of unexampled progress and the harbinger of an even more progressive time to come that would still preserve the benefits of religion, though in more enlightened and purified form. We, looking back, see them rather in the midst of something that was coming to an end and would leave us, who have had more of that progress than they ever imagined, now pacing the somber corridors of our more secular and violent time.

This audience, then, did not go to James's lecture without their having some sense what their answer to its question would be. They did not expect that the lecturer would come forward with facts or reasons that would change their minds from No to Yes. But if they came to be confirmed in what they already believed, that did not make the work of the lecturer pointless. However affirmative we may feel about life, we can always do with a little bucking up. A cynic like Schopenhauer might claim that this need of ours is only another sign that our affirmation itself is hypocritical. In fact, though, it is part of the conditions that the peculiar logic of this question imposes.

And James does not disappoint their expectations. He sounds a ringing paean to the value of life as a moral struggle; to the excitement and stir of doing battle in a good cause, the thrill at partial victories, and the courage to stand defeat in the confident faith that others, after us, will rally around the fallen standards. And he concludes, as he usually does, by suggesting that all this striving of ours, reaching out as it does toward the religious, may in the end, who knows, find its consummation there.

Suppose, however, there had been a real doubter in James's audience. We do not mean some worried soul who may question this or that particular proposition in ethics or religion while he still remains securely within the framework of both. The doubter we have in mind stands so completely within his doubt that he moves perpetually on the brink of suicide, on the razor's edge between death and life. We would be more accurate to call him the nihilist, since doubt implies a merely intellectual attitude toward certain propositions; and this nihilist, on the contrary, lives within his own negative conviction. At any moment he could pull the trigger; he knows that in the long run it will be a matter indifferent to the world. If he does not do so, it is only out of some lassitude or inertia, or perhaps some lingering curiosity to turn the matter over once more in his mind. Since he pursues above all a lucidity of mind, he knows that what really holds him to life is the same blind instinct that keeps the rat struggling in its trap; and that this is what really keeps the rest of the human race alive, however they may disguise it. The difference between him and the rat is that he *knows* what keeps him alive, and knows too that it cannot be intellectually justified.

Confronted with this kind of doubter, can we ever present him with convincing reasons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

why he should live? As soon as we place it in this context, the original question whether life is worth living takes on a quite different complexion. We are led beyond the framework of discourse where rational arguments are expected to prevail.

At this point the naturalistic philosopher, a very different kind of nonbeliever, is likely to be impatient, and we can imagine him breaking in: "What is all this nonsense that the meaning of life can't be stated? Suppose you are in good health, that the work you are engaged in is interesting and rewarding, and that your personal relationships are both happy and fulfilling. Don't all these things make life meaningful and worth living? What more can you possibly want in the way of reasons?"

Such is the naturalistic temperament that came by and large to prevail among American pragmatists after James. And if these newer pragmatists still honor his name, it is rather as an old and odd grandfather whose brilliance may be admitted but whose eccentricities in certain directions have to be condoned. The naturalist has never had any doubts on the subject of religion; he has rejected it as an illusion that his own energetic and happy constitution has never felt the need of. As for a reason for living, a rational utilitarianism is sufficient to justify life as a successful balance of pleasures over pains. The position of the naturalist is clear-cut; so too is that of the nihilist. But when we try to situate James in relation to both we see how richly ambiguous his position really is.

The arguments that seem so convincing to the naturalist do not work with the nihilist. He has been through it all; he has seen through those reasons. Indeed mankind itself, which has lived through it all, has seen through them. The great religions—Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity—simply record the experience of the race in finding the human condition unsatisfactory and empty. The nihilist accepts their verdict, but he does not, or cannot, take the step into religious faith or religious discipline.

The naturalist may say impatiently that the nihilist is sick and that if he would only hang on, recovery would set in and he would come to find life, in all the variety of its interests, to be worth living after all. The nihilist can only smile; if we wish to call what he is suffering from a sickness, then we are playing the game of labels, and what we name sickness is nothing more than the fact that he does not agree with us and does not find life worthwhile. We might just as well label the naturalist's attitude as the sickness of insensitivity, or of lack of imagination, or of self-deception about the quality of his own achievements and pleasures. And as for the nihilist's "recovery" from his sickness, by that we mean simply that he would have changed his mind and come to agree with us that life is worth living.

It is odd that James himself, who elsewhere warns us copiously against it, should have fallen at one point into this game of labels—odder still that he should have done so in discussing the towering figure of Tolstoy. Of course, common opinion would like to shelter itself from the nihilistic question by seeing it merely as a symptom of weakness or pathology. We are alleged to raise the question at all only because we are frustrated, or in the midst of personal disintegration, or out of disappointment at not being successful. In fact, however, it requires strength, courage, and clearheadedness to push the nihilistic question to its conclusion; and Tolstoy is the great case in point. In the full vigor of health, with all his powers of mind and incomparable gifts as a writer, and both rich and famous to boot, Tolstoy nevertheless felt assailed by the sense that life was empty and meaningless; and he flung himself at the nihilistic question with his characteristic passion. And how does James react to this? Tolstoy's, he says, is a case of "the anhedonia" of middle age. Which is exactly like saying that opium puts you to sleep because of "its dormitive power," the kind of conversion of a label into an explanation at which James guffawed in other contexts. Why does he fall prey here to the psychologist's fallacy and seek to pin the pathological label upon what is the inevitable and most normal self-questioning the human mind can address to itself? The fact is that he does not grasp the nihilistic position as such; he sees it only under the trappings of "the sick soul." It is this failure that really compromises James's whole treatment of religion. Between the religious man and the nihilist there is a kinship, which separates them both from the naturalist. After all, if the nihilist did not grasp the truth about life, what need would there be for religion? James wavers at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times, but on the whole he treats the natural life as sufficient, and religion an added bonus, whose democratic *right* to exist—but no more than that—he passionately defends.

There is no exit from this circle in which dialogue between the nihilist and his opponents seems to, but does not really, take place. And that circle lies in the logic of the question itself. Every question draws a line across the world, dividing it between the answers Yes and No. With most questions one can move intellectually back and forth across the line, gathering reasons Yes or No, trying to strike a balance until coming to rest on one side or the other. But the question "Is life worth living?"—at least when seriously asked—is different. You answer it as already standing on one side of the line or the other, and you can only find reasons for those who stand there with you. It is idle to tot up the good things in life as sufficient to persuade those across the line, so long as they believe that the total you arrive at is still without meaning. We meet here another application of Kant's principle that the part presupposes the whole: like attempting to constitute time as a series of moments when the notion of a moment already presupposes time. To the nihilist, the attempt to establish the value of life by adding up its valuable increments is like counting the paper stock of a company that is already bankrupt. If anyone crosses that line dividing No from Yes, it will be for other "reasons" than the rational arguments a naturalist can adduce.

Dialogue fails here between the two sides because the motive to live—the motive behind all motives—is in the domain of the incommunicable. There at the center of the will—where the decision to live or not to live takes place—we are below the level of articulate reasons and rational persuasion.

The region where language fails and silence takes over, Wittgenstein called "the mystical." But the mystical phenomenon we encounter now is not at the limits of the world—not in the encompassing mystery that a universe exists at all—but at the very center of ourselves. Are the two unrelated?

V

It is something of a shock to learn that James did not find mysticism or mystical experience at all congenial. With his flair, his psychological sensitivity, his capacity to project himself into the inner feeling of others, one might have expected him to revel in the mystical material. But his disclaimer here, blunt and unambiguous, shows us very clearly the limit of his own religious capacities:

> Whether my treatment of mystical states will shed more light or darkness, I do not know, for my own constitution shuts me out from their enjoyment almost entirely, and I can speak of them only at second hand.

He makes no such statement, we notice, in his discussions of the sick soul or of the divided self, for of these he had experience at first hand. Moreover, he could approach these matters with his professional expertise as a psychologist. He had studied briefly at the first clinics in psychiatry on the Continent (which also produced Freud), and James never ceased to feel a lively interest in that particular branch of psychology. But with mysticism he does not have the sense either of personal or professional expertise, and he cannot quite find the handle with which to grasp it. One feels that he would have liked to annex it, if he possibly could, to the domain of abnormal psychology.

Yet though he stands outside of it, he does not dogmatize against mysticism. The mystic has a right to be heard even though we are not compelled to believe him. James sums up his position in two admirable propositions:

> 1. Mystical states, or the revelations therefrom, have no binding authority on those who stand outside them.
>
> 2. On the other hand, the rationalist cannot dismiss the existence of these states out of hand. They break down the dogmatism of the rationalistic consciousness that would assert its own exclusive validity as the only legitimate form of consciousness.

Once again, James would leave us with that intellectually open situation that he favored in the questions of free will and God. Lacking decisive proof for or against, we are free to believe if we so choose. The mystic might point out against James—who is so hung up on this matter of "beliefs"—that he is not offering us any definite belief like that in free will, but simply urging on us that we develop the sense of our union with all that is. But

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even if we should agree with James that the general logic of their credibility is the same, there is a marked difference in the importance he accords to mysticism as compared with the questions of free will and God. The latter two become for him existentially central; we need to call upon them as we struggle on the moral battlefields of life. But as for mysticism, he is willing to leave that a quite peripheral matter indeed.

Yet on practical grounds alone, it would seem unwise to leave mysticism so marginal a matter. James had argued that if you remain in theoretical suspension forever on the question of free will, you have in effect decided against it, for you lose the resources in action that a positive belief in our freedom brings with it. An analogous argument could be offered in behalf of the mystical attitude. To be sure, this attitude does not come to a head in the singular and urgent action—the leap from precipice to precipice, in James's illustration—where our belief in our freedom actually furthers our strength to make the leap. But if we consider our life over a longer span, and particularly our life in its most banal and humdrum aspects, then mysticism claims to open channels of awareness and energy that would not otherwise be available to us. To suspend your judgment here is in effect to answer No, and thereby to deny yourself one further possible resource in this painful pilgrimage "from darkness to darkness that is our life."

James's treatment of the mystic really proceeds from a misunderstanding—a misunderstanding, however, not peculiar to him, but one that prevails throughout our whole culture. We think of the mystic as one who has entry to some special sphere of reality, and brings us back bulletins of information from there. We ordinary mortals do not have access to that special world, but out of democratic tolerance we cannot reject the mystic's reports of it out of hand; he may be telling the truth, for all we know. Still, since these reports come from such a different world, they do not affect our life here, and we can go about our concerns as if mystic and mysticism never existed. But of course, existentially speaking, this is a rejection of mysticism quite as thoroughgoing as any by the most dogmatic rationalist or positivist.

No doubt this widespread misunderstanding may be due in good part to the mystics themselves. They speak to us out of their time and place, and from a great variety of creeds—there have been Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist, Jewish, Christian, and Muslim mystics; and since they must clutch at any mode of expression available, they make use of the particular theological or religious structure at their disposal. Yet there is always the insistence on the provisional and makeshift nature of this apparatus—whence the mystic, however pious, is so often suspect by ecclesiastical authorities. Some mystics too have seen visions, in the sense of extraordinary images or prophetic fantasies that are not given to normal people. But this visionary gift has to be separated very clearly from the issue of mysticism, which can remain quite free from any auxiliary visions. Indeed, we have to remember here the common emphasis upon "the detachment from images" as part of the mystic discipline. And throughout history there have been various "mystical" sects that have pursued these special states of consciousness by means of drugs, hallucinogens, or some particular techniques to induce trancelike states of being. Against this mania for pursuing the various distortions of consciousness, we might remember the majestic words of one great mystic, the sage Hui-neng, who became the great patriarch of Zen Buddhism: "The *Tao* [the truth] is your ordinary mind." The most ordinary thing in experience—a grain of sand or a blade of grass—will do for the mystic.

All of this motley external history has filtered down into our current confusions on the matter. What, then, is the common misunderstanding of mysticism? The word is possibly one of the vaguest and most abused in the language. The mystical is whatever is mysterious or occult; paranormal phenomena and extrasensory perception; mediums and séances; ghosts and the survival of consciousness after death; trances and demoniacal perception—in short, a kind of grab bag of all the items of speculation and superstition that lie outside the boundaries of the normal and that, lately, seem to have become popular with the movies. It would be unfair to saddle James with this vast, buzzing confusion, but it is also true that he has not sufficiently detached the meaning of mysticism from this popular amalgam. The empirical bent of his temperament, indeed, led him in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this popular direction. If any phenomenon interested him, it was as a channel to some possibly new *information* on reality. Ever the empiricist avid for new facts, he was passionately interested in the investigation of occult psychological phenomena, and actively championed the Society for Psychical Research against any dogmatism that would foreclose on these issues beforehand. But this researcher's mentality is precisely what is likely to miss the whole point about mysticism. *The mystic is not a purveyor of new information at all.* Why should he seek to multiply the items of the Many for a people who have lost sight of the One? He does not bring forward any new beliefs about particular occult matters of fact. He is simply a witness to Being, and its mystery, within which he seeks continuously to stand.

That, however, is the last thing the world at large is ready to be interested in. We can be interested in all kinds of spooky phenomena because they may gratify our curiosity for facts. Men get lost in beings, as Heidegger observes, and turn their backs on Being. We will poke into any hole and corner of particular mysteries for which the psychic researcher may set up some apparatus of testing, but we ignore that open and compelling mystery which envelops every son and daughter of humankind. But that is the mystery that engages the mystic, and once we ourselves turn our eyes there, we cannot be satisfied with James's conclusions. The message of the mystic is binding upon us as a call to open ourselves to that mystery.

There may be no more important task for our culture than to rediscover the sense of the mystics. For some time now we have been told that man has become cut off from nature; and sometimes this is put in more imposing terms, that he suffers from the loss of "cosmic consciousness." These descriptions are none the less true for being banal by this time. But the way out, or the way back, may require from us a kind of discipline and patience that we had not suspected. If you sit down and brood on large abstractions like "cosmic consciousness," you are not likely to remedy your situation. Better to turn your attention to things nearer at hand. In that simple and unself-conscious relation you have established with your dog or cat, you have already affirmed a bond with the great unconscious life of nature. You have already taken a step beyond the prison of a narrow and excessive humanism. Boxed in a city apartment, you may begin to discover a curious kinship growing between you and the plant that you water daily. You and it, after all, are partners in the same pilgrimage; you share the one life together on this earth. Dwell in that bond and let your thinking start there.

The bond that attaches us to the life outside ourselves is the same bond that holds us to our own life. James's question "Is life worth living?" can only be answered from this center. In the end, it is through instinct that we cling to life; left to corrosive reason alone, we would not be able to get through the day. Were some universal disease to afflict the hypothalamus and limbic systems in the brain, which regulate our emotions, mankind as a whole might go the way of suicide—whatever elegantly abstract reasons for living philosophy had concocted. Let us grant biological materialism its clear possession of half the truth. In the meantime, while these systems are normal and at work for us, let us lavish our loves wisely. The mystic reclaims and redeems this instinctual source of life for us. We live from the same instinct that keeps the rat struggling in his trap. But who is to say that the struggle of the rat is not holy? Mysticism is instinct lifted to the level of faith and love. The mystic represents that point in evolution where consciousness, a perilous offshoot of the whole process, rejoins and affirms the great flood of life that has produced it.

For purely practical reasons, then, the mystical appears as one of the most valuable of all religious phenomena; and we are all the more surprised that James, the pragmatist, could not come closer to its spirit.

VI

Why should James's temperament, as he himself confesses, have shut him out from any kind of mysticism? One is tempted to say that he has therefore missed the center of religion itself. At one point, for example, he states quite flatly: "Faith-state and mystic-state are practically convertible terms." If this be so—if the assent to life in faith and the assent in mysticism are one and the same—then indeed James does stand outside of the whole religious life that he so copiously and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sensitively describes. To fall back on our earlier image: he talks about the building from the outside.

On deeper consideration of the man himself we should not be surprised that the mystic would be someone alien to him. James is first and last the strenuous moralist. The meaning of life lies in its moral struggle. The whole of his background—the New England inheritance and the activist urge in American life at the time—conspires to reinforce this emphasis upon doing over Being. To tell the truth, James as a philosopher does not have a very strong sense of Being at all.

Of course, he does admonish us in one place of the necessity of taking what he calls "moral holidays." On these occasions we are urged to let the cares of the world go hang while we abandon ourselves to the voluptuousness of Being. We are to lose ourselves in the joy of nature or in the mass of mankind in the manner of Walt Whitman. We need such respites from the tension of the will in its perpetual seriousness and striving.

Yet this recognition, even in the way it is put, is too scanty a concession to Being over doing. We are to take a "holiday"—that is, a period of departure from what is the urgent and serious business of our lives—to which we shall then return with our energies renewed for the real tasks that give our life meaning. Being is at most an occasional interlude in the doing that really makes the drama of our lives.

James himself was too driven and self-driving a person to let himself ever rest. Even up to the end of his life he was obsessed with the problem of "the energies of men"—the thoroughly American problem of how to get the most out of yourself. His ultimate and simple justification of religion is by the pragmatic principle, "By their fruits ye shall know them," but the fruits he is most likely to acknowledge are those of action and doing. Mysticism may be remote from his temperament, but he can admire nevertheless those mystics who, in their practical lives, were prodigies of energy. Pragmatism must always emphasize the future tense, and in human affairs generally this attitude is a healthy one; but in the case of religion James overdoes this emphasis. Consider, he tells us, all the facts that make up the past of the world; the "religious hypothesis"—and notice again the word "hypothesis," as if we were dealing with the language game of explanatory theories—could be true or false, and it would make no difference to those facts. It does, however, have a bearing upon future facts, since it sustains and drives our will to act, and our consequent behavior changes our world. But to hold that religious faith pays off only in the future is surely a cruel judgment on all those generations of the dead, whose future—in this world, at any rate—has already been closed, but whose religion must have made a difference somewhere in their actual life. The confusion here is to assimilate religion to the condition of an explanatory hypothesis. The verification of a hypothesis always looks to the future, but religion somewhere along the line must give redemption in the present—not the feeling of some endlessly progressive future, onward and upward, but the sense of eternity in the moment.

If, among modern philosophers, the reading of Heidegger makes us long for a compensating voice like James's, it is also true that the latter makes us return to the thought of Heidegger. Perhaps this is as it should be: the truth of human life must perpetually lie in the tension between Being and doing. We can never resolve the question exclusively in favor of one or the other side. All our doing must take place within the context of Being, with its mystery present and alive to us. Otherwise we are simply scurrying around aimlessly in the mazes of our own contrivance. On the other hand, to seek absorption in Being, as an escape from the tasks of ordinary life, can only lead to quiescence and boring repetition. Man is the creature who must live in perpetual tension between these opposites. He *is* their tension and their co-presence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bentham Versus Blackstone

GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

A COMMENT ON THE COMMENTARIES AND A FRAGMENT ON GOVERNMENT. *By Jeremy Bentham, edited by J. H. Burns and H. L. A. Hart. Athlone Press, London. Distributed by Humanities Press, Inc. $67.50.*

Jeremy Bentham's first published work, *A Fragment on Government*, appeared in 1776, a date more memorable on other counts. Even as a literary event it was eclipsed by such other notable works as *The Wealth of Nations* and *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Yet there is a peculiar appropriateness in Bentham's inaugural appearance at that time—and a peculiar timeliness, too, in the republication of the *Fragment* in the new and splendid edition of his Collected Works. For the book raises questions about modern liberalism and the American polity that are as urgent now as they were two centuries ago.

Bentham himself was properly impressed by the importance of the *Fragment*. His own copy bore the handwritten note: "This was the very first publication by which men at large were invited to break loose from the trammels of authority and ancestor-worship on the field of law." When the book was reissued in 1838, an admiring editor printed that comment as part of Bentham's *Works*. It is an eminently quotable statement, and few of his biographers and commentators have been able to resist quoting it—or, more important, to resist accepting it at face value.

"The trammels of authority and ancestor-worship" refers, of course, to William Blackstone, whose *Commentaries on the Laws of England* had quickly established itself as the authoritative exposition of English law. Bentham himself, as a young student of the law, had attended Blackstone's lectures at Oxford in the 1760s. More than half a century later, he recalled that even as a sixteen-year-old he had listened to those lectures with "rebel ears," although he had not yet had the audacity to think of "publishing my rebellion." When he did get around to publishing it, at the ripe age of twenty-eight, it created—again, as he later remembered it—a "sensation." He published it anonymously, not out of any lack of "audacity," but because he thought that secrecy would stimulate curiosity. And so it turned out. The book was attributed to various authors—all of them, he was pleased to report, "of the very first class"; they included Lord Mansfield (chief justice of the King's Bench), Lord Camden (formerly lord chancellor), and John Dunning (formerly solicitor-general and better known by his later title, Lord Ashburton). The sensation was dissipated when the true authorship was revealed by a doting parent.

Such was Bentham's account, written in 1822 and first published as a "Historical Preface" to the 1838 edition of the *Fragment*. About fifty pages in length (half as long as the *Fragment* itself), rambling, anecdotal, often abusive, at times almost incoherent, it would surely have been dismissed had it come from any less a personage than Bentham, as the meanderings of a man in his dotage. At the very least it might have been expected to provoke the kind of research that would have

GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB is professor of history at the Graduate School of the City University of New York. She is the author of several books, including *On Liberty and Liberalism: The Case of John Stuart Mill.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tested Bentham's assertions. It should not be difficult to find out whether the book did in fact produce a "sensation," whether Mansfield was "delighted" with it while others greeted it with "alarm and displeasure," or whether there is any independent evidence of the attributions of authorship. Instead, almost all of Bentham's biographers have echoed his assertions without even making it clear that they were his.

The present editors are more cautious than most. Annotating the preface, they have thought to check Bentham's later recollections against the evidence of his own letters written at the time, a bit of research that uncovers a fair number of discrepancies. But they have not gone beyond Bentham to the newspapers and journals of the time or to the memoirs and letters of his contemporaries. Or perhaps they have done so and, finding no independent confirmation of his assertions, have fallen back on Bentham's own claims. But the lack of corroborating evidence surely suggests that the book was anything but a sensation, and that speculation about its authorship may have been confined, at best, to the few instances cited by Bentham himself.

What makes this situation even more curious is the fact that some of Bentham's assertions are belied by his own evidence. Of the two reviews that appeared, one was reprinted by Bentham himself in his preface; it is this review that he (and the present editors) believes would have stimulated controversy, and therefore sales, had it not been for a reply by his friend that put an end to the "welcome publicity." But the review was little concerned with the substance of the book, complaining instead of Bentham's "peculiar" mode of argument, his "tedious" analysis, and his "conceit" in presuming to put himself above or even on a par with Blackstone—hardly, one might think, a selling review. What is more, it opened by commenting on the lack of advertisements and the difficulty of obtaining the book from the booksellers, as if "the author may have had reasons for introducing it as privately as possible"—again, hardly evidence of a "sensation."

There is a more interesting sense in which Bentham's account belies the claims he made on behalf of his work. If the *Fragment* could have been attributed to such eminences of the legal establishment as Mansfield, Dunning, and Camden; if it could have been warmly received by Mansfield himself and by such other prominent Tories (again according to Bentham) as Lord North and Samuel Johnson; and if, moreover, these statements could have been accepted and perpetuated by generations of biographers and editors—surely we ought to reconsider the conventional roles in which Bentham and Blackstone have been cast. Perhaps Blackstone was not quite the sacred cow of the establishment and Bentham the lone iconoclast bravely challenging the received wisdom and the entrenched forces of the age. Surely the "trammels of authority and ancestor-worship" could not have been quite so firmly binding as Bentham (and most biographers after him) made out. Not the least of the curiosities of this affair is the fact that no one has thought to ask how so subversive a work could have been attributed to the very people whose views were being subverted.

One final curiosity: Toward the end of his preface Bentham casually mentioned one other person to whom the book had been attributed, John Lind. Today that name is virtually unknown, but at the time it was far better known than Bentham's. Lind, the unofficial minister in London of the king of Poland, was a journalist of modest reputation and a friend of North and Mansfield. In 1774 he started to write a critique of Blackstone and gave a draft to Bentham for his comments. Bentham was so taken with the idea that he first edited Lind's essay and then decided to write his own, whereupon Lind good-naturedly left the subject to him. One is tempted to dwell on some of the details of this episode: Bentham's private acknowledgment that Lind's was the "parent" work to which his own was "much indebted," his failure to acknowledge that indebtedness once his own book was in press, and, finally, his turning of the tables by accusing Lind of plagiarizing from him (the charge involving several sentences in a letter published in a newspaper on another subject). It is a bizarre story, but all that concerns us here is that it confirms one's suspicion that Bentham was not alone in challenging the authority of Blackstone, that the intellectual atmosphere of the time was hardly as repressive, conformist, and uncritical as Bentham has led us to suppose.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books from Ohio State

Scripture of the Blind

By Yánnis Rítsos. Translated from the Greek, with an Introduction, by Kimon Friar and Kostas Myrsiades. One of the most distinguished poets of modern Greece, Yánnis Rítsos has been celebrated throughout the world, and has ten times been nominated for the Nobel Prize. Published for the first time in any language, the poems in this bilingual edition were written during a two-month period, between September 28 and November 28, 1967, at the height of the oppression and degradation of the junta years. $20.00

Landscape of Death

The Selected Poems of Tákis Sinópoulos

Translated from the Greek, with an Introduction, by Kimon Friar. In this bilingual edition, with the Greek text of the poems *en face*, the work of one of the most admired and honored of modern Greek poets becomes available for the first time to an English-speaking audience. Beyond its intrinsic artistic merit, the poetry of Sinópoulos has a special significance: it is a major contribution to modern Greek reinterpretations of ancient Greek themes, and is the strongest and most intense evocation in Greek letters of the horrors of life in Sinópoulos's homeland during the terrible decade of the 1940s. $25.00

Walt Kuhn, Painter

His Life and Work

By Philip Rhys Adams. A heavily illustrated critical biography, by his longtime friend and confidant, of a major figure in a colorful and exciting period in the history of American art. Drawing upon the rich legacy of Kuhn's writings and correspondence and his incomparable paintings and drawings, Mr. Adams traces the personal events and artistic episodes of a life and career inextricably conjoined with the principal developments in the world of art they paralleled, to produce a portrait in which, as in one of his subject's own, both the fabricated outward image and artless inner soul are simultaneously evident and intact. $35.00

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
2070 Neil Avenue, Columbus 43210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Fragment on Government is sometimes described as a commentary on Blackstone's *Commentaries.* (Bentham's more ambitious *Comment on the Commentaries* was an incomplete manuscript first published almost a century after his death; but even this much larger work dealt almost entirely with two sections of Blackstone's introduction.) It is in fact a commentary on seven pages of the introduction to that four-volume work. And those seven pages, as Bentham noted, were a "digression" on Blackstone's part—some casual reflections on the nature of sovereignty and the origins of society and government.

Reading these few pages of Blackstone, after reading Bentham's impassioned denunciation of them, one is struck by how unprovocative they were, even from Bentham's point of view. If one did not know otherwise, one might attribute to Bentham himself Blackstone's dicta on the sovereignty of the legislature ("sovereignty and legislature are indeed convertible terms; one cannot subsist without the other"); the description of sovereignty as "supreme, irresistible, absolute, uncontrolled"; or the account of the requisites of sovereignty: "wisdom to discern the real interest of the community; goodness, to endeavor always to pursue that real interest; and strength, or power, to carry this knowledge and intention into action." Even Blackstone's account of the origins of society was less provocative than might be thought. He explained that he used the term "social contract" figuratively and did not mean to imply an actual, historical state of nature or contract. In fact the only part of this section that was obviously objectionable to Bentham was the eulogy of "mixed government"—a form of government, according to Blackstone, "so admirably tempered and compounded" that it preserved all the virtues of the three classical forms while combining them in a harmonious whole.

If Bentham made much of this "digression," it was because he believed Blackstone to be a "determined and persevering" enemy of reform, so that "the interests of reformation, and through them the welfare of mankind, were inseparably connected with the downfall of his works." This "antipathy to reformation" was the gravamen of the critique. But a good part of it was taken up with matters of logic—accusations of inconsistency, vagueness, imprecision, faulty reasoning. This was a conscious strategy on Bentham's part, for he believed that moral deficiencies revealed themselves in rational deficiencies, that the "antipathy to reformation" expressed itself in "obscure and crooked reasoning," and that to expose such crooked reasoning was to convict Blackstone of the larger substantive charge.

The irony is that Blackstone, whatever might be said of his "antipathy to reformation," did accomplish a considerable reform of precisely the kind that should have endeared him to Bentham. The *Commentaries,* after all, was the first serious attempt to systematize and clarify the entire body of English law. Elsewhere, Bentham paid grudging tribute to it on this account, admitting that, for all its faults, it was "a work of light, in comparison with the darkness which previously covered the whole face of the law." But in the *Fragment* the most he would concede was a certain felicity of style; and even this was cause for criticism, since it served to make attractive "a work still more vicious in point of *matter* to the multitude of readers."

Even the most devoted admirer of Bentham would be hard put to claim for him any felicity of style or to absolve him of "crooked reasoning." A crucial part of his argument centered on a quotation from Blackstone: "Everything as it should be." He cited this phrase as if it had been applied to the entire judicial and constitutional system of England. But in fact (as he himself admitted at one point), Blackstone had used it only in connection with the church's laws regarding heresy. On another occasion he deliberately omitted the qualifications in one of Blackstone's propositions. "When a sentiment is expressed, and whether from caution, or from confusion of ideas, a clause is put in by way of qualifying it that turns it into nothing, in this case if we would form a fair estimate of the tendency and probable effect of the whole passage, the way is, I take it, to consider it as if no such clause were there." Similarly, he disregarded the very substance of Blackstone's propositions when these belied Bentham's view of him. Thus when Blackstone was perverse enough to criticize a law or propose some reform, Bentham declared this to be so out of keeping with his "general dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Read the subtle, shining secrecies writ in..."

—*Shakespeare*

The Poems of John Keats

Edited by Jack Stillinger

Read Keats as Keats intended, without the errors that have crept in over the years, in this definitive edition of his works.

"The first completely authoritative text, superseding the texts of all previous editions."
— Walter Jackson Bate

Belknap, $25.00

Also available: *John Keats* by W.J. Bate, Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Biography and the Christian Gauss Award of Phi Beta Kappa. $22.50

Fairy Tales and After

From Snow White to E.B. White

Roger Sale

Read the book that takes fairy tales seriously, on their own merit. Not for their educational value or sociological significance, but for themselves.

And those of you who still believe in fairy tales.

$11.00

Harvard University Press

Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

History in the Making from Princeton

THE END OF THE OLD ORDER IN RURAL EUROPE
JEROME BLUM
"This is a magnificent piece of work. Unbelievably large in scope, it presents a grand panorama on a topic which I have never before seen treated in this fashion. The author has unearthed a wealth of material on areas which have been nearly untouched in the literature. It is beautifully organized, and the book will no doubt remain the standard work on the subject for a long time. The author is just an incredibly learned man." — Alexander Gerschenkron, Harvard University. Cloth, $27.50. Limited Paperback Edition, $12.50

CRIME IN ENGLAND, 1550-1800
Edited by J. S. COCKBURN
The essays in this volume probe the nature of crime and criminal law administration during two and a half centuries of English history. The writers ask what crimes predominated and why, who committed them, and what penalties the criminals faced. In so doing, they offer pioneering research and analysis on a topic whose lasting fascination for the public is evident today and throughout history. $18.00

THE ORIGIN OF THE IDEA OF CRUSADE
CARL ERDMANN
Translated by Marshall W. Baldwin and Walter Goffart
This is the first English edition of Erdmann's now classic argument that the crusades were the result of a long historical evolution of the idea of Christian knighthood and holy war. The book includes notes supplementing those of the German text, a foreward discussing subsequent scholarship, and an amplified bibliography. $28.50

THE STRUCTURE AND FORM OF THE FRENCH ENLIGHTENMENT
Volume 1: Esprit Philosophique
Volume 2: Esprit Revolutionnaire
IRA O. WADE
How did the 16th and 17th centuries affect the form taken by the French Enlightenment? Ira Wade explores this question, suggests the inner unity of the Enlightenment's form, and defines its relationship to the ideas that motivated the French Revolution. In these volumes he thus continues the inquiry begun in his earlier works. Vol. 1, $40.00. Vol. 2, $25.00. The set, $60.00

THE GERMAN WERKBUND
The Politics of Reform in the Applied Arts
JOAN CAMPBELL
For years one of Germany's foremost cultural organizations, the Werkbund included in its membership such pioneers of the modern movement as Henry van de Velde, Hermann Muthesius, Walter Gropius, and Mies van der Rohe. Joan Campbell traces its history from its founding in 1907 to 1934, when it was absorbed into the bureaucracy of the National Socialist State. Illus. $20.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PROCESS OF GOVERNMENT UNDER JEFFERSON
NOBLE E. CUNNINGHAM, JR.
"Based on an exploration of the total mass of executive and legislative records for the years 1801-1809 — something no other scholar has attempted — this thoroughly documented account describes the machinery and operation of the presidential office, the Cabinet, the departments, and other offices and commissions in the executive branch.... Jefferson emerges as one of the most effective administrators ever to occupy the Presidency. This is an important and path-breaking study in administrative and legislative history." — Julian P. Boyd, Princeton University. Illus. $20.00

MOBILIZING WOMEN FOR WAR
German and American Propaganda, 1939-1945
LEILA J. RUPP
To discover how war can affect the status of women in industrial countries, Leila Rupp examines mobilization propaganda directed at women in Nazi Germany and the United States. Her book explores the relationship between ideology and policy, challenging the idea that wars improve the status of women by bringing them into new areas of activity. Illus. $12.50

JOHN DE WITT
Grand Pensionary of Holland, 1652-1672
HERBERT H. ROWEN
"Because John de Witt was one of the greatest statesmen of the 17th century, many earlier historians have written about him, but there is no treatment of the intricacies and historical significance of his career in any language that even remotely matches Prof. Rowen's. His work makes an outstanding contribution to knowledge." — William F. Church, Brown University. $40.00

MELNIKOV
Solo Architect in a Mass Society
S. FREDERICK STARR
Throughout the two decades after the Russian Revolution, Konstantin Melnikov was one of the most active and visible figures in Soviet architecture. This absorbing biography describes his life and his varied and controversial achievements. Illustrated with 260 previously unpublished drawings and photographs, it offers the life story of a leading artist of the revolutionary avant garde and a colorful picture of Soviet culture during the 1920s and '30s. 8½ x 11". $25.00

ECONOMIC THOUGHT AND IDEOLOGY IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND
JOYCE OLDHAM APPLEBY
The rise of commercial economy in England during the 17th century was accompanied by an outpouring of publications on trade, money, employment possibilities, and agricultural improvements. Appleby has examined these writings, and offers the first sustained investigation of commercial relations as they reveal the emergence of a new social consciousness. $16.50

Write for our History Catalogue.

Princeton University Press

Princeton, New Jersey 08540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

position" that "I can scarce bring myself to attribute them to our Author"; at best it was "an occasional, and as it were forced contribution, to the cause of reformation," and therefore not to be taken seriously.

If Bentham sometimes refused to attribute to Blackstone what Blackstone actually said, at other times he attributed to him sentiments and words he never uttered. He made great play, for example, of the "perfection" claimed for the social contract: the "*perfect* habit of obedience" presumed to exist in political society which was "perfectly" absent in natural society; a "*perfect state of nature*" or a "state of society perfectly natural" as against a "*government* in this sense perfect." From the repeated and italicized use of the word "perfect," and the large objection Bentham took to it, one might suppose that the word was Blackstone's. In fact, Blackstone never used it in this context. On the contrary, he went to some pains to make it clear that there never was any state of nature, that the very notion was "too wild to be seriously admitted." His discussion of this subject was deliberately tentative and qualified, quite the opposite of anything resembling the "perfect" quality Bentham ascribed to him.

Nor did Blackstone credit the British constitution with the degree of "perfection" Bentham claimed. Certainly in the seven pages under analysis Blackstone never maintained, as Bentham said he did, that the English government was "all-powerful + all-wise + all-honest = all-perfect." The only time Blackstone used the word "perfection" in this context was when he spoke of those qualities of government—wisdom, goodness, and power—"the perfection of which are among the attributes of Him who is emphatically styled the Supreme Being." That perfection, Blackstone was clearly saying, adhered to God, the implication being that human institutions and persons had those attributes only imperfectly. Even his eulogy of mixed government was expressed in more relative and utilitarian terms than one might expect. His view of the constitution may well have been exaggerated or false, but it was neither as nonsensical nor as absolutistic as Bentham claimed.

In his preface Bentham announced that his task was essentially negative: to "overthrow" a work that was all the more "vicious" because it was so influential. Toward the end, however, he confronted the obvious objection: if Blackstone's idea of the constitution was so thoroughly unsatisfactory, what was Bentham's own idea of it? To this not unreasonable question he replied, "I may have settled it with myself and not think it worth the giving; but if ever I do think it worth giving, it will hardly be in the form of a comment on a digression stuffed into the belly of a definition." One can imagine the ridicule with which he would have greeted such an answer on Blackstone's part. But that aside, it might be useful to try to find some answer in the *Fragment* itself.

The most positive idea to emerge from the book, and its most obvious claim to distinction, was the assertion that utility was the "sole and all-sufficient reason for every point of practice whatsoever." It was utility in this absolute, exclusive form that was unique to Bentham and that distinguished him not only from Blackstone but from some of those whom he himself identified as utilitarians. (In acknowledging his debt to Hume, he commended him for demonstrating that "the foundations of all *virtue* are laid in *utility*," but rebuked him for making "exceptions" to that principle.) But while he was positive enough in affirming the principle of utility, and affirming it in its most absolute form, he did not, in the *Fragment* at any rate, give it much positive substance. Indeed, it served a largely negative function here. Criticizing Blackstone for assuming the role of "expositor" of the law rather than "censor," for describing the law as it was rather than as it ought to be, Bentham claimed that this mode of exposition carried with it an implicit "approbation" and "obsequious *quietism*." There is truth in this charge. But the converse is also true. By assuming the exclusive role of censor, by making utility the sole basis of the law as it should be, Bentham implicitly illegitimized the law as it was, all the more since he merely posited utility as the principle of criticism without giving it any positive content. Where Blackstone passed too easily from the "is" to the "ought," Bentham bypassed the "is" in his haste to arrive at the "ought." In his haste he even neglected to specify the substance of the "ought," to say exactly what he proposed to put in place of that which he rejected.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

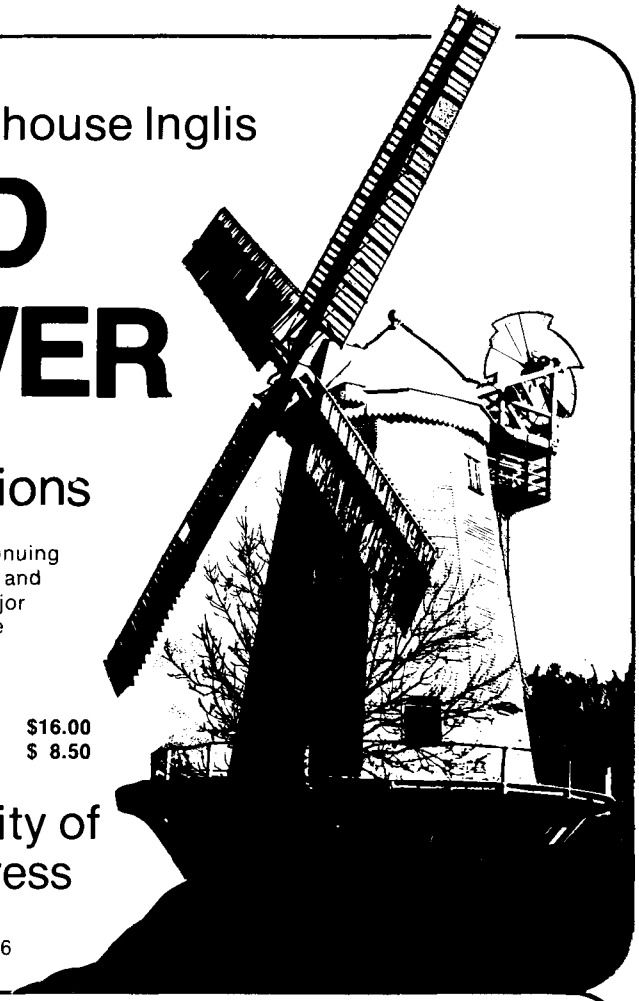
David Rittenhouse Inglis

WIND POWER

and Other Energy Options

A contribution to the continuing debate over energy policy and the first hard look by a major theoretical physicist at the potential of wind power vis-à-vis alternative energy sources.

$16.00
paper $ 8.50



The University of Michigan Press
P.O. Box 1104
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

Alternative Futures

The Journal of Utopian Studies

A new forum for research and commentary in Utopian literature and thought, futures inquiry, utopian/dystopian science fiction, and communitarianism and social experiment. For subscription information write:

Merritt Abrash
Human Dimensions Center
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Troy, New York 12181

or

Alexandra Aldridge
University of Michigan
102 Rackham Building
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On one subject Bentham and Blackstone were in agreement—the American Revolution. Not that the Revolution itself was explicitly mentioned in either the *Commentaries* or the *Fragment* (even in the later editions of these works). But some of the issues involved in the Revolution were implicit in them. The question of American independence would have made a fine example of Blackstone's "antipathy to reformation," had Bentham himself not shared that antipathy in this instance. Blackstone's opposition to the Revolution is not surprising: as a defender of the British constitution he was bound to look with suspicion upon any radical critique of that constitution. The grounds for Bentham's opposition are less obvious. As a professed reformer, untrammeled by authority and unawed by the British constitution, he might have been expected to be more sympathetic to the American cause. How could he do less than the conservative Burke?

At one point he seemed to suggest that his position allowed for a greater tolerance of revolution, at least in principle, than Blackstone's. The doctrine of contract, he argued, made a "*necessity* of submission." Having contracted to enter society and form a government, the people could not reverse that decision; having exchanged their wills for the will of the sovereign, they were impotent to challenge the sovereign. This argument might have been more telling against a Hobbesian contract, but Blackstone's was the Lockean variety that posited, in effect, two contracts, one establishing society and the other establishing government, so that the latter could be overthrown without subverting society. But even apart from this difficulty, the argument was complicated, indeed reversed, when Bentham proceeded to accuse Blackstone of the opposite failing—of being "eager to excite men to disobedience" upon "the most frivolous pretences," or upon "any pretence whatsoever." If the doctrine of contract induced submission, the idea of natural or divine law was an incitement to revolution. Blackstone had written that no human laws "should be suffered to contradict" the laws of nature and of revelation, and if any human law did so, "we are BOUND TO TRANSGRESS that human law." The practical effect of this injunction, Bentham said, was to force resistance "as a point of *duty*," to "impel a man, by the force of conscience, to rise up in arms against any law whatever that he happens not to like."

In place of this "dangerous maxim" Bentham proposed the doctrine of utility, which permitted each man to calculate his own "juncture for resistance" against the "probable mischiefs of submission." But no sooner had he offered this limited warrant for revolution than he again reversed the direction of his argument. For he went on to explain that while the principle of utility enabled the individual to calculate his own "juncture for resistance," it did not provide any "common sign" or "common signal" that could serve as a collective call to resistance. Since such a common sign was "impossible," there were no grounds for collective resistance and the supreme authority remained inviolate. "Unless such a sign then, which I think impossible, can be shown, the *field*, if anyone may say so, of the supreme governor's authority, though not *infinite*, must unavoidably, I think, *unless where limited by* express convention, be allowed to be *indefinite*." (Lest it be thought that "express convention" meant a written constitution limiting the sovereign authority, he explained in a footnote that what he had in mind was the case of a state which had submitted itself to the government of another.) Whatever infelicities or ambiguities one may find in this passage (it is typical of Bentham's mode of expression and reasoning), the burden of his argument was clear. The supreme body, the legislature, had no "assignable" or "certain" bounds; there was nothing "they *cannot* do," nothing that was "illegal" or "void" or "exceeding their authority."

In the course of this discussion of sovereignty, Bentham observed that the question of whether a government was free or despotic depended not upon any "limitation of power" but upon "circumstances of a very different complexion":

> On the *manner* in which that whole mass of power, which, taken together, is supreme, is, in a free state, *distributed* among the several ranks of persons that are sharers in it:—on the *source* from whence their titles to it are successively derived:—on the frequent and easy *changes* of condition between the gover*nors* and gover*ned;* whereby the interests of the one class are more or less indistinguishably blended with those of the other:—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW WE KNOW WHAT WE DON'T KNOW

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF IGNORANCE

Edited by **RONALD DUNCAN**
and **MIRANDA WESTON-SMITH**

As a rule, the usual encyclopedia states that which is known. Uniquely, this one contains concise, well-written essays exploring that which one does not know — in the fields of biology, ecology, physics, mathematics, space — providing the basis for the premise that even scientists don't have all the answers. As these 60 eminent scientists find answers to old questions, they stumble onto new ones. As scientific ignorance is ever-growing, so is the necessity for the purchase of this invaluable reference book.

"Compared to the pond of knowledge our ignorance remains atlantic."
The Editors

". . .Scientific ignorance has a special quality, the more one knows, the less one seems to know. . ."
The New Yorker

". . .Experts setting forth the profundity of their ignorance rather than the profundity of their knowledge. . ."
The New York Times

453 pp. 1977 0 08 021238-7 $30.00

Also of Interest

DISARMAMENT AND WORLD DEVELOPMENT

Edited by **RICHARD JOLLY,**
University of Sussex, England

In May, 1978, the United Nations convened a special session of the General Assembly to consider possibilities for Disarmament and Development. This book contains important and wide-ranging material to acquaint professionals, students and concerned citizens with the global debate and its perspectives. It is an invaluable handbook stating objectives, means and approaches to disarmament.
206 pp. 1978 0 08 023019-9 $15.00

GOALS IN A GLOBAL COMMUNITY

Edited by **ERVIN LASZLO** AND **JUDAH BIERMAN,** UNITAR

Volume 1:
Studies in Conceptual Foundations
Background papers from which Ervin Laszlo created **Goals for Mankind,** a report to the Club of Rome. In this first volume, we are given the biological and mathematical conceptual foundations in order to create a world solidarity encompassing all the world and all strata of man's existence.
349 pp. 1977 0 08 022221-8 $25.00

Volume 2:
The International Values and Goals Studies
These studies concern universal human needs and desires as seen against the background of political, social and economic dilemmas.
566 pp. 1978 0 08 022973-5 $40.00

Prices subject to change without notice. Order from your bookseller or directly from Dept. #015.

PERGAMON PRESS
Maxwell House, Fairview Park, Elmsford, New York 10523
75 The East Mall, Toronto, Ontario M8Z 5W3
Headington Hill Hall, Oxford OX3 OBW, England

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the *responsibility* of the governors; or the right which a subject has of having the reasons publicly assigned and canvassed of every act of power that is exerted over him:—on the *liberty of the press;* or the security with which every man, be he of the one class or the other, may make known his complaints and remonstrances to the whole community:—on the *liberty of public associations;* or the security with which malcontents may communicate their sentiments, concert their plans, and practise every mode of opposition short of actual revolt, before the executive power can be legally justified in disturbing them.

So eminent a constitutional historian as Leonard Levy has made this passage a crucial part of Bentham's philosophy, establishing his claim to the title of liberal and demonstrating his affinity to the American political tradition. In itself the statement is indeed an impressive affirmation of liberal principles. But in the context in which it appeared, surrounded by assertions of the absolute sovereignty of the legislature, it seems less weighty. Bentham did not elaborate upon the concept of "liberty," the word appearing only one other time in the *Fragment*, and then in passing. Nor did he make of it a main point of contention with Blackstone. The burden of their quarrel was over the ideas of natural and divine law, mixed government, separation of powers, and judicial review, all of which, if they had any meaning or effect, would have limited the sovereignty of the legislature. The great virtue of the doctrine of utility, as Bentham saw it, was that it provided for good government without subtracting from the power of government; indeed it required the legislature to have unlimited power to further the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

So much for what may be inferred from the *Fragment* itself on some of the subjects that exercised the Founding Fathers. Elsewhere Bentham represented his views rather differently. In the preface written half a century later, he contrasted the English government, the "least bad of all bad governments," with that of the United States, "the first of all governments to which the epithet of good, in the positive sense of the word, could with propriety be attached." He did not specify what was good about the American government. But since he continued to believe that checks and balances, the separation of powers, judicial review, a bicameral legislature, and a bill of rights were unequivocally bad, the "epithet of good" must have been considerably qualified.

In later years Bentham claimed that he had not opposed the American Revolution as such, but had only objected to the grounds on which the Americans had chosen to justify the Revolution—grounds of natural right instead of utility. This is a plausible view of the matter but not, as it happens, a true one. In 1776, outlining the proper case against the colonists, he cited neither utility nor rights, but only the principle of sovereignty. It was the "power vested in the crown," he wrote, that invalidated the American claim to independence.

Even the passage in the *Fragment* extolling the liberty of the press turns out to be problematic in the light of Bentham's other writings at the time. Among his manuscripts is a thirty-page document titled "Plan for a Government Newspaper," written in his hand soon after the publication of the *Fragment*. Provoked by the "malignant," "virulent," "incendiary" attacks in the opposition press—attacks directed especially against Lord North's American policy—he proposed that the government establish its own newspaper to present its own point of view. The bulk of his proposal consisted of a series of "maneuvers," as he called them, designed to conceal the government's ownership and control of the paper: a title containing some such word as "candid" or "impartial"; a price low enough to attract circulation but not so low as to arouse suspicion about the subsidy; a printer known to have been prosecuted under the libel laws; and articles mildly critical of the government to serve as a "screen." He justified the proposal by arguing that "the business of conducting newspapers may be considered a very important branch of national education"—from which he deduced that a minister, while not authorized to take the business "*out* of improper hands," did have the power to "put it *into* hands that he thinks proper." He did not address himself to the question of whether it was proper to be secretive and deceptive about the minister's control of the newspaper, or how these "maneuvers" and "screens" could be reconciled with the principle of "publicity" he made so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

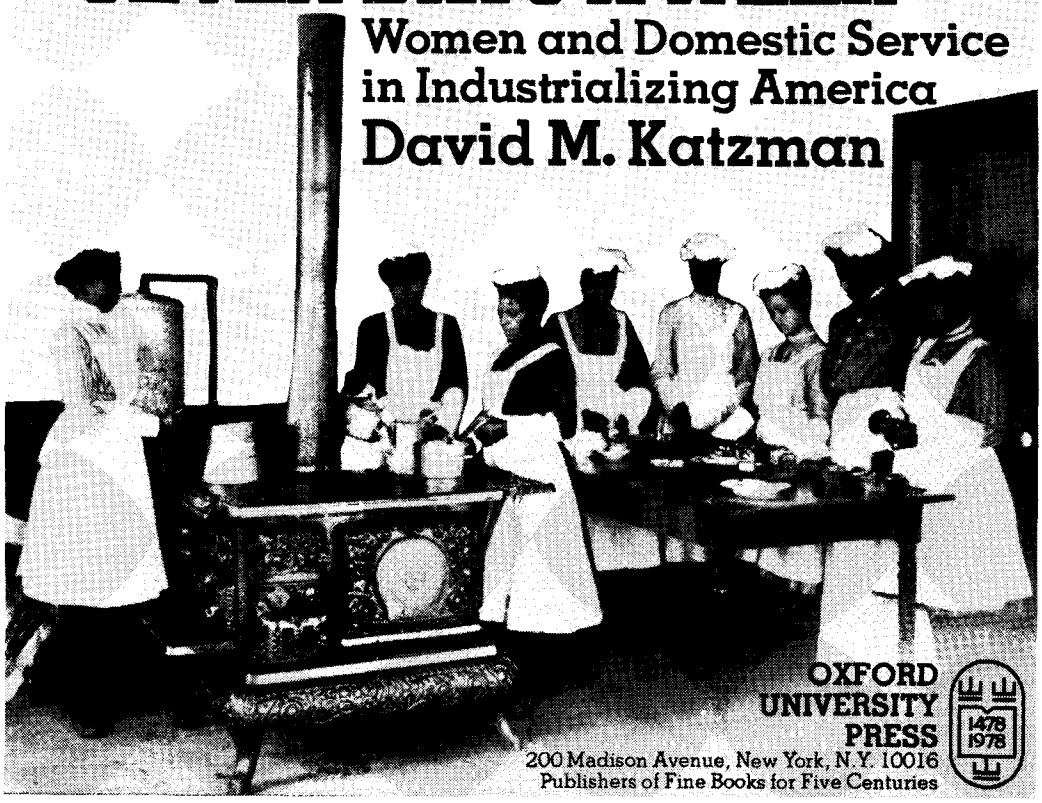
Heaven protect the working woman!

Drawing extensively upon the writings of domestics and upon contemporary interviews, *Seven Days A Week* delivers a staggering portrait of domestic service from the Civil War through the 1920s. Using both the techniques of the historian and the sociologist, the author describes the highly structured servant-master relationship, the limitations and hardships faced by both live-ins and day workers, and shows how the composition of those in service changed as opportunities for women to work in shops, offices, and factories increased. 17 halftones. $14.95

SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

Women and Domestic Service in Industrializing America

David M. Katzman



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Publishers of Fine Books for Five Centuries
1478 1978

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A wide world of reading from Columbia

ANTHOLOGY OF ARMENIAN POETRY
Diana Der Hovanessian and Marzbed Margossian, Editors and Translators.
Cloth $17.50, Paper $7.95

ROBERT MUSIL, MASTER OF THE HOVERING LIFE
Frederick G. Peters. $16.50

TRADITIONAL CHINESE STORIES
Themes and Variations
Y.W. Ma and Joseph S.M. Lau, Editors.
Cloth $20.00, Paper $9.45

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
Myth and Anti-Myth
Paul Piazza. $12.50

AMIRI BARAKA/ LEROI JONES
The Quest for a Populist Modernism
Werner Sollors. $16.95

DON'T ASK ME HOW THE TIME GOES BY
José Emilio Pacheco.
Alastair Reid, Translator.
Cloth $12.50, Paper $5.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DICKENS AND CHARITY
Norris Pope. $15.00

THE EPIC IN AFRICA
Toward a Poetics of the Oral Performance
Isidore Okpewho. $13.50

THE HERMIT AND THE LOVE-THIEF
Sanskrit Poems of Bhartrihari and Bilhana
Barbara Stoler Miller, Translator.
Cloth $12.00, Paper $5.95

EIGHT CHINESE PLAYS
From the 13th Century to the Present
William Dolby, Translator. $12.00

IDEOLOGY AND IMAGINATION
The Image of Society in Dostoevsky
Geoffrey C. Kabat. $12.00

WORDSWORTH AND THE HUMAN HEART
John Beer. $15.00

WILLIAM HAZLITT, CRITIC OF POWER
John Kinnaird. $22.50

SHAKESPEARE
The Poet in His World
Muriel C. Bradbrook. $13.50

Of related interest:

HERMENEUTICS AND SOCIAL SCIENCE
Zygmunt Bauman. $15.00

PSYCHOANALYSIS, CREATIVITY, AND LITERATURE
A French-American Inquiry
Alan Roland, Editor. $20.00

POLITICS AND CINEMA
Andrew Sarris. $12.95

THE TYPES OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MEDIEVAL BALLAD
Bengt R. Jonsson, Eva Danielson, and Svale Solheim, Editors.
A Universitetetsforlaget book. $16.00

THE FOUNDATION GRANTS INDEX, 1977
The Foundation Center.
Lee Noe, General Editor. $20.00

GRANGER'S INDEX TO POETRY, 1970-1977
William James Smith, Editor. $59.50

To order send check or money order to Dept. JN at address below. Individuals must enclose payment. Institutions may request billing.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Address for orders: 136 South Broadway, Irvington, New York 10533

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much of on other occasions. In any event, the affair hardly inspires confidence in his solicitude for the "liberty of the press."

This curious episode, like other of Bentham's schemes, reminds us once more how equivocal his liberalism was. A larger exploration of the differences between Bentham and Blackstone, going beyond the issues raised by the *Fragment*, suggests that Bentham was not as enlightened and progressive, nor Blackstone as benighted and reactionary, as conventional wisdom has it. For instance, the first scheme of reform proposed by Bentham himself, the panopticon prison, was inspired by a penal reform bill drafted some years earlier by Blackstone—a bill endorsed in principle by Bentham, who suggested several amendments designed to make the regimen of the prisoners more arduous and to "augment the terror" of punishment. Blackstone also anticipated Bentham in advocating reforms of the criminal law, the game laws, and the laws governing property and inheritance—although always within the existing structure of civil and common law. Even on the subject of parliamentary reform, he was more amenable to change than one might think: in the *Commentaries* he criticized the rotten boroughs and intimated that there might be reason to favor a "more complete representation of the people."

But it was not for these reasons that the Americans, both before and after the Revolution, read Blackstone so diligently and, for the most part (with the notable exception of Jefferson), so respectfully. Long before Bentham attempted to create a "science" of the law, Blackstone had done just that. Daniel Boorstin has argued that Blackstone, in making English law accessible not only to lawyers but to all educated laymen, "did more than any other writer in the English-speaking world to break down the lawyer's monopoly of legal knowledge." This itself, as Bentham pointed out on other occasions, had a democratic effect; it democratized the law by demystifying it, as we would now say.

More important were all those principles that so offended Bentham: separation of powers, checks and balances, judicial review, bicameral legislature, natural rights. However much Blackstone himself opposed the Revolution, he gave to the revolutionists that heritage of parliamentary institutions and common law which has come down to us today as the "Anglo-American" tradition. That tradition has been much modified over the years, and in some respects in ways that would have found favor with Bentham (the principle of "one man, one vote," for example). But in other ways we are even further from Bentham today than we ever were, certainly further from such of his proposals as the abolition of the jury system, the elimination of legal procedures that impede the swift execution of "natural justice," and changes in the rules of evidence to permit a lawyer to testify against his client, a wife against her husband, and in general to admit whatever evidence, however obtained and from whatever source, a judge might deem relevant.

Over and above this or that constitutional or legal principle was the philosophical disposition shared by Blackstone and the Founding Fathers. What they had in common, and what Bentham notably lacked, was a large tolerance for complexity. When Bentham quarreled with the idea of mixed government, he was not only quarreling with the particular "mix" concocted by Blackstone; he was rejecting any kind of mix, any multiplicity of principles and competing institutions. His own ideal was simplicity itself: the "sole and all-sufficient" principle of utility. If the Founding Fathers retained so many features of the British system of law and government, it was because they saw no great virtue in simplicity, not even in the simple principle of utility. On the contrary, like Montesquieu they tended to think of simplicity as a feature of despotism and complexity as a condition of liberty.

"In the history of American institutions," Boorstin has written, "no other book—except the Bible—has played so great a role as Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*." Bentham's writings, by contrast, were almost unknown in America during the formative years of the Republic and well into the nineteenth century. Yet today it is Bentham who more often engages our attention, who appears as the more modern and "relevant" thinker. If that is so, if Bentham has finally prevailed over Blackstone, we must recognize that triumph for what it is: a triumph not only over Blackstone but over the tradition and disposition of the Founding Fathers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Primordial Characters

RODNEY NEEDHAM $7.95

This provocative investigation into the fundamental constituents of culture examines the use of imagination in collective representations. The study seeks to find common ground in social anthropology, history, and psychology. It calls upon the findings of world ethnography as well as on ideas and experiences familiar to all reflective individuals. Needham identifies common features found in myths, witchcraft, iconography, fiction, and dreams. He investigates (using the image of the witch) the imaginative proclivity to synthesize primary factors into archetypes, and he argues that certain imaginative representations, such as totemism and myth, outweigh ordinary conscious intellectual activity.

Motherteacher

The Feminization of American Education

REDDING S. SUGG, JR. $14.95

Public school education is increasingly coming under attack. Standardized scores continue to decline, diplomas are granted despite the inability to read, and discipline is in many cases negligible. Redding Sugg retraces the course of American education and shows how the substitution of female for male teachers in the nineteenth century resulted in a "feminized" type of teacher, dubbed Motherteacher. The consequence, he argues, has been a subversion of academic authority and intellectualism in favor of the self-expression and "growth" of children. In no way anti-feminist, Sugg shows that the situation resulted from a nineteenth century definition of woman as maternal and nurturant and of teaching as only an extension of the domestic sphere.

Providence and Patriotism in Early America, 1640-1815

JOHN F. BERENS $9.75

This exceptional volume demonstrates how Puritan rituals and ideas became vital elements in the thought and language of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Americans. John Berens shows how providential thought acted as a common bond to help unite the colonists and reinforce revolutionary fervor. He further analyzes this rhetoric as it was later used to shape republican ideology. Berens studies loyalist as well as patriot providential beliefs in the revolutionary era. He also shows that both Federalist and Republican politicians used a Puritan vocabulary for partisan ends up to the end of the War of 1812.

University Press of Virginia
Box 3608 University Station
Charlottesville, VA 22903

Virginia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nasty, British, and Short

THE WORLD OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL. *Edited and introduced by George Macdonald Fraser. St. Martin's Press. $10.*

Reviewed by PETER CONRAD

The World of the Public School is a collection of essays about juvenile atrocities, a morbid inventory of privation, misery, and brutality that affectionately represents the British public schools as concentration camps of iniquity. All human vileness is here, lewdly inventive and grossly ungoverned. The boys whose antics are recorded in the book are uniformly nasty, brutish, and short. They are specialists in "punching, kicking, tripping and pushing" and at turning wet towels and compasses into weaponry. They are treacherous and dishonorable, "purloining books and work to get the errant into trouble with his masters." They are willing collaborators in the execution of punishment—hoisting victims on their backs and holding them suspended while the birch is applied. They rejoice in the experimentalism of the refined sadist: "At Winchester in the 1840s the hands of new boys were scored with burning faggots, the 'tin gloves' initiation. At Marlborough in 1850 an eight-year-old new boy was strapped to a bench while the shape of an anchor was branded on his arms with a poker." Other torturing pranks include stuffing a malefactor into a laundry basket and launching it at top speed down a steep flight of stairs, and imprisoning an alien in a bathtub beneath a grill of soap racks and slowly filling the tub with scalding water.

The laboratories of torment are also seraglios of sexual humiliation. Small boys are employed as bed warmers, inserted between the sheets to prepare the beds of seniors for their occupants. An amorous contemporary makes advances to one of these contributors by wringing his neck with an outsize detachable shirt collar (he graduated later, we imagine, from starch to leather goods). The only precaution taken by schools against this epidemic of sexual precocity was the abolition of privacy; not even lavatory cubicles were equipped with doors, and unhappy infants were obliged to squat at stool in full view of their jeering, impatient colleagues.

Graham Greene owes to his public school his sense of private damnation; Berkhamstead was his prevision of hell. W. H. Auden turns the inferno into a psychological condition and a political state, describing Gresham's School, which he attended, as a machine for the transformation of innocents into neurotics, and declaring his "best reason . . . for opposing Fascism is that at school I lived in a Fascist state." Among the unnumbered victims whose distresses darken *The World of the Public School*, the career of one martyred child is particularly upsetting. He has a walk-on part in Malcolm Falkus's essay on fagging (which fatuously commends this mode of slavery as an administrative order, a technique of "boy government"). In the mid-1880s this unlucky anonymous creature "was driven to suicide by the repeated beatings meted out by his fagmasters." He hurled himself under a train, and left a note blaming his persecutors. The school's response was to make a posthumous pariah of him: the headmaster petitioned the coroner's court to bring down a verdict of insanity, submitting that "no boy in his right mind would so have ignored the schoolboy code of honour against sneaking as to openly accuse three seniors."

The trusting romantic relationship between radiant childish innocence and glum adult experience ought, on the evidence of this collection of essays, to be abruptly reversed. The child is the repository of a sordid and gruesome experience that the adult, in civilizing himself, struggles to shed. We are born into experience, and try to grow up into innocence by learning the rules of social conduct and self-restraint. The child remains the regressive old Adam, the originally sinful culprit—cruel, degraded, and morally stupid. Only the adult's guilty, desperate compulsion to forget the wickedness and unhappiness of childhood turns those years retroactively into an idyll. This, and not some Blakean nostalgia for an angelic infancy, was why Baudelaire called genius "childhood recovered at will." Genius can evoke in itself the violent emotions and maniacal selfishness that are the preserve of childhood, and that maturity luckily chastens. Peregrine Worsthorne, in an

PETER CONRAD is tutor in English at Christ Church, Oxford. He is the author of *The Victorian Treasure-House*, *Shandyism*, and *Romantic Opera and Literary Form*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

essay recalling the predatory philistinism that led him to flee from Stowe in the middle of the night, stumbles across this truth. Just as army training, he says, "proved far more arduous and dangerous" than the reality of battle, so "adult life has seemed amazingly civilized by comparison with the training for it, i.e. my years at an English public school." In contrast with the trials of those years, "adult life has proved to be child's play." Of course it is: our growth goes crabwise, proceeding backward, as we gratefully escape from the servitude and barbarism of childhood. Artists, as Baudelaire's definition of genius suggests, are dubious characters because they long to slide back; but to remain a child is a sign of moral turpitude, not merely foolish immaturity.

The British public schools are reprehensible precisely because they manufacture what Cyril Connolly called "permanent adolescents," who never recover from the mental and emotional deformations of these early years. Although the schools make humbug-ridden claims to be turning boys into men, they actually prohibit adulthood. The public school is responsible not only for the insufferably arch manners of the English middle classes, but for their strange baby faces. English faces have a tendency to go from chubby adolescence to old age with no intervening stage of adulthood imprinted on them. Winston Churchill had a face of this kind; at the end of his life he did not look like an old man but like a senescent baby. Christopher Isherwood similarly resembles a pert young man who has overnight acquired the wrinkles of a septuagenarian. W. H. Auden, much as he disliked his school (where, incidentally, he first met Isherwood), was also turned into a permanent adolescent—a querulous, finicky, ancient baby. The fantasy that sums up this English refusal of maturity, and testifies to the decadence of the public school ethic, is not *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (discussed in this volume by Richard Usborne) but *The Picture of Dorian Gray.*

The deficiency of these essays is that they are written from inside the club. Although individual contributors complain of their own harsh treatment at school, they refuse to make judgments about the educational stan-

Why Big Fierce Animals Are Rare

An Ecologist's Perspective

Paul Colinvaux

"This book is designed to reassure us that the earth, having survived gigantic geologic upheavals over eons of time, is not in imminent danger from man. What disturbs Colinvaux is that the word 'ecology' is in danger of becoming a synonym for 'doom.' . . . His book is a highly readable and accessible explanation of the complex way in which nature has molded its ecosystems by fitting predators to prey and food chains to both. Some of his conclusions may surprise even the well-informed reader. . . . What will humans do in the future to the earth and to themselves? The answer is still hidden in the womb of time, but this compelling book will start you thinking about it."

— John Barkham

$9.50

Princeton University Press

Princeton, New Jersey 08540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dards or the social and political influence of the public school itself. The writers with radical credentials are naturally the most evasive. Paul Johnson, once editor of the *New Statesman* but now a doom-prophesying refugee from the Labour party, treats the schools as educators of a ruling class, but contents himself with a statistical investigation of the numbers of ex–public school cabinet ministers, judges, ambassadors, bishops, and so on. It never occurs to him to wonder whether, if the schools exist to train rulers, they ought therefore to be blamed for the political generation that has presided over Britain's ignominious historical failure. John Vaizey, an economist ennobled by the Wilson government, approaches this issue but converts it into a sneer at a rival school: "the patronizing, effortless air of Wykehamists who (more than any other group) have brought this country to its knees by their foolish advice and policies in top jobs in Whitehall, the Foreign Office, and the City, has probably been responsible for more ill-feeling between the classes than anybody since the Russian aristocracy." That is a noble and rousing denunciation, but can the Wykehamists be solely responsible? Lord Vaizey risks sounding like a ferocious cheerleader, working his own side into a roar of indignation against perfidious Winchester. In decrying the public school ethos he is exemplifying it at its most self-preeningly exclusive. I would like to believe him (conspiracy theories have a morally satisfactory simplicity), but—prudently, perhaps—he mentions no names.

Although Fraser's contributors all write from inside the club, their styles are often wittily at variance. Peregrine Worsthorne is casually snotty, referring to his family's class with indolent elision as "rather upper." He pharisaically justifies the brutal regime of the public schools as an exposure to indigence and oppression for the privileged, whose experience of "the more primitive worries that beset the human condition" is thus carefully confined to childhood. Another variety of blandness is exemplified by Anthony Storr, a clinical lecturer in psychiatry, who trusts to a glib sociological meliorism, admiring that drabbest of virtues, adjustment. "The well-adjusted, average boy who has learned, in much earlier childhood, to mix well with his peers" will not be traumatized by public school, opines Storr. But the adjusted, average automaton is a sociological postulate, not an individual human being. Storr's essay abounds in such consoling home truths, ignoring the personal agonies recorded elsewhere. Revering as he does the tame sociological mean, Storr is suspicious of literary evidence, because writers aren't well adjusted enough to be reliable; they "tend to be exceptional, and their experience is not that of the average."

The editor's contribution, about honor and manliness, discovers in the public schools the origins of his own Flashman's chivalrous code, and ventures to celebrate the schools as sanctuaries of decency in an age scornful of honesty and fair play. Rousing as it is, Fraser's peroration begs the question, as do so many of these essays: it neglects to demonstrate that his noble children grow up to become honorable men. Implicitly, he wants to deny the possibility or the necessity of growing up. Plato's republic has become for Fraser an aristocratic nursery. David Pryce-Jones goes further. To him the nursery has extended its values across a whole society and made "Public Life . . . in effect an enormous Public School." That is a dismaying assertion, but inside the comfortable confines of this volume no one thinks of being alarmed by it.

Tinker Toy Time

TECHNOCRACY AND THE AMERICAN DREAM. *By William E. Akin. University of California Press. $9.50.*

Reviewed by SAMUEL C. FLORMAN

Two or three decades from now, in the history department of some university, a doctoral candidate will diligently research the American peace movement of the 1960s. He will find in libraries the texts of Abbie Hoffman's speeches, Jerry Rubin's manifestos, and Tom Hayden's founding statement of Students for a Democratic Society. He will make his way through the transcript of the trial of the Chicago Seven. Arduously analyz-

---

SAMUEL C. FLORMAN, a civil engineer and builder, is a contributing editor of *Harper's* and author of *The Existential Pleasures of Engineering.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the written record, this young historian will produce a work of scholarship—well constructed, perhaps, but lacking the drama, and thus the essence, of the phenomenon he proposes to examine.

This is what has happened to William E. Akin in *Technocracy and the American Dream*, which I assume has evolved from his 1971 dissertation, "History of Technocracy." Under the best of circumstances the Ph.D. style erects formidable barriers between the historian and the general reader. With a subject like technocracy—a wildly absurd footnote to history that cries out for florid narration, anecdote, and delineation of character—the academic approach is almost disastrous. Unblinkingly somber, Akin tells us a lot more than we can possibly want to hear about the theories of the technocrats. As for the historical facts, he gives us just enough to whet our appetites.

The technocratic movement flourished briefly in the darkest days of the Great Depression, and it is interesting mainly for what it reveals about mob psychology and the spread of cults. Technocracy was related to some ideas propounded in earlier years by a few so-called progressive engineers, but Akin is wrong, I believe, in his contention that it was the logical outgrowth of those ideas. Around the time of World War I, a handful of engineers, apostles of the noted efficiency expert Frederick W. Taylor, had toyed with the thought of reorganizing society in accordance with the principles of scientific management. In 1919, Thorstein Veblen, teaching at the New School, had spoken of recruiting a "soviet of technicians." But these theories were of interest only to small and isolated discussion groups, and would undoubtedly have remained so if they had not been embellished by the technocrats in the feverish atmosphere of what today we would call a media event.

The tragicomedy began in the summer of 1932, when Walter Rautenstrauch, chairman of the department of industrial engineering at Columbia University, along with several engineers, social scientists, and self-styled experts of various sorts, founded the Committee on Technocracy. This group proposed to undertake a massive "energy survey of North America." A question that troubled all think-

Men and Women
in pursuit of truth.

What exactly are the powers and limitations of science? What threats does it pose and what promises hold for our lives? In a book enriched by original insights that make the inevitable progress of science more comprehensible and less threatening, George F. Kneller provides a balanced picture of the scientific enterprise: knowledge-seeking but capable of both purity and corruption; a human endeavor and not an impersonal juggernaut.

SCIENCE AS A HUMAN ENDEAVOR

by George F. Kneller

$13.95 at all bookstores or from

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Address for orders: 136 South Broadway, Irvington, N.Y. 10533

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing people at the time was how a land with abundant natural resources, efficient industrial plants, and a willing work force could have stumbled into financial disaster. The survey undertaken by the committee was intended to evaluate American industry in terms of energy and production, and to show—what should have been obvious—that since there were ample resources in the nation, it was the "system" that had broken down. Although the technocrats did not propose any specific remedy, they did imply that a "scientific" restructuring of the system was required, and that engineers, rather than businessmen and government officials, were the people most qualified to oversee this undertaking.

Rautenstrauch convinced Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, to permit the committee's work to proceed under the auspices of the university, and, during the fall of 1932, word started to circulate that a group of engineers at Columbia were working on a "solution" to the depression. The press picked up the story, and with incredible speed a technocratic "movement" spread across the nation. I wish that Akin would tell us more about this political phenomenon. Instead, he keeps his attention on the men who were the unwitting cause of it.

Under sudden pressure to come forth with detailed strategies, some members of the Columbia committee made hurried and ill-considered proposals. One of these plans recommended distribution of "energy certificates," in equal quantities to each citizen, through which the allotment of goods would be managed.

It did not take long for intelligent observers to note that the technocrats' proposals were fatuous, and, by January 1933, the "technocraze" was being subjected to widespread ridicule. The Committee on Technocracy, disavowed by an abashed Columbia administration, broke up in confusion and acrimony.

A mass movement had already been spawned, however, and political groups calling themselves technocrats were active, particularly in the western part of the nation, through 1932–33, claiming as many as 250,000 members. Within another two years just a few diehards were left, and technocracy came to be thought of as a crank doctrine, one of many that thrived briefly during the worst days of the depression.

As I have said, this book leaves one wanting more dramatic details and less exegesis of technocratic theory. I have attributed the author's choice of emphasis to the restrictions imposed upon an aspiring historian in academe, but there is another possible explanation that is more disturbing. What if Akin has decided to take seriously these absurd theories in order to denounce, or ridicule by association, the people who are today called "technocrats," particularly members of the engineering profession?

Akin asserts that his serious study of technocratic thinking is justified because "for all their shortcomings," these men came to grips with immensely relevant issues: "They dealt with one of the central themes of the twentieth century, the effect of technology on modern society." I cannot agree that silly theories deserve to be studied in depth merely because they bear on relevant issues. And I am most concerned when I see technocracy confused with the rationality that is central to the practice of engineering.

Technocracy is not engineering, nor was it ever. Walter Rautenstrauch was an engineer, to be sure, but his specialty, industrial engineering, has always been on the periphery of the profession, blending into what today is called business management. Also, having spent forty years at Columbia, Rautenstrauch could as accurately be classified an academic as an engineer. The other leader of the original Committee on Technocracy—and the person most intimately identified with the term *technocracy*—was a strange man by the name of Howard Scott. Scott was not an engineer. He was a flamboyant radical with a mysterious past who appeared in Greenwich Village in 1918 and excelled at holding forth in coffee-shop discussions. Although he made his living selling floor wax, and had received no formal professional education, Scott claimed to be an engineer. The eventual exposure of this fraudulent claim was partly responsible for the downfall of the Committee on Technocracy. Yet Akin persistently refers to Scott as an engineer—"a radical, young engineer," "a little-known but energetic engineer," and so forth, again and again. At one point Akin admits that Scott's training did not include any formal higher education, but then states, "He seems to have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picked up on-the-job engineering experience from a variety of projects." As to Scott's eventual exposure and disgrace, "A series of journalists' exposés . . . had the effect of discrediting Scott's academic and engineering qualifications." Had the effect, indeed! The man was an impostor. A small point, perhaps, but irksome and, I think, revealing.

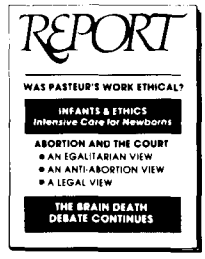
Engineers were much sought after by the technocrats, but very few joined the movement. Akin states that one of the sources of technocracy was "the search of the engineering profession for an occupational identity." It is true that some engineers, resentful of being dominated by businessmen and enchanted with the idea of applying rational methods to social problems, were thinking in terms of new leadership roles for their profession. But, as Edwin T. Layton, Jr., has noted in *The Revolt of the Engineers*, technocracy "represented a grotesque parody of the engineers' thought, rather than a legitimate expression of it." Worse, the movement "tended to discredit the profession's reform tradition."

The idea that society can be, or should be, "engineered" appealed only fleetingly to a handful of engineers, and then was discarded as being impractical, if not also immoral. But the concept was appealing to the general public in a time of crisis, and that is what makes the technocratic craze so interesting. As Akin points out, the feelings of helplessness experienced during the depression brought to mind the efficient operation of control boards during World War I, and started people thinking about putting experts in charge of things. A trace of the same exasperation exists today: "If we can put a man on the moon why can't we . . .?" Now, however, instead of being regarded as potential saviors, engineers are more often chastised for having capitulated to the industrial establishment. Worship or blame, it comes to the same thing—a view of engineering as a messianic calling.

It has become increasingly fashionable for historians to express disappointment in the engineering profession. Why, they ask, do engineers continue to serve the purposes of big business instead of declaring their professional independence and leading society into

Who should decide?

What is informed consent in social science research?
When should treatment be stopped on a dying patient?
Should the mentally retarded be sterilized?
What are the risks and benefits of recombinant DNA research?



THE HASTINGS CENTER REPORT is a bimonthly journal devoted to the ethics of science and medicine. Its articles, reviews, and case studies present a variety of views from many disciplines. Among the authors in recent issues are Daniel Callahan, Willard Gaylin, Robert Veatch, Paul Ramsey, Christopher Lasch, Peter Singer, and many others.

To receive **The Hastings Center Report** regularly, become an Associate Member of **The Hastings Center,** Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences. Annual dues are $19, $15 for students.

For more information write Publications Department A, The Hastings Center, 360 Broadway, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10706, or phone (914) 478-0500.

INSTITUTE OF SOCIETY, ETHICS AND THE LIFE SCIENCES
THE HASTINGS CENTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a golden age? Such a view ignores the hazards inherent in a completely independent profession that is committed, in the abstract, to good works. We consider it our very good fortune that in the United States the military establishment has never become politicized. Yet a politicized engineering profession is just as terrible to contemplate—a scenario right out of Orwell. (Howard Scott, in the waning days of the technocratic movement, took to wearing an all-gray uniform and accepting the salutes of his aides.)

Engineers do indeed serve in industry. There is also a venerable tradition of engineers in government service, proposing and executing codes of public health and safety. Engineers have played a vital role in the environmental movement. In a democratic society it is fitting that engineers participate in all legitimate enterprises, and be represented at the top levels of such enterprises where their special skills are obviously needed. But no single profession can be looked to for leadership. And—does it really need saying?—the goals of a democratic society can never be the province of any single professional group. The renewed interest in "engineering responsibility" is a symptom of our continuing search for scapegoats. It reveals a reluctance to face up to discomfiting questions about politics, economics, and human nature.

In the last few pages of this book, Akin brings in some new themes. He suggests that in our time technocracy has become a reality, since society is run by a "meritocratic elite of specially trained experts." Then, as if this canard were not enough, he concludes by observing that the good life "remains a dream that technology and engineering rationality seem incapable of fulfilling." This gratuitous thought seems particularly inapt. Even the technocrats did not promise the people happiness. They proposed to end unemployment and restore prosperity, and to Americans during the depression that was quite enough. Akin stresses this repeatedly. Alienation was not a problem in 1932.

When the crisis passed—to be precise, just as soon as the Roosevelt administration took office—Americans could start again to dream real dreams and to fret about the meaning of life. They also, thank goodness, stopped toying with totalitarian cults like technocracy.

It is Akin's bad fortune that his work, in this instance, has fallen into the hands of an engineer. One of his fellow historians might better appreciate his stolid scholarship, and possibly even approve the revisionist seriousness with which he treats technocratic theory.

All in the Family

TOLSTOY'S LETTERS. *Selected, edited, and translated by R. F. Christian. Two volumes. Scribner's. $35.*

TOLSTOY REMEMBERED. *By Tatyana Tolstoy. McGraw-Hill. $14.95.*

Reviewed by MARTIN GREEN

It is hard for academic humanists not to develop some resentment against the great men on whom they work, and Tolstoy studies have long been rich in examples of that unadmitted, perhaps unconscious, feeling. The new translation of the letters is something of a prize specimen.

Professor R. F. Christian says it is his belief ("however controversial") that "in the last resort Tolstoy was a great writer because he was a great man." But his portrait of Tolstoy shows us not a great man but a small-minded, irritable tyrant, of no dazzling intelligence. Tolstoy's comments on other writers "leave much to be desired" as literary criticism. His feelings for his children "were by no means always affectionate." And as Bertrand Russell said, it is a great misfortune that Tolstoy "has so little power of reasoning." (This cadence is no doubt what made an Oxford professor of Russian praise Christian's preface as "witty, elegant and scholarly.") During the period 1895–1902, Christian says, Tolstoy's literary achievements were remarkable—especially when set against the background of his absurd jealousy of his wife, his stern disapproval of his sons, and his "concern that his daughters were actually showing signs of wanting to get married."

In fact, Tolstoy's life during those years was tragic. His struggle with the members of his family was agonizing; and they were far from innocent bystanders or average human

MARTIN GREEN is professor of English at Tufts University. His book *The Challenge of the Mahatmas* was published this year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beings whom the reader could identify with. Take the son, Andrey, to whom (Christian says) Tolstoy had "hard things to say" and whom he "desired to mould in his own image rather than to help." Andrey at sixteen had a mistress among the peasants of Yasnaya Polyana, got engaged to one girl and then immediately to another—so immediately that the first one shot herself—married and mistreated his wife, seduced another man's wife and broke up his marriage, and finally found happiness in the Black Hundred, a right-wing, anti-Semitic terrorist organization. Andrey was a hard case, harder than any words Tolstoy addressed to him. But in humanism's view hard cases are blurred images on the periphery, not quite facts, while the behavior of a letter writer is scrutinized severely for any departure from liberal good manners.

That depends, of course, on who the letter writer is. An E. B. White is not scrutinized severely, but a Tolstoy is, because he renounced humanist values, renounced art itself, in the name of religion and spirituality. There is no use pretending that he does not present a severe challenge to all humanists, not just professors. To see a great artist, one who actually wrote the great books we love and serve, turn and rend them, rend and revile that haven of values which is the humanists' real heaven—that must and should be very hard to take. And in Tolstoy's case the challenge is more severe than with other great artists, because he was the poet of life values: the values of love, of nature, of family life. He lived all that, along with writing supremely well about it, and then he turned against it, in life as well as in art. He put his faith in chastity, in meekness, in the subduing of the body to the soul; in the diminishment of life, not the enhancement of life. He spent his last twenty-five years trying to escape his wife and children, in a fierce protest against life values.

Every humanist must feel very disturbed by Tolstoy. I think I honor men like Professor Christian more than, for instance, Professor Wasiolek, who, in his *Tolstoy's Major Fiction* (University of Chicago Press, 1978), acknowledges no discontinuity between *War and Peace* and *My Confession*, and so feels no challenge. Christian's "witty, elegant and

What it means to Publish with a Leader

EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.
Standard Bearer of Subsidy Publishing

Exposition Press publishes book manuscripts professionally in an average of four months—half the usual time.

Our special imprints—Exposition University (scholarly), Banner (trade), Lochinvar (Americana), Testament Books (religious)—are reserved for deserving works in their separate fields.

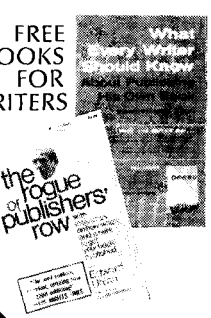
We offer a complete publishing service, including editorial supervision, a dynamic advertising and promotional program and trade distribution.

Inquiries are invited; editorial reports are furnished without obligation.

FREE: Two fact-filled source books presenting a detailed description of our publishing plan, a breakdown of contract terms and typical costs.

COMPLETE AND MAIL TODAY

2 FREE BOOKS FOR WRITERS



EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.
Dept. AS 900 S. Oyster Bay Road
Hicksville, N.Y. 11801 (516) 822-5700

☐ Please send my FREE copies of *The Rogue of Publishers' Row* and *What Every Writer Should Know About Publishing His Own Book* so that I can learn more about the Exposition Press Publishing Plan and get the facts and costs about publishing my book.

☐ I have finished a book; it contains approximately _____ pages (or _____ words).

☐ I have started a book; it will be finished by _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scholarly" pettiness at least acknowledges in its way that a challenge has been delivered.

A sentence of Tolstoy's—quoted by his daughter in her memoir—sums up the problem. He had been describing the Ant-Brothers game he played as a five-year-old boy, in which he and his brothers would sit in a tent and do and say nothing but loving things to each other. "We thought of it as a game, but I realize now that it is everything else in my life that has been a game." That includes love, adventure, marriage, war, writing, art, politics—all swept away in favor of what most of us feel to be an insipid pietism. This is why half the Tolstoy scholars accuse him (some only quietly) of insincerity. The other half accuse him of brutal moral egotism. Thus in the introduction to the English edition of *Tolstoy Remembered*, John Bayley says that Tatyana Tolstoy was a far nicer person than her father because she was not, like him, self-important. (That Tolstoy had more of a self to be important about is the kind of fact Bayley prefers to ignore.) Tolstoy, Bayley says, required his wife to worship him and not understand him; he even says that is what Sonya Tolstoy did—which would surprise any reader of her or her husband's diaries. Yet Professor Bayley is the other leading Tolstoyan, besides Professor Christian, in England. True, the introduction to this American edition is naïvely enthusiastic, but it ignores the problem.

Professor Christian's selection of six hundred of Tolstoy's letters throws a rather unexpected light on that problem. The work is divided into two volumes, and the dividing line is 1880, the year (or rather the period, for the process lasted more than twelve months) of Tolstoy's conversion. Thus the first volume contains the letters of Tolstoy the young officer, the lover, the novelist, the happy husband, the huntsman—the Tolstoy we love. Conjugal love and art went together for him; before he got married he couldn't settle down to writing. In the year after, he wrote to his cousin: "Now I am a writer with *all* the strength of my soul, and I write and think as I have never thought or written before. I am a happy and tranquil husband and father who has no secrets from anyone, and no desires, except that everything should go on as before."

In the second volume, one of the earliest letters is addressed to Tsar Alexander III, asking him not to punish the previous tsar's murderers. It begins: "I, an insignificant, unqualified, poor, weak man, am writing a letter to the Russian Emperor and advising him what he should do in the most complex, difficult circumstances which have ever existed. I feel how strange, improper and impudent this is, and yet I am writing." This is the voice of conscious humility, of the self-humiliated Tolstoy, almost the voice of Gandhi (to whom two of the last letters go, transmitting the Tolstoyan heritage) and very unlike the voice of the first volume.

There is great vitality as well as charm in the early volume. The letters to his aunt Tatyana Yergolskaya, for instance, are professions of love that are both erotic and nonerotic. They are the letters D. H. Lawrence might have written to his mother, and perhaps—mutatis mutandis—some of Rousseau's letters to Madame de Warens. And then there is the playfulness in the letters to his brothers, the fierceness of those to Turgenev, the heartiness in those to Fet, and so on.

There is absorbing interest in Tolstoy's struggle over his vocation as a writer. In March 1857, he writes to Botkin from Paris, "I understand moral laws . . . and I sense the laws of art, which always bring happiness; but the laws of politics are such terrible lies for me that I can't see in them a better or a worse." In August, back in Russia, he writes to his cousin Tolstaya about how hard it is to live there. "Happily, there is one salvation—the moral world, the world of the arts, poetry and attachments. There no one—neither the district police officer, nor the village elder—disturbs me." He sits alone, playing Beethoven or reading the *Iliad*. But in October of the same year he writes to Botkin, "Thank God I didn't listen to Turgenev who tried to convince me that a man of letters must only be a man of letters. . . . Such a thing wasn't in my nature." And adds (on a sheet he did not send) that philosophy, religion, and art have been his detours around painful reality, but now he "cannot rise above life," even though he still tells himself he is a poet and, as such, "another reality exists for me." (For a moment we see how Tolstoy could have been Nabokov.) Concurrently he is protesting to Turgenev and Tolstaya that he *can* love, protesting against his own as well as their doubts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So that both of the sustaining faiths of his middle years are here quite consciously and passionately queried, five years before he made the leap into marriage.

Of course, all this in the first volume is vivid, absorbing, impressive; and yet it seems to me that the second volume is more so. Tolstoy's life was much grimmer after 1880; his interests were much narrower, his tone quieter and duller; but I think an unprejudiced reader will feel, despite himself, drawn into deeper involvement and greater participation. (This is true, in my judgment, of Tolstoy's public writings, too.)

That first persona, and first career, in the realm of life values has after all been made familiar in his great novels. We are familiar with it through other great writers too. It is, for example, a Rousseauist persona. When Tolstoy read Rousseau's *Confessions* in 1845, he wrote, "I thought I was reading my own mind and simply added a few details here and there." And indeed he was. He acted out that persona all through the period of the first volume: the identification with nature (especially as a force), the cherishing of impulse (he often tells correspondents how nearly, on getting their letter, he dashed off to see them), the disdain for deliberation (to do good deliberately, he told Tolstaya in 1859, is shameful), the demand for naked intimacy even in public writings (he reproached Strakhov for his objectivity, which was only a respectable clothing for his thoughts), and the value of blushing ("A man who blushes can love, and a man who can love can do anything").

Tolstoy was of course one of the greatest prophets and artists of what I have termed life values, but still this is a familiar—and by now a faded—ideology for literary humanists. One might call it the major form of the last century's humanist religion. For instance, when Tolstoy spoke of blushing he was commending Ivan Aksakov; but he deplored Aksakov's marriage because it derived too much from a mere sympathy of ideas. "Flesh and blood are necessary for happiness and a moral life. One mind is good, but two are better, says the proverb; but I say: one soul in a crinoline is bad, but two, one in a crinoline and the other in trousers, are even worse." This will vividly remind Lawrencians of Tom Brangwen's speech at Anna's wedding in *The*

From Kent/for Fall

Briton, Boer, and Yankee
The United States and South Africa, 1870-1914
Thomas J. Noer. One of our earliest ventures into international diplomacy involved us with South Africa. Those events and the attitudes that shaped them continue to haunt our relations with this troubled area today. *$12.00*

H. M. Daugherty and the Politics of Expediency
James N. Giglio. President Harding's "kingmaker" and notorious Attorney General must be seen against the background of Ohio Republican politics during the years it was synonymous with national political power. *$15.00*

New Perspectives on Melville
Faith Pullin, ed. British and American views of Melville underscore his role as both world figure and quintessential American voice. The cross-cultural dimension provides the new perspectives. *$15.00*

Dots and Lines
New Edition
Richard J. Trudeau. "This book on graph theory is intended for the mathematically traumatized and the mathematical hobbyist...However, the topics are so well motivated, the exposition so lucid and delightful, that its appeal should be virtually universal."—*Choice. cloth $11.00, paper $6.50*

The Kent State University Press
Kent, Ohio 44242

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rainbow (written fifty years later). Tolstoy was writing to his cousin, and he went on to compliment her, most inappropriately, on having "that Tolstoyan wildness"—not for nothing had another of their cousins had himself tattooed. This too is a life-values gesture; it could again be Lawrence, or Keats, finding beauty in the passions displayed in even an ugly street fight.

But then comes the reversal. On the very last page of Volume I, in a letter of 1879 to Strakhov, a literary critic with all the problems of a man of letters, Tolstoy reproaches him: "You want the good, but regret that there is not more evil in you; that you have no passions. You want the truth, but regret and seem to resent that there is nothing rapacious about you. But what is good and what is bad? You evidently don't know well enough not to be afraid of making a mistake in doing good." One surmises, and with sympathy, that Strakhov found the reproach exasperating. Who but Tolstoy had made men of letters feel guilty for not having passions? Even those writers who turned to religious values, then and later, usually held on to life values as well. They still worshipped passion, and tried to turn meekness into a kind of passion; the "Catholic novel" and the Dostoevskian novelists are examples of this. But in fact Tolstoy was surely right. There *is* a conflict here; there are two religions and two value orientations, and you cannot give yourself to one if you hold on to the other.

Tolstoy Remembered, his daughter Tatyana's memoir, is enjoyable and, in desultory fashion, informative, but intellectually low-powered. (I don't say unintelligent—there are some very nice things said—but the intellectual mode is very naïve; Tolstoy's children were all strikingly low-powered as well as—some of them—strikingly perverse.) Tatyana Tolstoy gives a vivid account of the family's summers in Samara, which I have not found described before. She reminds us of how much Tolstoy achieved in the field of popular education in Russia; both with his school reading books (of which millions were used all over the country) and his publishing house, Posrednik, which had produced eight million booklets by the time Tatyana worked there.

She also gives us fragmentary insights of another kind. When Tolstoy once introduced the topic of death at the dinner table—as he so often did—he said to his sister-in-law Kuzminskaya, "But Tanya, don't you realize that you're going to die as well, even you?" And she (the model for Natasha of *War and Peace*) replied, "Me? Die? Oh, Lev, another of your silly jokes." That, I think, suggests quite well how the family dealt with him, but also how Tolstoy himself related to the power of spontaneous gaiety he had glorified in Natasha. (He deplored it and respected it, as well as being enchanted by it.) Her remark is implied in Natasha's characterization in the novel, but not made explicit. This memoir also gives us one of the more convincing defenses of Tolstoy against the charge of moral brutality. "I would like to stress this trait in my father's character: not only did he never preach or moralize to people, even within his family, he even refrained from ever giving them advice. He talked to us very rarely about his beliefs. His inner struggle was something he pursued alone."

Tolstoy's letters make it clear that he did offer advice, but they seem to confirm that this happened only on exceptional occasions—in which the Tolstoy family life was rich. It is a terrible story that we glimpse via the letters of the second volume. The worst part was not the struggle between Tolstoy and his children, but that between him and his wife, who felt herself wounded by every feature of his new faith; even his aesthetics rejected her, because she had been so involved in the writings of his great novels. (Those novels were the product of the marriage, and vice versa.) She gradually made herself into the embodiment of everything he hated, in order to oppose him, and so slid down into evil and madness; that is, she behaved evilly and madly.

But that story, the story of his marriage, is so terrible it should not be retold except for some important purpose. We readers have more right to look at the pathos of the writer we admire—"pushed to one side" in his family, he said, as being "some unpleasant, anomalous phenomenon like maggots in beehives." Such maggots, he wrote to his disciple, Chertkov, can't be killed by the bees, so they are smeared with honey in order that they will not be in the way. That honey was the luxurious life at Yasnaya Polyana, for enjoyment of which Tolstoy was mocked by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the outside world—the luxury that made nonsense of his ascetic gospel.

The publication of these letters is, of course, an event in the history of Tolstoy studies in English. Up to now very few of them had been translated, and those few were in out-of-print volumes. The notes, though not copious, are most valuable, especially in giving the later history of family members—information that has not been easy to obtain. The selection I see no reason to quarrel with, except that a few of the letters written to correspondents famous in the English-speaking world are not very interesting in their content. One can see why the editor would think such letters should be included, to make the volumes more generally interesting, but in fact their interest is not general but created by Tolstoy; so it would have been better to consult only Tolstoy-studies criteria.

The translation, according to the professor of Russian at Oxford, is wonderfully faithful. I did not try to check it, but I have my doubts. So often the English wording seems merely untidy, seems to stop just short of felicity or force. The translator is said to have recaptured the nuances of Tolstoy's style; I suspect he may have exaggerated them. At least one feels some disappointment as one reads, at the stylistic level. But of course there are deeper levels, at which one is amply compensated.

Indicting Criminal Justice

DENIAL OF JUSTICE: CRIMINAL PROCESS IN THE UNITED STATES. *By Lloyd L. Weinreb. Free Press. $12.95.*

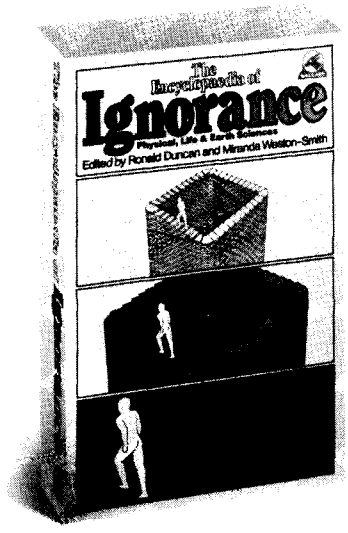
Reviewed by FRANCIS A. ALLEN

Various motives may induce writers to deal with the system of criminal justice. Some may want to advance the understanding and skills of persons professionally involved in the criminal process; others, to urge reforms of

---

FRANCIS A. ALLEN is Edson R. Sunderland Professor of Law at the University of Michigan. He is the author of *The Borderland of Criminal Justice* and *The Crimes of Politics.*

A knowing look at what we don't know.



Man's knowledge is awesome. But what we don't know is more so. It is this subject—what remains unexplained—that some of the most eminent scientists of our time address in *The Encyclopaedia of Ignorance.* Each one surveys the unsolved problems in his own field—biology, ecology, physics, mathematics, space—and gives his personal views on those questions he deems most important for our future.

Now available in soft cover at only $7.95.
Get it at your bookstore, or just fill out the coupon.

Pocket Books Dept. SP
1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020
Enclosed is $7.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling (add sales tax where applicable) for *The Encyclopaedia of Ignorance.*

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

79050 POCKET BOOKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the system in the interests of greater fairness or efficiency. Still others may focus on the penal process, believing that scrutiny of its principles and practices will provide insights into the society of which the criminal justice system is a part. Whatever contributions Professor Weinreb's volume makes to social analysis, these are not his primary concern. His book is a straightforward reformist tract directed toward reconstructing the American criminal justice system. His concentration on institutional reform brings force to his discussion, but, as will appear, it is also the source of some of its limitations.

Professor Weinreb's indictment of American criminal justice is both comprehensive and detailed. Among the important charges he levels are the following:

First, the system places unrealistic and incompatible burdens on the police. The police perform the exacting, sometimes hazardous task of containing outbreaks of disorder about as well as any human agency can be expected to do. But we make further demands by giving them responsibility for criminal investigation. Prosecutors and courts, being almost wholly excluded from the investigatory process, are therefore dependent on what information the police provide. This is wrong for at least two reasons. On the one hand, the police lack the skills and legal knowledge required to conduct effective inquiry and interrogation. On the other, it is psychologically dubious. An officer geared to defuse emergency situations on the streets should not be expected to handle suspects in the interrogation room with the wisdom and judicious restraint that the law demands. As far as possible, criminal investigation should be removed from the police.

Second, the American criminal process is one in which the guilty plea, rather than a contested trial, is the norm. Liability is established through a process of bargain and compromise. Many private defense lawyers rarely participate in trials, and some frankly admit their incapacity to provide adequate trial representation. The consequences of plea bargaining are to discourage assertion of the right to contest guilt in court, to produce degrees of legal liability often bearing little relation to actual guilt, and to engender caprice and inequity.

Third, the criminal trial (in the 10 percent or so of the cases where guilt is litigated) is monopolized by the lawyers. Its procedures are calculated, not to achieve truth, but to advance the adversarial purposes of the parties. The reputed virtues of trial by jury and the adversarial system, as these operate in American courts, should be regarded with skeptical reserve.

Professor Weinreb's critique is of a greater richness than the above summary can possibly convey. Even so, his more extended description of American criminal justice often fails to encompass the system's remarkable variations and complexity, and the resulting distortions are not all insignificant. These matters, however, may be reasonably ignored; for the issues of far greater interest are those raised by the solutions he proposes for the problems identified.

To find his solutions, Professor Weinreb does not look principally to the institutions of the common law, but to those of the continental legal systems. His two central proposals are that investigative responsibilities be largely removed from the police and that those functions—together with responsibilities for charging and proving criminal offenses—be united in a single agency, a branch of the judiciary. Both proposals require the creation of an investigating magistracy, an institution familiar to some continental systems but largely unknown to the Anglo-American system (although not wholly foreign to its history).

These and related proposals are intended as specific responses to the ills of American criminal justice identified earlier. Since the police are poorly qualified to perform more than routine investigatory functions, remove those duties and place them elsewhere. Not only will this produce better investigation, but it may also free the police of unrealistic restraints on their peace-keeping activities—restraints now largely derived from their evidence-gathering functions. Since in American systems there are gaps and poor coordination between the agencies responsible for investigating crime and those charging and proving criminal offenses, why not put *all* these functions in the hands of the investigating magnistrate? The magistrate's powers would combine many of those we today associate with the police, the prosecutor, and the bench. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would make the critical decisions about the investigation, and the police, when employed for evidence gathering, would act under his control and supervision. He would presumably have powers to subpoena witnesses analogous to those of a grand jury. Station-house interrogations of suspected persons would be eliminated. Instead, the magistrate would conduct judicial interrogations that counsel for the defense would be privileged to attend. The lawyer's role, however, would be limited to such matters as suggesting lines of inquiry; he would not be permitted to advise his client to remain silent. After the investigation is completed, the magistrate would determine whether a formal accusation should be made. The accusation, if made, would represent more than a simple preliminary to trial; it would constitute the magistrate's explicit finding of guilt beyond reasonable doubt. All the evidence compiled by him—oral, written, and scientific—would become a part of the record of the case, freely available to both prosecutor and defense in any subsequent proceedings. Professor Weinreb believes that the existence of a full record of guilt and a specific accusation would not eliminate guilty pleas, but would lessen plea bargaining. If guilt is contested, the accused would be tried before a court where the jury, as known in common law, would be missing. Instead, guilt would be determined by the court—a tribunal made up of the presiding judge, two lawyers who are not judges, and seven lay persons. Measures would be taken to prevent domination of the proceedings by the trial lawyers; for example, responsibility for presenting the evidence would be removed from the hands of counsel and placed in those of the presiding judge.

The proposal, as is apparent, calls for a radical alteration of existing institutions. Professor Weinreb, a sophisticated scholar, knows that such reform, short of revolution, is rarely achieved easily. He knows also that social reconstruction must confront the specter of unintended consequences. But at the least he presents his recommendations as a tangible ideal toward which to direct our efforts. Whatever conclusion one reaches about them, one must grant that Professor Weinreb's detailed elucidation of remedies for ad-

American Studies Program

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY
WACO, TEXAS

Baylor offers both an undergraduate major and an M.A. degree in American Studies. Designed to produce a comprehensive knowledge of American institutions and culture, American Studies at Baylor consists of courses in such areas as American literature, religion, education, political science, sociology, economics, and philosophy. We still believe that there is no substitute for a broad exposure to the intellectual and spiritual values of one's culture. For further information about American Studies at Baylor, write J. R. LeMaster, Director, American Studies Program, Baylor University, Waco, Texas 76703.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mitted evils has stimulated both thought and imagination.

For many, unease may begin with the author's reliance on continental institutions of criminal justice. This unease is based on the fact that institutions removed from their social context and transported to other societies sometimes suffer a sea change, but goes further: one suspects that continental practices and procedures are dealing less than adequately with the problems that concern the author, even in the countries that gave them birth. A study recently published by the former dean of the Yale Law School, Professor Abraham S. Goldstein, notes that in a number of continental countries the investigation of criminal offenses is largely a police function. Despite official theories, the prosecutor's discretion with reference to charging plays an important role, and something very like plea bargaining can be perceived in the operation of those systems. In some respects the United States provides greater judicial supervision of the criminal process than is provided on the continent. This is not to say that the European experience has nothing to offer the American reformer. Yet the presence of problems common to the two systems suggests the intractability of the difficulties confronting us and some of the directions in which our thinking should proceed.

Professor Weinreb's analysis needs to be supplemented by the answers to two questions: Why do our institutions take the form they now possess? What elements in our society have vested interests in retaining features of the system that compromise its fairness and efficiency? In short, attention needs to be given to both history and social context. First, our system staggers under an overwhelming increase in the adolescent population that started after World War II. Second, there are hundreds of virtually autonomous police forces in this country, largely independent of each other and often successfully resistant to civilian control and scrutiny. Third, for a century and a half the office of public prosecutor, inherited from colonial antecedents, has been elective—giving the prosecutor an independent power base and making effective supervision of his activities and discretion difficult to achieve. Fourth, judges are often recruited from among those who have served their apprenticeships in urban ward and precinct politics. The list could be greatly extended. What does it have to say about the goals and strategy of reform?

The discussion would gain by a more explicit political analysis. The heart of Professor Weinreb's proposal is the institution of the "neutral" investigating magistrate. The creation of such an office implies training programs and institutional devices necessary to establish and maintain neutrality. These measures, not elaborated in the text, involve significant difficulties. At present the close relations between prosecutor and judge in many American courts make the ideal of judicial neutrality largely fictional, and one suspects that similar problems could be uncovered in the continental systems. There are "political" problems of other kinds. The guilt-finding, punishment-imposing function involves more than the administrative processing of cases; a combat, however muted or disguised, is going forward. It is the perception of this reality that underlies the ideology of the American adversary process and assigns large importance to the role of counsel. To be sure, this results in absurdities, many of which can and should be mitigated. "Truth" is an alluring goal of criminal procedures, but fairness surely has equal claim. These issues come to focus in the political trials that are an inherent feature of all organized societies. To many, the common-law jury and the representatives of the adversary process appeared to acquit themselves well in the great state trials of the early 1970s, however unaesthetic and nerve-wracking their performances proved to be. A strong burden of proof, therefore, rests on one who advocates fundamental modification.

Despite the foregoing reservations, one must be grateful for Professor Weinreb's highlighting of the pathologies of American criminal justice. To separate criminal investigation from the charging and prosecuting functions—which often (though not always) characterizes our system—is absurd. It is nonsensical that the lineup and other identification procedures should be administered by agencies committed to the prosecutor's cause. In this period of high crime rates, the problem of station-house interrogation of suspects has not sufficiently engaged the attention and conscience of well-meaning citizens. Even if modification of the constitutional privilege

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against self-incrimination is required, the possibility of substituting some form of judicial inquiry deserves serious consideration.

These and other matters are again brought forcefully to our attention by Professor Weinreb. We can also be grateful to him for his faith in the possibility of rational reform. "But it is not true that we cannot devise a more rational criminal process," he writes. "It is not true that any better process would cost too much. It is not true that whatever process we devised would only reflect another set of preferences without bringing us closer to our common objectives." This is a faith that has flickered in the post-Vietnam era; in reinvigorating it, Lloyd Weinreb performs an important service.

Pertinence Without Polemic

TROPE AND ALLEGORY: THEMES COMMON TO DANTE AND SHAKESPEARE. *By Francis Fergusson. University of Georgia Press. $10.50.*

Reviewed by JOSEPH FRANK

Literary criticism today is a cacophony of conflicting theories and strident voices, each one proclaiming its wares more loudly than the other in the hope of drowning out competing claims and contrary assertions. At a time when it has become popular to view literary creation itself in terms of the ritual murder of the father, and when criticism all too often turns into the ritual murder of the writer by the critic, it is little wonder that a book like Francis Fergusson's *Trope and Allegory* has gone relatively unnoticed. As a critic Mr. Fergusson has never gone in for flamboyant theorizing and self-justifying polemic. Even in the days of the New Criticism, when he first began to publish, he steered clear of all argument about methodology and concentrated on giving us quiet but penetrating insights into the problems and the writers he chose to deal with. The result was

JOSEPH FRANK is professor of comparative literature at Princeton University, and director of the Christian Gauss Seminars. He is the author of *The Widening Gyre* and of *Dostoevsky: The Seeds of Revolt*, the first volume of a projected four-volume critical biography.

Mikhail Bulgakov
Life and interpretations
A. Colin Wright
Persistently attacked by communist critics during his career, Bulgakov achieved international recognition only after his death with the publication of *The Master and Margarita*. This is the first comprehensive study the Russian writer's life and works, from his early days in Kiev until his death in Moscow in 1940. $25.00

The Grasshopper
Games, life and utopia
Bernard Suits
This is at once a serious philosophical study and a remarkably engaging piece of writing. Through Socratic dialogue between the Grasshopper–the practitioner and exponent of idleness–and his disciples Prudence and Skepticus, the author presents a definition of games and a vision of utopia–a world in which all activities are games. The form of the book is a game too, played with great skill. With 15 original drawings by award-winning illustrator Frank Newfeld. $10.00

Ernst Cassirer
The dilemma of a liberal intellectual in Germany, 1914-33
David R. Lipton
This study of the career, works, and influence of Ernst Cassirer–a German-Jewish neo-Kantian who taught at the University of Hamburg until Hitler came to power–analyses the philosopher's thoughts on human culture as they developed during the turbulent political and cultural conditions in the Germany of his time. $15.00

prices are those suggested at time of publication

University of Toronto Press
33 East Tupper St, Buffalo, NY 14203

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hurry Home Wednesday
Growing Up in a Small Missouri Town, 1905–1921
Loren Reid. In this vividly detailed reminiscence of life sixty years ago in Gilman City, Missouri, Reid has created a document that will fascinate anyone interested in the small American town, from a sociological, historical, or purely nostalgic perspective. By preserving his memories of Gilman City at its height, Reid has helped recall a vanished way of life. October 320 pages Illustrated $12.95

Patterns and Coincidences
A Sequel to *All Is But a Beginning*
John G. Neihardt. In this continuation of his autobiography, Neihardt shares a mingling of romantic anecdotes telling of his early newspaper days, his struggle to write poetry, his family, and his relationships with Indians. Using a conversational style, he begins to elaborate on one memorable experience, then quickly draws out another that occurred years later, tying them into a pattern or coincidence. 1978 144 pages $9.50

University of Missouri Press
107 Swallow Hall
Columbia, Missouri 65211

RESEARCH TO ANSWER WHAT BLACKS OUGHT TO HAVE

Warren M. Banner

The National Urban League's former director of research creates a comprehensive guide to the American view of interracial attitudes discovered during three decades of fact-finding. Of great value to the social welfare researcher as well as the interested layman. **$5.95**

At your bookseller or postpaid from
Dorrance & Company
35 Cricket Terrace • Ardmore, PA 19003

at least one critical masterpiece, *The Idea of a Theater*, which has survived—and is likely to continue doing so—all the changes of literary fashion. Very few critical works written as long ago as 1949 stand up so well to rereading and have lost so little of their original value.

Since that first important work, probably the best book ever written by an American on the classic theaters of the Western tradition (it goes from the Greeks and Shakespeare to Chekhov, Pirandello, and Eliot), Mr. Fergusson has retreated from the modern world and devoted himself to the study of Dante (two books) and Shakespeare (one book, with introductions to all the plays for a complete edition). What has always marked his work, however, is his acute sense of the Western literary tradition as a whole. And just as, in *The Idea of a Theater*, he could place modernity in the context of the classical past, so he brings a keen awareness of modern literature to his study of the classics. This is why his books transcend mere scholarship as such (though without neglecting its results or undervaluing its contributions), and continue to reveal the pertinence of great literature to the perpetual dilemmas of the human condition.

Francis Fergusson's new book is subtitled *Themes Common to Dante and Shakespeare*, and certainly it is an offshoot of the many years he has spent lovingly immersed in the world of these two great pillars of Western culture. It was no doubt inevitable that he should begin to see similarities between Dante and Shakespeare, even though the average literary historian—and some far from average critics such as T. S. Eliot and George Santayana—has much more commonly viewed them as opposites. In the Anglo-American criticism of the twenties and thirties there was a great quarrel about whether or not Dante's firmly organized and harmonious Thomistic universe should be preferred to Shakespeare's teeming chaos of conflicting personalities and values; critics chose up sides according to their own temperaments and ideologies. Mr. Fergusson's book, drawing on the insights of such scholars as E. M. Tillyard and Erich Auerbach, reveals how otiose that quarrel was, and demonstrates with tact and discrimination the extent to which both poets are linked by their common cultural ties.

"There are plenty of differences between

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dante and Shakespeare," he writes, probably with the history of this quarrel in the back of his mind, "some of which will be brought out in what follows. But it is clear to anyone who reads them carefully that they share the classical-Christian vision of human nature and destiny which was composed of Aristotelian philosophy, Christian theology, and the heritage of pagan and biblical literature made relevant to their time by allegorical interpretation." Both accepted essentially the same interpretation of human life and its relation to the supernatural, because "they were both brought up on that Aristotelian ethics, metaphysics and psychology which was the standard philosophy from Dante's Aquinas to Shakespeare's Hooker." Hence both also had the same conceptions of art and of the purpose of poetry. "Dante adopts the make-believe of the post-mortem journey, while Shakespeare always creates an earthly setting, but both wished to imitate human action as we learn to recognize it on earth, and to reveal its God-given meaning."

Mr. Fergusson takes the title of his book from Dante's letter to Can Grande, in which the poet defines the fourfold meaning of a biblical text (and hence, by extension, of his own epic poem). By "trope" Mr. Fergusson means all the literal, historical, and moral meanings of a text; by "allegory," those meanings specifically dependent on Christian faith, which include those that Dante called anagogical. One of the fundamental differences between Dante and Shakespeare, which Mr. Fergusson by no means tries to minimize, is that in Shakespeare the allegory is often lacking, or is much more implicit than in Dante. But, he maintains, while Shakespeare "treats only earthly life and not the mystic vision of heaven . . . he sees the meaning of earthly life very much as Dante does."

The bulk of the book consists of Mr. Fergusson's illustration of this main thesis. He does so in six chapters, each of which is devoted to analyzing thematic parallels in the two writers. There is "Romantic Love as Lost" (Paolo and Francesca in Dante; *Romeo and Juliet* in Shakespeare); "Killing the Bond of Love" (Ugolino and *Macbeth*); "Human Government" (*Purgatorio* 16 and *Measure for Measure*); "Redeeming the Time" (*De Monarchia* and the sequence in the *Purgatorio* on "the true ruler"; the entire panoply of the

ANNOUNCING
VOL. 1 No. 3

STTH
SCIENCE/TECHNOLOGY & THE HUMANITIES

A journal for greater understanding of the intellectual richness of the two cultures.
Charmenz S. Lenhart, Editor

September issue
"The Metaphysics of Objective Reason"
by Steven L. Goldman
"Does the Physical World Exist?"
by Arthur A. Broyles
"Michelson—Master of Light"
by Dorothy Michelson Livingston
"Woods Hole: Idyllic Science"
by Martin Green
"Nature, Art & Mathematics"
by Raymond J. Seeger
"Significant Form in Wallace Stevens"
by Frances E. Neidhardt
"Music in George Herbert's 'Deniall' "
by Mortimer H. Frank
"Absurdist Language"
by Anthony Channell Hilfer
"Reality & Impressionism in Conrad"
by Todd K. Bender
"Observations on Lyric Poetry"
by T. N. Grove

Recent Contributors:
Andre Lwoff, Richard C. Atkinson, Jean-Pierre Barricelli, Walter Gordy, Peter Firchow, Ashley Montagu, Bettina Knapp, Eugene P. Wigner.

THREE COPIES: $8.00 per year
Florida Institute of Technology
Box 1150
Melborune, Florida 32901

NOVELS
by J. Inchardi
$10 each

Lines On The Death Of A Fisherman
Three Jews In A Tub
Dreamship
Yurros
A Paper Toy
Intercurse

Order by mail from
Sirius Books, Box 177
Freeport, Maine 04032

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUMBOLDT
STATE UNIVERSITY

ARCATA, CALIFORNIA 95521

Schools and Divisions: Schools: Behavioral & Social Sciences; Business & Economics; Creative Arts & Humanities; Natural Resources; Science. Divisions: Health & Physical Education; Interdisciplinary Studies & Special Programs.

Admissions Office: 707/826-3421

THE LETTERS OF MARK VAN DOREN

The correspondence of Mark Van Doren is being collected for possible publication. Anyone having letters by him is requested to send copies to:

Dorothy Van Doren
c/o Hill and Wang, Publishers
19 Union Square West
New York, New York 10003

LOOKING FOR A PUBLISHER?

You are invited to send for a free illustrated guidebook which explains how your book can be published, promoted and marketed. Whether your subject is fiction, non-fiction or poetry, scientific, scholarly, specialized, (even controversial) this handsome 52-page brochure will show you how to arrange for prompt publication.

To the Author in Search of a Publisher

Unpublished authors, especially, will find this booklet valuable and informative. **For your free copy, write to: VANTAGE PRESS, Inc. Dept. F-71**
516 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001

history plays by Shakespeare); "The Faith in Romantic Love" (the vision of Beatrice in Dante; Shakespeare's comedies and *The Winter's Tale*); finally, "Belief and Make-Believe" (the *Paradiso Terrestre* and *The Tempest*). The links that Mr. Fergusson establishes between such thematic complexes are brought out with skill and discretion—with no straining to make them any more than suggestive analogies, but with a deep understanding of their underlying moral and spiritual relationships within the still unbroken heritage of Western culture.

Francis Fergusson's book is not so much literary criticism in the strict sense, or even historical criticism intending to document a theory about the two masters he discusses. It contains, rather, the wise reflections of a seasoned scholar-critic meditating on some of the perennial constants of the Western culture that he knows and loves as do few others in our frantic and forgetful age. Its great value is not only in the civilizing enrichment it affords, or in the renewed insights that it provides, but most of all in reviving a sense—so badly needed at the present time—of what the great humanist tradition of Western culture truly meant and really did. Time and again, Mr. Fergusson shows us Dante and Shakespeare facing, with unflinching candor, the full horror of which man is capable—not softening its impact by a single jot—but then continually setting all the black deeds and terrible events into a larger framework that takes account of other values and other possibilities.

Let me cite just one example among many: "In *Macbeth* Shakespeare uses children as Dante does with Ugolino—to place the act of treachery in relation to the natural needs of the loving psyche and to bring out its pathos and horror. Lady Macbeth's suckling infant, Macbeth's pity, the Macduff boy, the infants evoked by the witches, and Siward in act 5, whose death releases our tears in spite of Macbeth's savagery—all serve, like Ugolino's sons, to remind us that Macbeth is, or was, a human being, though an evil one." Because Mr. Fergusson's book keeps reminding us in this way of what human beings are, or were, the reading of it provides a rare and salutary pleasure in the contemporary cultural situation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Index to Volume 47

Pagination of the volume is divided as follows: Winter 1–144; Spring, 145–288; Summer, 289–432; Autumn, 433–576. Listed in *Reader's Guide*.

Academic Ethos, The, *Edward Shils,* 165

Ackerman, Robert, **J. G. Frazer Revisited** (Anthropology), 232

Aerialists (Poem), *Mary Oliver,* 448

Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (Books), *Sonya Rudikoff,* 245

Album of a Play Doctor (Theater), *Stanley Kauffmann,* 87

Alfred North Whitehead: Plato's Lost Dialogue (Teaching), *Joseph Gerard Brennan,* 515

All in the Family (Books), *Martin Green,* 560

Allen, Francis A., **Indicting Criminal Justice** (Books), 565

Amberg, Jay, **Monster in Our Midst** (Books), 137

Anderson, Jervis, **Black Heavies** (Sport), 387

Anthropology: **J. G. Frazer Revisited,** *Robert Ackerman,* 232

Aristides, **Greetings and Salutations** (Life and Letters), 16; **Foodstuff and Nonsense** (Life and Letters), 157; **Jokes and Their Relation to the Conscious** (Life and Letters), 302; **Sinning in Black and White** (Life and Letters), 449

Barrett, William, **The Faith to Will** (Religion), 525

Beckett Without Angst (Reappraisals), *John Romano,* 95

Bentham Versus Blackstone (Books), *Gertrude Himmelfarb,* 537

Bereaved (Poem), *James Hearst,* 356

Bernstein, Jeremy, **Scientific Cranks: How to Recognize One and What to Do Until the Doctor Arrives** (Out of My Mind), 8; **The Confy Guide** (Out of My Mind), 296

Black Heavies (Sport), *Jervis Anderson,* 387

Books, 118, 245, 398, 537

Prehumous Classics, *Ellen Moers,* 118, review of *Victorian Novelists and Publishers* by J. A. Sutherland.

Junker and Jew, *J. P. Stern,* 126, review of *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichröder, and the Building of the German Empire* by Fritz Stern.

Nothing Like a Dame, *William Haley,* 131, review of *Rebecca West: A Celebration.* Critical Introduction by Samuel Hynes.

Scholarship as Footwork, *Paul Fussell,* 134, review of *Sir Aurel Stein: Archaeological Explorer* by Jeannette Mirsky.

Monster in Our Midst, *Jay Amberg,* 137, review of *The Plug-In Drug. Television, Children, and the Family* by Marie Winn.

Shrinking Literary Values, *Jonathan Brent,* 140, review of *Psychiatry and the Humanities, Volume I* edited by Joseph Smith.

Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, *Sonya Rudikoff,* 245.

Stooping to Conquer, *Kenneth S. Lynn,* 271, review of *Robert Frost: The Work of Knowing* by Richard Poirier.

Where There's a Way, There's a Will, *Peter Gay,* 273, review of *Lying, Despair, Jealousy, Envy, Sex, Suicide, Drugs, and the Good Life* by Leslie H. Farber.

Dr. J, *Donald Greene,* 277, review of *Samuel Johnson* by W. Jackson Bate.

Seeing in the Dark, *John P. Sisk,* 281, review of *Eyes, Etc.: A Memoir* by Eleanor Clark.

Learning over Lucre, *William Haley,* 283, review of *Caught in the Web of Words: James Murray and the Oxford English Dictionary* by K. M. Elisabeth Murray.

Fiction and Anti-Fiction, *George P. Elliott,* 398.

Imaginary Enemies, Real Terror, *Sidney Hook,* 406, review of *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet* by James Atlas.

Last Pagan in Purple, *Edward N. Luttwak,* 412, review of *Julian the Apostate* by G. W. Bowersock.

Confession of Friendship, *Hillel J. Kieval,* 414, review of *Letters to Friends, Family, and Editors* by Franz Kafka.

The Figure Under the Carpet, *Leon Edel,* 418, review of *Conan Doyle* by Ronald Pearsall, and *Rex Stout* by John McAleer.

Sadly for Adlai, *Paul Roazen,* 421, review of *Adlai Stevenson and the World: The Life of Adlai E. Stevenson* by John Barlow.

Name Is the Game, *Eric Partridge,* 424, review of *The Oxford Dictionary of English Christian Names* by E. G. Withycombe, and *First Names First* by Leslie Alan Dunkling.

The Enemy Within and Without, *Henry McDonald,* 427, review of *The Story of Cancer* by Armin C. Braun.

Bentham Versus Blackstone, *Gertrude Himmelfarb,* 537, review of *A Comment on the Commentaries and A Fragment on Government* by Jeremy Bentham, edited by J. H. Burns and H. L. A. Hart.

Nasty, British, and Short, *Peter Conrad,* 554, review of *The World of the Public School* introduced by George Macdonald Fraser.

Tinker Toy Time, *Samuel C. Florman,* 556, re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

view of *Technocracy and the American Dream* by William E. Akin.
All in the Family, *Martin Green,* 560, review of *Tolstoy's Letters,* two volumes, selected, edited, and translated by R. F. Christian, and *Tolstoy Remembered* by Tatyana Tolstoy.
Indicting Criminal Justice, *Francis A. Allen,* 565, review of *Denial of Justice: Criminal Process in the United States* by Lloyd L. Weinreb.
Pertinence Without Polemic, *Joseph Frank,* 569, review of *Trope and Allegory: Themes Common to Dante and Shakespeare* by Francis Fergusson.
Bowen, James K., **The Edge** (Poem), 514
Bowersock, G. W., **The Rediscovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii,** 461
Brennan, Joseph Gerard, **Alfred North Whitehead: Plato's Lost Dialogue** (Teaching), 515
Brent, Jonathan, **Shrinking Literary Values** (Books), 140
Breslin, Paul, **How to Read the New Contemporary Poem,** 357
Brodsky, Louis Daniel, **A Sky Filled With Trees** (Poem), 23
Bureaucracy Baiting, *Stephen Miller,* 205
Burnett, Edward L., **The Punishment of Oedipus** (Poem), 236

Catholic Dance, The (Poem), *Richard Frost,* 300
Common and Uncommon Readers: Literature in the University (Literary Culture), *Dan Jacobson,* 383
Confession of Friendship (Books), *Hillel J. Kieval,* 414
Confy Guide, The (Out of My Mind), *Jeremy Bernstein,* 296
Conjuring (Poem), *Robert Cording,* 190
Conrad, Peter, **Nasty, British, and Short** (Books), 554
Cording, Robert, **Conjuring** (Poem), 190

Dankleff, Richard, **Livery Stable** (Poem), 382
Delbrück, Max, **Mind from Matter?,** 339
Despairing Optimist, The, *René Dubos,* 152, 440
divorcée (Poem), *Gerald Locklin,* 231
Djanikian, Gregory, **Rowing on Eaton-Brook Lake at Twilight** (Poem), 326
Dr. J (Books), *Donald Greene,* 277
Dream Game, The (Poem), *D. M. Thomas,* 49
Dubos, René, The Despairing Optimist, 152, 440
Dürer Sketches His Mother in Charcoal (Poem), *Norbert Krapf,* 191

Edel, Leon, **Portrait of the Artist as an Old Man,** 52; **The Figure Under the Carpet** (Books), 418
Edge, The (Poem), *James K. Bowen,* 514
Elliott, George P., **Fiction and Anti-Fiction** (Books), 398
Ellison, Ralph, **The Little Man at Chehaw Station,** 25
Enemy Within and Without, The (Books), *Henry McDonald,* 427
Escape Artist, The (Poem), *M. L. Hester,* 230
Eternity, I (Poem), *Frederick Morgan,* 104

Faith to Will, The (Religion), *William Barrett,* 525
Fiction and Anti-Fiction (Books), *George P. Elliott,* 398
Figure Under the Carpet, The (Books), *Leon Edel,* 418
Florman, Samuel C., **Tinker Toy Time** (Books), 556
Foodstuff and Nonsense (Life and Letters), *Aristides,* 157
Formulas, Numbers, Words: Statistics in Prose (Language), *William Kruskal,* 223
Frank, Joseph, **Pertinence Without Polemic** (Books), 569
Frost, Richard, **The Catholic Dance** (Poem), 300
Fussell, Paul, **Scholarship as Footwork** (Books), 134

Gay, Peter, **Where There's a Way, There's a Will** (Books), 273
Gerschenkron, Alexander, **On Reading Books: A Barbarian's Cogitations,** 329
Gillam, Richard, **Richard Hofstadter, C. Wright Mills, and "the Critical Ideal,"** 69
Green, Martin, **The Visible College in British Science** (History of Science), 105; **All in the Family** (Books), 560
Greene, Donald, **Dr. J** (Books), 277
Greetings and Salutations (Life and Letters), *Aristides,* 16
Grossbardt, Andrew, **No Good Reason** (Poem), 103

Haley, William, **Nothing Like a Dame** (Books), 131; **Learning over Lucre** (Books), 283; **Will There Always Be an England?,** 313
Handstand (Poem), *Paul Petrie,* 328
Hannah Arendt (Teaching), *Peter Stern* and *Jean Yarbrough,* 371
Hazo, Samuel, **Victorious Losses** (Poem), 354
Hearst, James, **Bereaved** (Poem), 356
Hester, M. L., **The Escape Artist** (Poem), 230
Himmelfarb, Gertrude, **Bentham Versus Blackstone** (Books), 537
Historians of the Classical World and Their Audiences, The, *Arnaldo Momigliano,* 193
History of Science: **The Visible College in British Science,** *Martin Green,* 105
Hook, Sidney, **Imaginary Enemies, Real Terror** (Books), 406
How to Read the New Contemporary Poem, *Paul Breslin,* 357

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imaginary Enemies, Real Terror (Books), *Sidney Hook*, 406
In an Amber Mood (Natural History), *Paul A. Zahl*, 237
Indicting Criminal Justice (Books), *Francis A. Allen*, 565

J. G. Frazer Revisited (Anthropology), *Robert Ackerman*, 232
Jacobson, Dan, **Common and Uncommon Readers: Literature in the University** (Literary Culture), 383
Jennings, Kate, **Rural Route** (Poem), 85
Jokes and Their Relation to the Conscious (Life and Letters), *Aristides*, 302
Junker and Jew (Books), *J. P. Stern*, 126

Kate's Poem (Poem), *Sally Harris Sange*, 396
Kauffmann, Stanley, **Album of a Play Doctor** (Theater), 87
Kenney, Richard, **Night's La Brea** (Poem), 86
Kieval, Hillel J., **Confession of Friendship** (Books), 414
Krapf, Norbert, **Dürer Sketches His Mother in Charcoal** (Poem), 191
Kruskal, William, **Formulas, Numbers, Words: Statistics in Prose** (Language), 223

Language: **Formulas, Numbers, Words: Statistics in Prose**, *William Kruskal*, 223
Last Pagan in Purple (Books), *Edward N. Luttwak*, 412
Learning over Lucre (Books), *William Haley*, 283
Life and Letters: **Greetings and Salutations**, *Aristides*, 16; **Foodstuff and Nonsense**, *Aristides*, 157; **Jokes and Their Relation to the Conscious**, *Aristides*, 302; **Sinning in Black and White**, *Aristides*, 449
Literary Culture: **Common and Uncommon Readers: Literature in the University**, *Dan Jacobson*, 383
Little Man at Chehaw Station, The, *Ralph Ellison*, 25
Livery Stable (Poem), *Richard Dankleff*, 382
Locklin, Gerald, **divorcée** (Poem), 231
Luttwak, Edward N., **Last Pagan in Purple** (Books), 412
Lynn, Kenneth S., **Stooping to Conquer** (Books), 271; **The Regressive Historians**, 471

McDonald, Henry, **The Enemy Within and Without** (Books), 427
Miller, Stephen, **Bureaucracy Baiting**, 205
Mind from Matter?, *Max Delbrück*, 339
Moers, Ellen, **Prehumous Classics** (Books), 118
Momigliano, Arnaldo, **The Historians of the Classical World and Their Audiences**, 193
Monster in Our Midst (Books), *Jay Amberg*, 137
Morgan, Frederick, **Eternity, I** (Poem), 104

Name Is the Game (Books), *Eric Partridge*, 424
Nasty, British, and Short (Books), *Peter Conrad*, 554
Natural History: **In an Amber Mood**, *Paul A. Zahl*, 237
Night's La Brea (Poem), *Richard Kenney*, 86
No Good Reason (Poem), *Andrew Grossbardt*, 103
Nothing at All (Poem), *I. A. Richards*, 14
Nothing Like a Dame (Books), *William Haley*, 131

Ohio (Poem), *John Updike*, 325
Old Age (Poem), *Ralph Robin*, 381
Oliver, Mary, **Aerialists** (Poem), 448
On Reading Books: A Barbarian's Cogitations, *Alexander Gerschenkron*, 329
Out of Mind (Poem), *Ariel Schaffer*, 458
Out of My Mind: **Scientific Cranks: How to Recognize One and What to Do Until the Doctor Arrives**, *Jeremy Bernstein*, 8; **The Confy Guide**, *Jeremy Bernstein*, 296

Paris and Brighton Beach, *Paul Zweig*, 501
Partridge, Eric, **Name Is the Game** (Books), 424
Pertinence Without Polemic (Books), *Joseph Frank*, 569
Petrie, Paul, **Handstand** (Poem), 328
Portrait of the Artist as an Old Man, *Leon Edel*, 52
Prehumous Classics (Books), *Ellen Moers*, 118
Punishment of Oedipus, The (Poem), *Edward L. Burnett*, 236

Reader Replies, The, 287, 432
Reappraisals: **Beckett Without Angst**, *John Romano*, 95
Rediscovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii, The, *G. W. Bowersock*, 461
Regressive Historians, The, *Kenneth Lynn*, 471
Religion: **The Faith to Will**, *William Barrett*, 525
Reynolds, Brad, **When Someone Good Is Gone** (Poem), 244
Richard Hofstadter, C. Wright Mills, and "the Critical Ideal," *Richard Gillam*, 69
Richards, I. A., **Nothing at All** (Poem), 14
Roazen, Paul, **Sadly for Adlai** (Books), 421
Robin, Ralph, **Old Age** (Poem), 381
Romano, John, **Beckett Without Angst** (Reappraisals), 95
Rowing on Eaton-Brooks Lake at Twilight (Poem), *Gregory Djanikian*, 326
Rudikoff, Sonya, **Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** (Books), 245
Rural Route (Poem), *Kate Jennings*, 85

Sadly for Adlai (Books), *Paul Roazen*, 421

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sange, Sally Harris, **Kate's Poem** (Poem), 396
Schaffer, Ariel, **Out of Mind** (Poem), 458
Scholarship as Footwork (Books), *Paul Fussell,* 134
Scientific Cranks: How to Recognize One and What to Do Until the Doctor Arrives (Out of My Mind), *Jeremy Bernstein,* 8
Seeing in the Dark (Books), *John P. Sisk,* 281
Shils, Edward, **The Academic Ethos,** 165
Shrinking Literary Values (Books), *Jonathan Brent,* 140
Sinning in Black and White (Life and Letters), *Aristides,* 449
Sisk, John P., **Seeing in the Dark** (Books), 281
Sky Filled With Trees, A (Poem), *Louis Daniel Brodsky,* 23
Sport: **Black Heavies,** *Jervis Anderson,* 387
Stafford, William, **Ways to Say "Wind"** (Poem), 51
Stern, J. P., **Junker and Jew** (Books), 126
Stern, Peter, and *Jean Yarbrough,* **Hannah Arendt** (Teaching), 371
Stooping to Conquer (Books), *Kenneth S. Lynn,* 271

Teaching: **Hannah Arendt,** *Peter Stern* and *Jean Yarbrough,* 371; **Alfred North Whitehead: Plato's Lost Dialogue,** *Joseph Gerard Brennan,* 515
Theater: **Album of a Play Doctor,** *Stanley Kauffmann,* 87
Thomas, D. M., **The Dream Game** (Poem), 49
Tinker Toy Time (Books), *Samuel C. Florman,* 556

Updike, John, **Ohio** (Poem), 325

Victorious Losses (Poem), *Samuel Hazo,* 354
Visible College in British Science, The (History of Science), *Martin Green,* 105

Ways to Say "Wind" (Poem), *William Stafford,* 51
When Someone Good Is Gone (Poem), *Brad Reynolds,* 244
Where There's a Way, There's a Will (Books), *Peter Gay,* 273
Will There Always Be an England?, *William Haley,* 313

Yarbrough, Jean, and *Peter Stern,* **Hannah Arendt** (Teaching), 371

Zahl, Paul A., **In an Amber Mood** (Natural History), 237
Zweig, Paul, **Paris and Brighton Beach,** 501

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MRS. TROLLOPE: The Triumphant Feminine of the 19th Century
Helen Heineman
Dr. Heineman's biography concerns itself with the whole of Mrs. Trollope's varied and productive life, using analysis of her books (35 novels and 5 travel accounts) to illuminate her life and times. December 314pp. $15.00

BEING HUMAN IN A TECHNOLOGICAL AGE
Donald M. Borchert and David Stewart, editors
In addressing the issue of being human in an advanced technological society, the seven contributors, though speaking from different perspectives, underscore several recurring themes. First, they suggest that to understand humanness adequately involves acknowledging the polar structure of the human condition. Second, they affirm human freedom. January 171pp. $11.00

PERSPECTIVES IN LEADER EFFECTIVENESS
Paul Hersey and John E. Stinson, editors
In leadership, as in other fields, there is a lag, or gap, between research and theory development, and dissemination of knowledge to practitioners. This volume attempts to bridge the gap. December 160pp. $11.95

GUATEMALAN CAUDILLO: The Regime of Jorge Ubico, Guatemala – 1933-1944
Kenneth J. Grieb
This is the first serious investigation into Jorge Ubico's regime and provides a scholarly assessment, cutting through the partisan rhetoric in an objective manner, basing its conclusions on documentary material, and presenting a balanced view that shows both the regime's accomplishments and its shortcomings. January 413pp. $16.00

CHAOS AND CONTEXT: A Study in William James
Charlene Haddock Seigfried
Professor Seigfried's is the only book to explore James' philosophical doctrine about the status of relations and its implications, referred to as radical empiricism. August 137pp. $10.00

THE WYCLYF TRADITION
Vaclav Mudroch, edited by Albert Compton Reeves
Wyclyf's writings inspired the Lollard heresy in England and elements of the Hussite heresy in Bohemia. September 120pp. $8.00

NOW IN PAPERBACK
AMERICAN DEFENSE POLICY FROM EISENHOWER TO KENNEDY: The Politics of Changing Military Requirements, 1957-1961
Richard A. Aliano
". . .a first-rate auxiliary text for the American foreign policy course."
–PERSPECTIVE xi, 309pp. $13.50 Cloth, $6.50 Paper

OHIO UNIVERSITY PRESS

Scott Quad, Athens, Ohio 45701

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Horse of Pride

Life in a Breton Village

Pierre-Jakez Hélias
translated and abridged by June Guicharnaud
Foreword by Laurence Wylie

A translation of a widely-acclaimed French bestseller, recreating in marvelous detail life in a Breton village. Hélias's portrayal of this village and its people—their personalities, their day-to-day living, their customs and legends, and their overwhelming sense of pride despite extreme poverty—is an unforgettable tribute to human dignity and survival. Illus. $15.00

Life in the English Country House

A Social and Architectural History

Mark Girouard

A beautifully illustrated history of the English country house from the Middle Ages to the 20th century. What emerges is a rare and revealing glimpse of the English upper classes —their public and personal lives, their servants, and their homes. 32 pages of color illus. + 225 black-and-white illus. $19.95 $25.00 after Dec. 31

Yale

Yale University Press
New Haven and London

Now available in paper

The Bonds of Womanhood

"Woman's Sphere" in New England, 1780–1835

Nancy F. Cott

"An elegant and convincing study. . . . Better than any other work available *The Bonds of Womanhood* describes both the classic attitudes of the nineteenth century toward women and the opposition to the oppression of women in the historical context from which they grew."—Willie Lee Rose, *New York Review of Books* Cloth $12.50 Paper $3.95

The Treasures of Darkness

A History of Mesopotamian Religion

Thorkild Jacobsen

"Professor Jacobsen is an authority on Sumerian life and society, but he is above all a philologist of rare sensibility. . . . Simply to read this poetry and the author's sympathetic commentary is a pleasure and a revelation. . . . As a literary work combining sensibility, imagination and scholarship, this book is near perfection."—Jacquetta Hawkes, *The London Sunday Times* Illus. Cloth $15.00 Paper $4.95

Death, Dying, and the Biological Revolution

Our Last Quest for Responsibility

Robert M. Veatch

"Veatch's book is one of the finest, most comprehensive treatments of the issues yet published. It will be a valuable tool for scholars, students, and the general public as we work together to resolve the complexities of public policy making on death and dying issues in the future."—*Linacre Quarterly* Cloth $12.95 Paper $5.45

A Mingled Yarn

Chronicle of a Troubled Family

Beulah Parker, M.D.
with a foreword by Theodore Lidz, M.D.

"What a story! This admirable book, a study of the social genesis of madness, manages to combine the facts of a case history and the atmosphere of a fairy tale, a *bad* fairy tale of chilling deterioration and disaster."
—Elizabeth Janeway, *The New York Times Book Review* Cloth $12.50 Paper $4.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED